

and retired life is an evident proof, that
 the world had made in the world, proceeded not
 from any vain-glorious ambition the had of making
 a name in it. Her whole time was now employed
 in the continuation of her love for her God; of
 which she had not only a plainness, but was per-
 fectly acquainted therewith. Her tables, the walls
 of her chamber, every thing which fell into her
 hands, served her to write down the happy fallies
 of a trivial genius, filled with its own object. The
 numerous verses which proceeded from the chan-
 cels of her heart were formed into a collection,
 which was printed after her death, in five volumes,
 under the title of *Caroline's Sonnets, &c.* &c. &c.
 Her other works were a small number of
 twelve volumes of the old and new testament with
 reflections on the prophetical contents in six
 parts; *Dissertations* in two volumes; letters
 to several persons in four volumes; her life, writ-
 ten by herself in three volumes; a volume of vi-
 rations, drawn from the most venerable authors,
 which she made use of before her death, and
 two volumes of epistles.

She died Jan. 2, 1717, having lived 65
 Archbishop of Canterbury almost two years and a half,
 who granted a singular vacation for her to the
 day of his death.

BIOGRAPHIUM FÆMINEUM.

THE
FEMALE WORTHIES:
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF THE
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES,
OF ALL
AGES and NATIONS,

WHO HAVE BEEN

Eminently distinguished for their MAGNANIMITY,
LEARNING, GENIUS, VIRTUE, PIETY, and other
excellent Endowments, conspicuous in all the va-
rious Stations and Relations of Life, public and
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Collected from HISTORY, and the most approved Biographers,
and brought down to the present Time.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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noster-Row; J. WILKIE, and W. NICOLL, in St.
Paul's Church-yard; and J. WREN, in the Strand.

M DCC LXVI.

RECENT WORKS

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HALKET (Lady ANNA) was born at London, Jan. 4, 1622. she was the daughter of Mr. Robert Murray, a descendant of the earl of Tullibardin's family; as her mother, Jane Drummond, was of the earl of Perth's, two ancient families in Scotland.

Her father was so complete a gentleman, that king James VI, of Scotland, and Ist of England, chose him as a preceptor to his second son, afterwards king Charles I; who, in regard to the great improvement he received from him in the several parts of polite literature, made him provost of Eaton college.

Her mother was eminent for her prudence and virtue, and by the king and queen's verbal order, was made sub-governess to the duke of Gloucester and the princess Elizabeth, during the time that the countess of Roxburgh went and continued beyond sea with the princess royal. And after the death of the said countess, she succeeded to her office by warrant from the signet. They who were qualified for such eminent trust, must be supposed equally capable to take care of the education of their own children; as they undoubtedly did. Anna was put under the tuition of proper masters to be instructed in the French language, music, &c.

Divinity was her principal study, next to which her chief delight seems to have been in the knowledge and practice of physick and surgery, in both which

she was a great proficient; nay, some of the best physicians in the kingdom did not think themselves slighted, when persons of the first quality consulted her in their distempers, even when they attended them as their ordinary physicians. Many from *England, Holland*, and the remotest parts of the kingdom, in desperate or dangerous cases, have sent to her for medicines of her preparing; and many, who had been given over by physicians, were, by the physicians own advice, recommended to, and recovered by her care and skill.

She was a staunch royalist, and a great sufferer on that account; but having thoroughly learned the duty of resignation, she drew from it such supports as enabled her contentedly and chearfully to submit to all her sufferings.

She was a most diligent-searcher of the scriptures; with which she was so well acquainted, by long and frequent converse, as to be able readily to urge any point of faith or duty of christian practice of the most pertinent passages; and digested all her knowledge into a solid principle of true wisdom, for regulating her own life, and the edification of others.

Her piety was neither morose nor affected, but free, ingenuous, accompanied with sweetness and gentleness; her gravity and seriousness had a grace and air so agreeable, as begot both reverence and love.

On *March 2, 1656*, she was married to Sir *James Halket*, a gentleman of great generosity and sweetness of temper; by whom she had four children, two sons and two daughters; all of whom, except her eldest son *Robert*, died while young. Whenever she found herself with child, she dedicated the fruit of her womb to God. When big with her first child, being apprehensive she should die

die in child-birth, she wrote that which she called *The mother's will to the unborn child*, containing excellent instructions. She was Sir James's wife 14 years, and his widow 28. And having lived to a good old age, in the constant exercise of all the good offices and duties of a christian, she departed this life April 22, 1699.

The writer of her life, S. C. in a preface to some of her works, has given us a catalogue of her books, to the amount of 21 volumes, some in folio and some in quarto, all written on divine subjects, viz. contemplations, meditations, prayers, comments on divers texts of scripture, practical discourses, &c. printed at *Edinburgh*, 1701. Besides 36 stitched books, some in folio, some in quarto, most of them ten or twelve sheets, containing occasional meditations.

HARCOURT (HARRIOT EUSEBIA) was the daughter of Mr. *Harcourt*, a gentleman of a large estate in *Richmonashire*, in the North Riding of *Yorkshire*. Her father gave her a learned education, and travelled with her over *Europe*, and at his death, left her a fine estate.

She was taller than women generally are, her person extremely graceful, and her face very beautiful. She had the finest natural abilities, and by application had improved them to great perfection. Her mind was rich in the noblest sentiments, her head full of the most delightful images, and could not only express her notions easily, but could talk them in *Italian*, *Spanish*, *French*, *Portuguese*, *High Dutch*, *Slavonian*, and *Latin*, as swiftly and purely as in her mother tongue, and in religion she shone with great lustre. The scriptures were her constant study, and her whole life a manifestation of a heavenly temper. Her charity was likewise extraordinary. She was generous and free to the

laborious, and bountifully rewarded the industrious. She purchased medicines for the sick, and paid the physician who attended them. She was always ready to promote the interest and happiness of every one, and took a pleasure in performing all friendly offices.

In her travels abroad with her father, she became acquainted with some noble nuns in several monasteries, and was so pleased with the goodness of their lives, that she determined to found a reclusive society of protestants as soon as it should be in her power; and immediately after her father's death, proposed the scheme of her *institute* to some ladies of her acquaintance of several nations, who readily agreed to so rational a proposal.

Accordingly, a beautiful cloyster was built on her estate in *Richmondshire*, and a charming summer Vill in the *Green Island*, one of the western Islands of *Scotland*, which was her father's property.

In these fine solitudes those agreeable women of distinction and large fortunes passed their time in the happiest manner. They consecrated their lives to religion, and offered up their choicest affections to the Lord of all the world. Happy society! They have no morose superior to cross and perplex them, but exercise that office the year about in their turns, since the death of Mrs. *Harcourt*, are under no vow of celibacy, nor obliged to continue members longer than they please, upon only forfeiting £ 100 which they paid at their entrance; which is given to encrease the fund for the support of the house. They live in an elegant manner, and have music, painting, reading fine works, and the best of conversation, for their amusement.

With regard to Mrs. *Harcourt*, she was a most accomplished woman. Her music was admirable; and

and in painting, her pictures had the ordonance, colouring and expression of a great master. When she was a child, nine years old, and had no master she would sketch with a black lead pencil on a sheet of paper, pictures of various kinds. This induced her father to get her an eminent master; under whom she so well improved, that she was able to infuse a soul into her figures, and motion into her compositions.

* She was nine years abroad with her father, who died of the plague at *Constantinople* in the year 1733; and in 1734 she returned to *England*, and brought over with her some ladies, who became constituents of her claustral house. She died at her seat in *Richmandshire* on the 1st of *December* 1745, in the 39th year of her age; leaving the greatest part of her fortune to the ladies who were the constituents of her new founded claustral house, on condition the society was supported and ordered according to her written directions.

HASTINGS (Lady ELIZABETH) was by her mother, grand daughter of Sir *John Lewis* of *Leds-tow* in the county of *York*, Bart. and had for her father *Theophilus* the seventh Earl of *Huntingdon*, the proper name of whose family is *Hastings*. Even in her most tender years, there was a fine dawn of her future splendor: a sweetness of countenance something in it great, and something lovely, an ingenuous temper, an aptness of understanding, a benevolent spirit, a flexibility of nature, a tractable will, a devout frame, and an awful sense of things pertaining to piety were observed in her first departures out of infancy. But her active life did most conspicuously commence soon after the death of her brother *George* Earl of *Huntingdon*, when

* See memoirs of several ladies of Great Britain, p. 324, &c.

her emanative virtues shone out, by what in others has often been the extinction of virtue, the accession of a large fortune.

Then it was she became known, and was observed to be somewhat more than a lady of great beauty, and fine accomplishments; of affability and easy access; of condescension and good nature; of regular notions in religion; for in these there is a commonness and mediocrity; but her aims were higher, and no attainments in virtue, goodness, and piety would satisfy the strong bent of her spirit after these things, under every degree that could be got.

In order to this, besides the stock of wisdom and knowledge that she had laid in of herself, from the ministers she lived under; she grounded herself in conversation with men eminent for their learning and piety, viz. Archbishop *Sharp*, Mr. *Nelson*, Dr. *Lucas*, &c. the lights of the generation they lived in.

Her beauty, just height, and exact frame and composition excelled by few; her appearance, address, motions, and manners, perhaps scarce equalled by any; and above all her shining endowments, virtues, and accomplishments, attracted the affections of several of the nobility; but she chose to continue in a single life; upon one or both of these considerations; that being sole mistress of her estate, she might see that a wise and religious use might be made of it; or, probably, accounting that a single life naturally led to higher perfection.

Such was the superiority of her understanding, that in matters of high moment, many would ask counsel of her, who themselves were well qualified to give it to others; for she was blessed with a right judgment in all things; and could readily
penetrate

penetrate through perplexities and unrivel them, and mark out the safest and wisest conduct; having ever for her ground the interest of truth, fidelity, honour and religion; and having for her principles the glory of God, and her own innocence; and next to them, ever studious and active for the good of men, holding all her capacities, powers, and strength (even at a time when she had little or no strength remaining) and all her fortune, continually upon the stretch for the good of all men; weeping with them that wept, rejoicing with them that did rejoice, given to hospitality, distributing to the necessities of the saints, and to others that were less so, having joy at the conversion of a sinner, or any small appearance of it.

The word of God was a lanthorn to her feet, and a light unto her paths; her delight was in God's laws, and every day was her study in it, she held her bible to her heart, as a mirror to her face, to take in its quickening virtue, to find out all the weak parts of her spirit, and all its spots and blemishes.

The other books she used were wisely chosen, the doctrines and sentiments of which were sound and salutary; and these were much in her esteem, and often in her hands.

She used her pen much, sometimes for her own service, but more for the service of others; great numbers of her papers were destroyed by herself, or she would have been more fully and better known, and more excellent things might have been said of her, than by any other information that can be had.

She began every day with supplications, prayers, and intercessions in private, with a recollected spirit, fervency, and purity of heart. So well did she know the mighty importance of prayer, and its

powerful avail to enlighten, relieve, strengthen and purify the heart of man, that most plentiful provision did she make for the practice of it, as for herself, so throughout her family, having all that were of it, save those that were under necessary detentions, drawn together four times a day, to attend, mostly the holy service of the church, read for the most part by the established ministers, or one of the upper servants. And well was it for these servants whose lot fell within her walls; for there was every thing for them, that might do them good; a gentle, gracious, kind, considerate, bountiful, compassionate mistress, presiding over them, with the dispositions of a parent, providing for the improvement of their minds, for the decencies of their behaviour, the inoffensiveness of their manners, and using every art to bring them into sound religion.

Her talents for consideration were most shining and great, and more in truth than she would allow herself to use; accordingly she would restrain a brisk and lively imagination, and demonstrate a deep and sound understanding; and to flourish of wit and humour, would prefer the much better ornament of courtesy and complaisance. Her great care was, that those she conversed with, should discern the honour and esteem she bore towards them; to provide that her carriage was such, that no one should be oppressed, or made uneasy, at the superiority of her condition; to see that herself failed not in any point of right decorum; that none might think themselves neglected or overlooked by her; watching all the while for a happy transition of the discourse to religious subjects; and when that was once gained, she was in her natural element.

As

As her house and table were generally adorned by some parts of her family, so she made them all parts of herself, and embraced all her relations according as they stood in the several degrees of blood, with true and tender affection. And she would likewise enquire after, and seek out any of the withering and drooping branches of her family, and draw them out of their obscurity, and place them in a better situation. And she would do honour to the names and memoirs of remote ancestors, and inform herself of their public benefactions, and make them of more extensive use and service from her own pious munificence.

But the care of all her cares was, the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, the needy, lame, halt and blind: the bent of her spirit always lay towards these; she had a share in all their sufferings, would often converse with them; and enquire into their history, studied their particular cases, and put them in a way of better welfare; would visit them in their sickness, and bear the expence of it. Some of these were ever in her court, or in her house, and frequently in great numbers; and it was no neglect of hers, if any one went away unrelieved with meat, physic, raiment, or money; and many times a single person would receive all four. Many of those that lived remote, had yearly allowances, and large sums frequently issued out into different parts of the kingdom.

Her still larger applications were, fixed pensions upon reduced families, exhibitions to scholars in the universities, the maintenance of her own charity school, her contributions to others, disbursements to the religious societies for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, and for promoting Christian knowledge at home, for the erection, decoration, and augmentation of Christian churches: add to these the frequent remission of debts, in cases of straitness or

insolvency; and flowing plenty, and all becoming magnificence ever upheld in the house, and mighty acts of generosity to relations, friends, and to those that were neither. Her declared, and most admirable rule was, *to give the first place to justice, the second to charity, and the third to generosity.* I would, as she said, lay particular stress, and distinction upon the first, or full restitution for all trespasses committed against it, without which charity, or almsgiving, *is most grievously tarnished,* and is, at the best, but a sinister, crooked, and uncertain way of obtaining acceptance with God. Her own trespasses against this great virtue she purged herself from, by appointing the payment of an hundred pounds to the king's majesty, for it was against him only that through ignorance or inadvertency, she could possibly be involved in any injustice. The second speaks for itself. The third may be illustrated by instances innumerable £ 500 a year given to one relation; £ 3000 in money to another; 300 guineas, all the money that at that time was within her reach, and large promises of more, to a young lady who had very much impaired her fortune in the South Sea scheme, &c. and all this out of an estate short of £ 3000 a year. But how all this could be done is the question. It is certain, she was a great mistress of all the parts of oeconomy, and her own consumption was comparatively, but trifling.

In her early life she got a contusion on her right breast; which left behind it a small inward tumour, attended with little or no disturbance, and therefore probably not much heeded. This continued for many years without sensible increase; when about twenty months before her death, it gave her cause of complaint; upon which application was made to a reverend clergyman, very eminent for his skill in surgery, who, upon sight and examination,

was

was of opinion, that there was an absolute necessity, that the affected part should be separated from the body, she with great meekness and tranquillity, without any change in her temper, with cheerfulness scarce to be believed, in perfect serenity and freedom, continued her every-day's life till the time appointed for the operation, sitting loose and indifferent for life or death.

Great skill and wisdom were used in all things, and every bad event was guarded against, and her hands were held by men of strength, though they might have been held by a spider's thread; no reluctances did she show, no struggle or contention, or even any complaint did she make, nor gave so much as a sigh, as was affirmed by a clergyman, who assisted at the operation, and held one of her hands.

She got upon her feet sooner than was expected, and with every improvement that could be made, into the same tenor of life, that had long subsisted before; in some variety of employments indeed, but all of them rightly calculated for the glory of God, or the good of mankind.

She saw what a fine and serviceable handmaid learning was to religion; and upon that account was a great lover of it; and indeed was far from being without learning herself; for she could compose and judge well, and mark out the beauties, excellencies, errors, and defects in authors, and whether they were in or out of taste; and in practical divinity, and things pertaining to the direction of conscience, she very rarely determined erroneously.

Impressed with these sentiments, and possessed of these talents, she thought provision made for the better estate of learning, as the same is begun and carried on in schools, and further propagated and finished in universities, was a right exercise for her

meditations and care, and a proper object for her munificent donations.

In the weakly condition she must now be in, her chief employment was, to provide that all her settlements might be secured from prostitution, and fenced about against spoil and depredation; and that all her wise and good purposes might be attended with execution and effect. To this end, with unwearied industry, she digested, improved, and enlarged, and altered several schemes, rules, orders and provisions, and very much from her own dexterity and wisdom.

But this care, this work, and labour of love, to which she dedicated a large share of her estate, was shortly to be exchanged for tranquillity and rest. The distemper, only depressed for a short time, rose up with new malignity. But her hope was full of immortality, and the eternal weight of glory now in full view, made her afflictions light.

In this near and certain approach of death, her cherishing warmth, like the sun's, tho' it might be most felt by those in proximity, reached those at greater distance; witness the great number of letters she wrote and dictated, full of sweet counsel, having for argument the blessedness of piety, and pressing home the necessity of it; witness the great conflux to her house of persons of all conditions, to behold the living power of religion in her, and be benefitted by her wisdom; whom she would instruct herself, or engage those that had talents that way; and continuing in heavenly conferences and conversation with them as long as she had strength to speak, and preserving her attention to others when her strength was gone.

Her ladyship was for several months separated from the public worship, which she was a great lover of, and held her obligations to it sacred and inviolable.

inviolable. To supply this inability to attend it, she had the established worship daily read, and the holy sacrament administered to her every *Sunday*.

Her life was now in its last vibration; but her lamp, and her life must be extinguished together, and she must occupy till her Lord comes. Accordingly she convened her household, to strengthen and enforce every thing that she had done, or shewn them before, by her dying counsels; and would have extended this amazing care to the whole village, but was restrained by the physician; and being mindful at the same time of decency and order, and to have the last offices of the church administered to her in the most solemn and regular manner, she cast aside the services of two very excellent men then in the house, and sent for the vicar of the parish, whom she had held in honour for near twenty years.

We are now come to the last scene of her life, which we shall describe in the very words of the reverend Mr. *Barnard*, who had been during her last illness, intimately acquainted with her ladyship, and wrote the foregoing account, but much larger than it is here presented.

And now, says he, behold! all the congregation was cast into astonishment; the parish minister, and they could not preserve the posture they were in; but imagined they should see the bright messengers that were dispatched to take charge of this great favourite of heaven, whose spirit had now pierced through the veil of her flesh, and in some such manner as did St. *Stephen*, saw the heavens open, and Jesus sitting at the right hand of God: her ladyship was now in transports, quite melted down with impressions of glory; *her eyes*, though languishing under years and sickness, *were as bright as diamonds* (the words of one that beheld them) and

and she broke out with a raised accent, into these words, or better: *Bless me Lord! what is that I see, — Oh! the greatness of the glory that is revealed in me, — that is before me.* And some time after she had so said, she fell asleep.

Mr. Barnard has not informed us of her age, but we suppose it to be between fifty and sixty. She died in the year 1740.

See in the *Tatler*, No. 42, her character drawn under the name of *Aspasia*.

It may perhaps be necessary to remove one objection that has been made to her ladyship's character; namely, that she was strongly attached to the *Methodists*. To this Mr. Barnard replies thus: — This concession indeed may be truly made, that the first reports of the ways, declarations, and pretensions of some young men at *Oxford*, among whom methodism first began, were very acceptable to her ladyship; and she hoped for much good from them, nothing being avowed at first, but true and sound religion, as the same lies in the gospel, and is professed by the church of *England*. But when the enemy came by night, and sowed tares among the wheat, her ladyship (as appears from minutes under her own hand) was among the foremost, who remonstrated against any new doctrines, any innovations in practice, any disorderly assemblies, any alienations of the minds of men from their settled ministers; and by herself, and those she engaged, made as early, and vigorous opposition to every excess and wildnets, and upon as orthodox principles, as clear wisdom, as sound judgment, as any one whosoever, that had any share or participation in those measures.

HEDYLE, a *Samian*, or as some say, an *Athenian* poetess, wrote two poems; the *Seylla*, out of which *Athenæus* quoted several verses, and the
Loves

Loves of Glaucus. As she seems to have received her poetical gift from her mother *Moschine*, famous for Iambic poetry; so to have bequeathed it to her son, no less famous for epigram.

HELENA (FLAVIA) the daughter of *Coil* king of *Britain*, and the mother of the emperor *Constantine* the Great. Among the rest of her works mentioned by *Baleus*, is her book of *Greek verses*. In her visit to the sacred places in and about *Jerusalem*, she is said to have first found out the real wood of the cross upon which our *Saviour* was crucified.

HELOISA, was born at the latter end of the 11th or the beginning of the 12th century. She was the concubine and afterwards the wife of *Peter Abelard*; a nun, and after that the prioress of *Argenteuil*, and lastly, abbess of the *Paraclete*. The history of her amour with *Abelard*, may be seen in the *Universal Historical Dictionary*, in the account of her life. We shall therefore only relate such particulars of *Heloisa*, as more particularly belong to her.

This lady it's certain deserves a place among the learned women; for she was skilled not only in the *Latin* tongue, but also in the *Greek* and *Hebrew*: as *Abelard* expressly declares in a letter he wrote to the nuns of the *Paraclete*. As to that ravishing beauty, which some have ascribed to her, there is reason to suppose a mistake. *Abelard*, who must be the best judge, contents himself with saying; 'that as she was the last of her sex in beauty, so in letters she was the first;' which is but a flat compliment; supposing her to have been an accomplished beauty. But *Abelard's* poetry may account for this supposed beauty in *Heloisa*; his verses were filled with nothing but love for her; by which the name of his mistress was known all over the world; which would naturally occasion

persons to ascribe charms to her which nature had not given her.

On the other hand, her passion for *Abelard* was as extravagant; and her encomiums on him are perhaps as much too high in the opinion of the women, as she herself has stood in the opinion of the men. As a taste of her language, take the following specimen: ‘What wife, what maid, did not langish for you when absent, and was not all in a flame, with love, when you was near? What queen or great lady did not envy my joys and my bed? Two qualities you had, seldom to be found among the learned, by which you could not fail to gain all women’s hearts; poetry, I mean, and music. With these you unbended your mind after your philosophical labours, and wrote many love-verses, which by their sweetness and harmony have caused them to be sung in every corner of the world, so that even the illiterate found your praise. And as the greatest part of your songs celebrated our lives, they have spread my name to many nations, and kindled there the envy of the women against me.’

Abelard, however, was very handsome, and very accomplished, yet, probably, not so, as, according to *Heloisa*, to make every woman frantic who cast her eyes upon him.

When *Abelard* had resolved to marry *Heloisa*, she used all her rhetoric to put him out of conceit with the conjugal state. ‘I know my uncle’s temper, said she, to him; nothing will appease his rage against you: and then, what glory will it be to me to be your wife, since I should ruin your reputation by it? what curses have I not reason to fear, if I rob the world of so bright a luminary as you are? What injury shall I not do the church? what sorrow shall I not give the philosophers? What a shame and injury will it

‘ it be to you, whom nature has formed for the
‘ public good, to give yourself up entirely to a wo-
‘ man? Consider these words of St. *Paul*, *Art*
‘ *thou loosed from a wife, seek not a wife*. And if
‘ the counsel of this great apostle, and the exhor-
‘ tation of the holy fathers, cannot dissuade you
‘ from that heavy burden, consider at least what
‘ the philosophers have said of it. Hear *Theo-*
‘ *phrastus*, who has proved by so many reasons
‘ that a wife man ought not to marry. Hear
‘ what *Cicero*, when he had divorced his wife *Te-*
‘ *rentia* answered to *Hirtius* who proposed a match
‘ to him with his sister, *that he could not divide his*
‘ *thoughts between philosophy and a wife*. Besides,
‘ what conformity is there between maid servants
‘ and scholars, inkhorns and cradles, books and
‘ distaffs, pens and spindles? How will you be
‘ able to bear, in the midst of philosophical and
‘ theological meditations, the cries of children,
‘ the song of a nurse, and the disturbance of
‘ house keeping.’ And afterwards, when she had
renounced the world many years, and engaged in a
monastery life, she represented to him, in the cor-
respondence she kept up with him, the disinterest-
edness of her affection; how she had neither sought
the honour of marriage, nor the advantage of
dowry, nor her own pleasure, but the single satis-
faction of possessing her dear *Abelard*. She tells
him, that although the name of a wife seems more
holy and of greater dignity, yet she was always
better pleased with that of his mistress, his concu-
bine, or even strumpet; and declares in the most
solemn manner, that she had rather be the whore
of *Peter Abelard*, than the lawful wife of the em-
peror of the world. I know not, says *M. Bayle*,
how this lady meant; but we have here one of
the most mysterious refinements in love. It has
been,

been, continues he, for several ages believed that marriage destroys the principal poignancy of this sort of salt, and that when a man does a thing by engagement, duty, and necessity, it is a task and drudgery, he no longer finds the natural charms of it; so that according to those nice judges, a man takes a wife for honour, and not for pleasure.

Heloisa died March 17, 1163, about 20 years after her beloved *Abelard*, and was buried in his grave; a most surprising miracle (if you can believe it) happened, as we learn from a manuscript chronicle of *Tours*, when the sepulchre was opened in order to lay *Heloisa's* body there, viz. 'That *Abelard* stretched out his arms to receive her, and 'closely embraced her.' Many people however think that this is little better than a fiction. The letters of *Heloisa*, together with their answers, may be seen in *Abelard's* works, where may be found more of this famous love affair.

HELPE, or ELPIS, was the first wife of *Anicius Martius Torquatus Severinus Boetius*, or *Boethius*. This virtuous and illustrious lady was a native of *Messina*, and a branch of one of the richest and most considerable families in all *Sicily*. History is silent, as to the description of her person, whether she was tall or low of stature; fair or brown; articles of very trivial importance, since fancy (as the proverb has it) surpasses beauty; but it assures us, that her virtues were so conspicuous, and her mental accomplishments so numerous and endearing, that she was the pride and glory of her learned consort, and the ornament, as well as envy of her own sex. For she had not only a taste for every branch of polite literature, and was his constant companion in all his most intricate and abstruse studies, as well as in his relaxations;

laxations; but distinguished herself in a peculiar manner by her unaffected piety and sanctity of manners; and was in her bloom in the year 520. My author says, he imagines, but cannot be certain, that she was the daughter or sister, of one *Elpidius*, who at that time, was one of the physicians in ordinary to *Theodoric* then king of the *Goths*.

On her decease *Boetius* wrote the following epitaph, and inscribed it on her monument.

Helpes dicta fui Siculæ regionis alumna

Quam procul à patriâ conjugis egit amor,

Quo sine mæsta dies, nox anxia, flebilis hora,

Nec solum caro, sed spiritus unus erat.

Lux mea non clausa est, tali remanente marito

Majorique animæ parte superstes ero.

Porticibus sacris jam nunc peregrinè quiesco,

Judicis æterni testificata thronum.

Ne qua manus bustum violet nisi fortè jugalis

Hæc iterùm cupiat jungere membra suis;

Ut thalami cumuliq; comes nec morte revellar,

Et socios vitæ neciat uterque cinis.

Thus translated.

Helpes, while life permitted, was my name,

I *Sicily*, my native country claim,

Me far from home connubial love remov'd,

So fortune meant, and so my choice approv'd.

When he was absent, my uneasy mind

No peace, no rest, by day or night, could find.

So strict the union which by love had grown,

Not our flesh only, but our souls were one.

I cannot die while such a husband lives,

His worth superior, me new being gives.

This

This sacred place awhile my corpse defends,
 Till my eternal judge shall raise me hence.
 No hand presume to violate this bust
 With touch prophane; for hal'owed is my dust;
 He only may, who wishes, but in vain,
 These limbs united to his own again;
 That as in life we on one bed reclin'd,
 In the same tomb our ashes may be join'd.

HERON (CECILIA) was the third and youngest daughter of Sir *Thomas More*, and born in *London*, A.D. 1510. She was educated almost in all kinds of learning in her father's house, under the same masters that instructed her sisters, in which she made a considerable progress. She was a complete mistress of the *Latin* tongue, which she wrote with great purity; and for which she is highly commended by *Erasmus*, with whom she corresponded. She was married when very young to *Gyles Heron* of *Shakelwel* in the county of *Middlesex*.

HILDEGURDIS, an abbess of the *Benedictine* order of the monastery of *St. Rupert*, in the earldom of *Spanheim*, in *Germany*; who, besides several volumes in prose, both in theology and medicine, wrote also a book of *Latin* poems, of various arguments.

HIPPARCHIA, was born at *Maronea*, a city of *Thrace*, and flourished in the time of *Alexander the Great*. She addicted herself to philosophy, and was so charmed with the lectures of the cynic *Crates*, that she resolved to marry him at any rate. She was courted by a great many lovers, who were handsome men, distinguished by their rank and riches; and her relations persuading her to chuse one of these for a husband, she answered, that she had sufficiently considered the affair, and was persuaded that no one could be richer or handsomer than *Crates*; and that if they would not marry

marry her to him, she would stab herself. Upon this her friends applied to *Crates* himself, desiring he would exert all his eloquence, and use all his authority with this maid, in order to cure her of her passion. He did so; but she still continued inflexible. At last, finding arguments ineffectual, he acquainted her with his poverty, showed her his crooked back, his cloak, his bag; and told her, that she could not be his wife, without leading such a life as his sect prescribed. She declared herself infinitely pleased with the proposal, and took the habit of the order. She loved him to such a degree, that she rambled every where, and went to entertainments with him, though this was what the other *Grecian* ladies never did. Nay, she did not scruple to pay him conjugal duty in the open streets: for, as *Apuleius* relates, he led her to the portico, one of the most stately and public buildings in *Athens*, and where the greatest concourse of people constantly resorted; and there consummated the marriage. The whole city might have seen it; for the bride seemed determined to entertain them with that shew; but one of *Crates's* friends spread his cloak about them, and by this means prevented the people from seeing them. This was love's grand triumph, and the virtue of shame, so natural to the fair sex, was sacrificed to it. It was indeed one of the tenets of the *Stoics*, not to be ashamed of any thing that was natural; and under this pretence used to go with their wives in public. She wrote some things which have not been transmitted to us; among which were "tragedies; philosophical hypotheses or suppositions; some reasons and questions proposed to *Theodorus*, surnamed the atheist." She once dined with *Theodorus* at *Lisimachus's* house, and proposed a subtle piece of logic. 'Suppose, said she, I should commit
 ' the

‘ the same action, which you had lawfully committed, I could not be charged with committing an unlawful action. Now if you should beat yourself you would act lawfully; if therefore I should beat you I could not be charged with committing an unlawful action.’ *Theodorus* did not answer her like a logician, by showing her that different objects, circumstances, and connections make different actions, but instantly went up to her, and untied her gown; that is, in modern language, took up her petticoats.

HIPPO, was the daughter of *Chiro* the centaur. This lady instructed one *Aolus* in the contemplation of nature, which is the principal part of philosophy. *Euripides* honours her with the title of prophetess, and assures us, that she was well versed in astrological speculations.

HOPTON (*SUSANNA*) was born in the year 1627. On her father’s side she was descended from the antient family of the *Hopton*’s in *Staffordshire*; and on the mother’s from the family of the *Wise-man*’s of *Torrels-hall* in *Essex*.

She was married to *Richard Hopton*, Esq; of *Kington* in the county of *Hereford*, barrister at law, and one of the *Welsh* judges in the reign of King *Charles II*, and King *James II*. He died about the Year 1696, leaving his widow without issue, and in very plentiful circumstances.

She was endowed with an excellent understanding, fine wit, and solid judgment. No proper care was taken to improve these talents with a suitable education, yet such was her assiduous application, that very little disadvantage from hence was observable to the world, though she herself frequently lamented the loss of it. In the study of theology, she made such surprising acquisitions, that *Dr. Hicke* assures us, ‘ she attained

‘ to a skill in that sacred science, not much inferior
‘ to that of the best divines.’

In her younger years (in the time of anarchy and confusion) she was drawn away to popery, by the artifices of father *Turbeville*, a *Romish* priest, but by the assistance of some learned divines, and by consulting the best polemical treatises between the church of *England* and that of *Rome* (under the direction of her worthy consort) she was soon convinced of her error, and chearfully returned to her mother church, much about the time of the restoration. Soon after which she wrote a long and learned letter to father *Turbeville*, giving the reasons that induced her to renounce the church of *Rome*; whose erroneous doctrines, and idolatrous worship, as she could no longer approve of, so she resolved no longer to practice.

From this time she always continued a sincere and faithful member of the church of *England*, and proved a great ornament to it. She was not only a great admirer, but a very able defender of its excellent constitution, doctrines and worship, and very assiduous in performing all the duties thereof. She had a very great veneration for the clergy, and was a generous patroness and benefactress to orthodox ministers; especially those who were reduced to poverty by deprivation; to whom she left in trust 800*l*.

She was very assiduous and fervent in her devotions. ‘ It is well known (says Mr. *Spinkes*) that
‘ she kept up a constant course of devotion not
‘ only on the Lord’s-day, but throughout the
‘ whole week, setting apart five times every day
‘ for religious worship; from which she would not
‘ suffer herself to be diverted by any business that
‘ was not very extraordinary. Even in her old
‘ age, and the cold winter season, she would be
‘ up

‘ up and in her closet, and at her mattins, by
 ‘ four o’clock in the morning, from which cus-
 ‘ tom, she was not for a long time to be discour-
 ‘ aged, either by the defects of her declining life,
 ‘ or by the extremity of the weather; so that she
 ‘ might truly say with the royal Psalmist, *Psal.*
 ‘ *cxix. 148. Mine eyes prevent the night watch,*
 ‘ *that I may be occupied in thy words.* Though
 ‘ some time before she died, she was prevailed with
 ‘ to forbear till five or six. She neither indulged
 ‘ herself in diet nor sleep, so much as her years re-
 ‘ quired, but contented herself with less in both
 ‘ these respects, than those about her judged con-
 ‘ venient for her. So much was she above grati-
 ‘ fying the flesh, and so desirous not to fall short of
 ‘ any mortification, she apprehended her religion
 ‘ required of her.’

She was the first that reformed the *devotions in*
the ancient way of offices, &c. which being trans-
 mitted to her great friend the learned Dr. *Hickes*,
 was by him received, improved, and communi-
 cated to the public: ‘ which shews (as Mr.
 ‘ *Spinkes* observes) her natural genius, the sound-
 ‘ ness of her judgment, and the divine temper
 ‘ of her soul, that led her to make choice of a
 ‘ book of such unusual flights of devotion, such
 ‘ rapturous fancy, and such highly affecting ex-
 ‘ pressions, as are rarely, if ever, to be met with
 ‘ in any work of merely human composition. It
 ‘ was no little time and pains that she laid out,
 ‘ in correcting these seraphic offices, purging out
 ‘ what was offensive in their original draught,
 ‘ and fitting them for the use of the well-dis-
 ‘ posed members of the church of *England*, where-
 ‘ by to elevate their souls to God, and bring them
 ‘ as near to heaven, as can be whilst they remain
 ‘ on this side of it. A work that calls for our
 ‘ grateful

grateful acknowledgments at present, and may deservedly render her memory precious to succeeding generations.

Another book she wrote, mentioned by Dr. *Hicks*, was entitled, *Daily Devotions, consisting of thanksgiving, confessions and prayers, by an humble penitent*. This work was afterwards reprinted, as the performance of a late reverend divine of the Church of England. But this mistake is sufficiently refuted by Dr. *Hicks* who has satisfied the world, that Mrs. *Hopton* was the real author of that book.

She likewise wrote an *Hexameron, or meditations on the six days of the creation*. Also *Meditations on the life of Christ*. These with her *Daily Devotions*, were published together in one volume, by the reverend Mr. *Spinkes*; with a preface, containing a short account of her life, 1717.

She was a great lover and admirer of divine poesy, and wrote several poems herself, which are far from being contemptible, and may be found here and there in her printed works.

Not long before her death, she removed from *Kington* to *Hereford*, to the inexpressible affliction of that neighbourhood, where (saith Mr. *Spinkes*) it would have grieved one to hear the sad lamentations that were made for her departure, and very justly, considering what a great benefactress they then wanted. For her charity was so extensive, that she might truly say with *Job*, chap. xxix. 11, &c. *And when the ear heard me, it blessed me: and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. For I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.*

But her charity was not confined to her neighbours at *Kington*, but extended to very remote places,

pieces, as appeared by several letters of thanks found among her papers after her decease. Having lived to a good old age, she fell sick of a fever, which she bore with great patience and resignation, and died of it at *Hereford*, in the 82d year of her age, July 10, 1709.

According to her own appointment in her last will, she was buried near the remains of her husband, in the parish church of *Bishop's-Frame*, in the county of *Hereford*, with the following inscription to her memory, composed by Dr. *Hickes*. *Next to the body of Richard Hopton, Esq; here lieth interred that of Susanna his dear wife, who died July 12th, 1709. She was a most loving and faithful wife, a most loyal subject, and a true daughter to the church of England, as her printed letter to father Turbeville shows; a great example she was of devotion, as may be seen in her printed books: and of charity, particularly to the clergy reduced by deprivation to poverty, to whom she left in trust 700l. and under this stone she resteth in hopes of a blessed resurrection.*

HORTENSIA, daughter of *Hortensius*, the orator, shewed herself worthy of such a father, when she pleaded the cause of the Roman ladies before the *Triumviri*, who had decreed that fourteen hundred of them should declare the value of the estates they possessed, with a view to tax them at pleasure, towards defraying the expences of the war. The *Triumviri* were *Marc Antony*, *Octavius* and *Lepidus*. They had declared at first, that all such women as did not give in a faithful and exact inventory of their estates should be fined, and that all persons impeaching others who made such concealment, should be rewarded for the discoveries they should make of any such concealments. The ladies had recourse to the intercession of such among them

them as might have some interest with the Triumviri, and met with a gracious reception from *Octavius's* sister, and *Marc Antony's* mother, but *Fulvia* his wife shut her door against them, whereupon they resolved to address the Triumviri. *Hortensio* spoke in the name of the rest, and made a very eloquent harangue, which *Quintilian* mentions with applause. The Triumviri were so brutal with the ladies, for their presumption in addressing them, that they ordered their officer to turn them out of court. The whole assembly murmured at this order, so that the officers refused to put it in execution, whereupon the Triumviri adjourned the consideration of the affair till next day. The result was, that only four hundred women should be obliged to discover all their possessions.

HOULIERES (ANTONIETTA DE LA GARDE DES) a famous French poetess, who succeeded the best in that art of all the female writers of that nation; for her verses are still read more than any others of her sex. She was born at Paris in the year 1638, she had all the charms of her sex, with wit in abundance. Her taste for poetry was cultivated by the celebrated *Henault*. This lady was justly esteemed one of the finest and withal of the most solid geniuses of her time. Her early displays of wit, her proficiency in literature, and her favour with the great, have nothing so singular as a proof she gave of her courage.

Which dwells not in a troubled flood
Of rising spirits, and fermenting blood,
but usually flows from a steady piety, assisted by a superior judgment. Being come upon a country visit to one of her female friends, she was informed that nobody had laid for a long time in such an apartment of the house, because of a frightful apparition

parition which never failed to haunt it every night. Mademoiselle *Desbrouliers* (though at that time with child) said I must lie there, I long of all things to see an apparition, if there is any such thing, or to put an end to your fears. All the intreaties of the family, and frightful stories, could not alter her purpose. In the dead of the night she heard her door pushed open, upon which she called out; but the ghost, without making any answer, came in treading heavily, and making a dull kind of noise; soon after a table was overset, and her curtain began to stir; this was followed by the fall of a stand at her bed-side. The lady was not in the least daunted; but stretched her arms out to feel after this spectre, which she concluded, from this clutter, must be tangible, and happened to seize it by both its ears without any struggle. The length and shagginess of the ears put her to a stand what it could be; neither would she let go one of her holds to feel farther, least it might get from her, and that the discovery might be complete, in that troublesome attitude did she sit, composing in her mind an ode against *Fear*, till dawn of day shewed her, that what had interrupted the cheerfulness of a worthy family, was nothing else than an old harmless dog, which not caring to be abroad, used to come for shelter into this room as the door was not locked; then tying her garter about her captive's neck, she dressed herself, and led him in triumph to the family, who could not sufficiently admire her courage, whilst she made herself merry with their apprehensions.

Her compositions were formed in every kind of verse; as the epigrammatic, the lyric, the heroic, but excelled most in the idyl or pastoral: a specimen or two of which latter we shall here give the reader.

reader. In an idyl to sheep she thus addresses them:

*Tho' we have reason's talents, which you want,
Sheep need not envy men that uselefs grant.*

*Proud reason, tho' it makes too great a noise,
Is far from being passions counterpoise:*

*It yields to wine, is by a child betray'd,
And only breaks the heart, which seeks its aid.*

*Reason forever impotent and sour,
Fights ev'ry thing, yet nothing can o'erpow'r.*

*Against the wolves your dog's a sure defence,
While our grand guard leaves us a prey to sense.*

And in her *Reflections Diverses*, are the following lines:

*How very narrow is the human mind!
The finest parts in study long confin'd,*

*Can yet in science boast no certain ground,
Such clouds and darkness ev'ry where abound.*

*Learning's best light is but a fatal ray,
An Ignis fatuus, leading oft astray.*

*Better in tranquil ignorance remain
Than trace its errors in an endless train:*

*These prove that what we gain by the pursuit,
Is often learning only how to doubt.*

In an idyl to a book she says,

*The human heart a thousand passions feeds,
While each to guilt or to misfortune leads.*

*Both day and night in turns they tyrannize,
And soon destroy the spring from whence they rise.*

This lady being ill of a lingering sickness, hearing of M. La Fontain's signal repentance, she conceived a high regard for the abilities of the priest, who could make so devout impressions upon a temper ever thought incapable of sensibility; she sent for him to settle the affairs of her conscience, and to converse with him on divine subjects; the first she went through with the most

exact regularity, and the latter with the sublimest sentiments of piety, which increased the nearer she drew to her dissolution, and her last moments were taken up in a composed declaration of her assurance of felicity.

She died at *Paris* in 1694, and left a daughter of her own name, who had some talent for poetry, but inferior to her mother's. However, the first verses of this lady's composing bore away the prize at the *French* academy; which was highly to her honour, if it be true as was reported, that the ingenious *Fontenelle* wrote at the same time, and upon the same subject. She was a member of the academy of the *Ricovrati* of *Padua*, as was her mother, who was also of that of *Arles*. She died at *Paris* in 1718. The works of these two ladies were correctly published in 1747, in two volumes 12mo.

HOWARD (Lady MARY) was the second daughter of *Henry Fitz-Allen*, earl of *Arundel*, and first wife to *Thomas Howard*, duke of *Norfolk*, by whom he had *Philip* his son and heir. She translated out of the *Greek* into *Latin*, certain ingenious sentences collected out of various authors. She dedicated this performance to her father; the beginning of which is *Et si plurimis modis honoratissime pater*. The manuscript of which is in the royal library at *Westminster*. She died at *Arundel* house in the *Strand*, *London*, August 25, 1557; and was buried in *St. Clements* church, near *Temple-bar*.

HYPATIA. At *Alexandria*, in *Egypt*, was a famous school over which many great and learned men had successively presided. One of them, named *Theon*, governed that academy with much applause in the latter part of the fourth century. He was particularly famous for his extensive knowledge

ledge in astronomy, as the catalogues made of such who excelled in that science, abundantly shew. But what has contributed to render him more illustrious to all posterity, is, that he was father to the incomparable *Hypatia*: whom, according to the custom of those times, or rather prompted by the encouragement he received from her own promising genius, he educated not only in all the qualifications proper for her sex, but caused her likewise to be instructed in the most abstruse sciences, which are reputed the peculiar province of men, as requiring too much labour and application for the delicate constitution of women. A notion which can proceed only from vulgar prejudices; since all ages and all nations furnish numerous examples of women who have excelled in all the liberal arts and sciences, and in every accomplishment that dignifies the human nature; as will demonstrably appear in the course of this work.

We have the concurrent testimony of *Synesius*, *Socrates*, and *Philostorgius*, her cotemporaries; as likewise of *Damascius*, *Nicephorus*, *Gregoras*, *Nicephorus*, *Callistus*, *Photius*, *Suidas*, *Hesychius Illustis*, and others touching the prodigious learning and other excellent accomplishments of *Hypatia*. And as a further proof of the fact, no one person either through ignorance or envy, had ever so much as insinuated the contrary. *Socrates*, the ecclesiastical historian, an unsuspected witness, says, that *she arrived to such a pitch of learning as very far to exceed all the philosophers of her time; to which Nicephorus*, also an ecclesiastical historian, adds, *Those of other times*. *Philostorgius* affirms, that *she was much superior to her father and master*, *Theon*, in what regards astronomy. And *Suidas*, who mentions two books of her writing, one on the

astronomical canon of Diophantus, and another on the conic of Apollonius, avers, that she not only excelled her father in astronomy; but further, that she understood all the other parts of philosophy.

But though these matters had not been so well attested by the writers just named, and by others we shall soon have occasion to mention; yet no body could any longer doubt of it, after being informed by the very same persons, that *Hypatia* succeeded in the government of the *Platonic school at Alexandria*, the place of her birth and education. Now what greater glory for a woman, what greater honour redounding to all women, than to see a lady teaching in that chair where *Harmonius* and *Hierocles*, (to name no more) where so many professors, I say, uttered the oracles of learning, rather as divine intelligences than as mortal men? What infinite merit must she have possessed, who could be preferred to that eminent station, at a time when immense learning abounded both at *Alexandria*, and in many other parts of the *Roman empire*? Wherefore the novelty of the thing considered, and *Hypatia's* worth being universally acknowledged, it is no wonder that she soon had a crowded auditory. She explained to her hearers, says *Socrates*, the several sciences, that go under the general name of philosophy; for which there was a confluence to her from all parts of those who made philosophy their delight or study. And *Suidas* adds, that she explained all the philosophers, that is, all the several sects, with the particular tenets of their founders; which shews an inexpressible elevation and capacity, each of these separately being thought a sufficient province, to exercise the diligence of any one man consummate in letters.

Her

Her disciples entered into a strict tie of intimacy one with another, stiling themselves *companions*, or, as in our colleges, *fellows*; which was likewise the custom at *Athens*, and other famous seminaries of learning; the effects it usually produced were, mutual benevolence through the whole course of their lives, and sometimes acts of friendship very extraordinary. *Hypatia*, by way of excellence was called the *philosopher*; nor was any professor ever more admired by the world, or more dear to his own scholars. Hers were as remarkably numerous.

One of these who has preserved to us the names of several others, is the celebrated *Synesius*. He was a native of *Cyrene* in *Africa*, on the borders of *Egypt*, the birth-place of *Aristippus* and *Carneade*. He travelled for improvement to his neighbouring country *Egypt*, the undoubted mother of the sciences, when he happily succeeded in his studies at *Alexandria* under *Hypatia*. This personage alone may suffice for a specimen of the extraordinary spirit she formed. If we may rely on the judgment of no less a man than *Nicephorus Grogoras*, patriarch of *Constantinople*, he says, *There was nothing he did not know, no science wherein he did not excel, no mystery in which he was not initiated or skilled, with much more to the same effect.* His works are highly commended; but his *epistles* are admirable, as *Suidas* justly remarks; and in the opinion of *Protius*, as well as of *Evagrius*, they are elegant, agreeable, *sententious and learned*. He was at length consecrated bishop of *Ptolemais*.

Our design in giving this character of *Synesius*, is, to add the greater weight to the grateful testimony he every where bears to the learning and virtue of *Hypatia*, whom he never mentions without the profoundest respect. In a letter to his

brother *Eupotius*, *Salute*, says he, *the most honoured, and the most beloved of God, the philosopher, and that happy sodality or fellowship, which enjoys the blessings of her divine voice.* In another to his said brother, he mentions one *Egyptus*, who sucked in the seeds of wisdom from *Hypatia*. And thus he expresses himself writing to *Olympius*: ‘*I suppose these letters will be delivered by Peter, which he will receive from that sacred band. I send them from Pantapolis, to our common instructress, and she will entrust them with whom she thinks fit, which I am sure will be to one that is well known to her.* In a letter addressed to herself, he desires her to direct a *Hydroscope* to be made and bought for him, which he there describes. *Petavius* thinks it was a sort of level, and others an hour-measure. That famous silver *astrolabe* which he presented to *Peonius*, a man equally excelling in philosophy and arms, he owns to have been perfected by the directions of *Hypatia*. In a long epistle he acquaints her with the reasons of his writing two books, which he therewith sends her. The one was his mystical treatise of *dreams*, and the other his *dion*, a very ingenious apology for learning. Of this last he begs *Hypatia*’s judgment, resolving not to publish it without her approbation. He informs her likewise, that she is the first among the *Greeks*, or rather the *Heathens*, to whom he communicates his treatise of *dreams*; and that he might complete, he says, the sacred number *three*, he adds to these two, his account of the *astrolabe*, presented to *Peonius*.

We might recite several other of his letters, expressing his high regard and esteem for this excellent lady. But we imagine the above extracts will give the reader a competent idea of her incomparable virtues and merits.

But

But though (some will be ready to say) we should grant that *Hypatia* was a lady of most eminent learning, and that *Synesius* with some other of her disciples, esteemed her as a miracle of virtue and prudence; yet what was her character with the rest of the world, or what marks of approbation did she receive from the public? To this we answer, that never woman had a more unspotted character, or was more generally cared for than *Hypatia*. The magistrates consulted her, in all difficult and important cases, as an oracle; which frequently drew her among the greatest concourse of men, without the least censure of her manners. The proof of this rare felicity we chuse to give in the words of the historian *Socrates*. ‘By reason of the confidence and authority (says he) which she had acquired by her learning, she sometimes came to the judges with singular modesty; nor was she in the least abashed to appear thus among a croud of men; for all persons, on the score of her extraordinary discretion, did at the same time both reverence and admire her.’ The same things are confirmed by *Nicephorus*, *Callistus*, *Suidas*, *Hesychius Illustris*, and many others. So far was she from that blameable timidity, contracted by a wrong education, or that conscious backwardness which is the usual concomitant of guilt, that the governors and magistrates of *Alexandria* regularly visited her, and that all the city (as *Damascius* and *Suidas* relate) paid court to her; a distinction which no woman was ever honoured with before. And to sum up all in a few words, when *Nicephorus Gregoras*, above quoted, intended to pass the highest compliment, on the princess *Eudocia*, he thought he could no better express it, than by calling her another *Hypatia*.

It would be as great a prodigy in nature, as *Hypatia* was herself of learning, if a lady of such beauty, modesty, wisdom and virtue, were not eagerly sought for by many in marriage, and indeed we find, that she was actually married to the philosopher *Isidorus*, though *Suidas* says, she died a maid; a thing not so irreconcilable as people may at first imagine, but very likely to be true. This matter, considering the great uncertainty in which we are left by authentic writers, may probably stand thus: *Damascius* says, that *Isidorus* had another wife, whose name was *Domna*, by whom he had a son called *Proclus*, and died the fifth day after her delivery. Now supposing this to happen some time before the tragical end of *Hypatia*, and that the latter was betrothed to *Isidorus*, it might be very well said that she was his wife, and yet that she died a maid. The author of an epigram that was made upon her, seems to have been of the same opinion.

*The virgin's starry sign whene'er I see,
Adoring on thy words I think on thee:
For all thy virtuous works celestial are,
As are thy learned words beyond compare,
Divine Hypatia, who dost far and near
Virtue's and learning's spotless star appear.*

The allusion to the constellation *Virgo*, and the epithet *spotless*, would induce one to believe, that the writer reckoned her as a virgin as well as *Suidas*, though the latter makes her the wife of *Isidorus*. But as nothing certain can be concluded from so slender a conjecture, and as her character is no ways concerned in this particular, I shall determine nothing positive about it; but proceed to speak of her lovers.

And indeed a lady of such uncommon merit and accomplishments as *Hypatia*, daily surrounded with

with a circle of young gentlemen, many of them distinguished by their fortune or quality; besides her frequently appearing in public assemblies, and receiving visits from persons of the first rank, could not possibly fail sometimes being importuned with the addresses of gallantry. Such attempts the severest virtue cannot avoid, though it can deny encouragement, and make success to be despaired. How many trials of this kind *Hypatia* sustained, historians have not informed us. One instance however has escaped the common wreck of time; nor is there any doubt but several others might be contained in the life of *Isidorus*, out of which there is reason to believe, that *Suidas* picked the following anecdote. He acquaints us, that one of her own scholars, made warm love to her, whom she endeavoured to cure of his passion by the precepts of philosophy. The spark vehemently urging his suit (pleading no doubt the irresistible power of beauty) at a time when she happened to be under an indisposition common to her sex, she took up a handkerchief, of which she had been making some use on that occasion, and throwing it into his face, said, *This is what you love, young fool, and not any thing that is beautiful.* For the Platonic philosophers hold goodness, wisdom, virtue, and such like things, whose intrinsic worth are desirable for their own sakes, to be the only real beauties, of whose divine symmetry, charms, and perfection, the most superlative that appear in *bodies*, are but faint-resemblances. This is the right notion of Platonic love. And therefore *Hypatia's* procedure might well put a student of philosophy at *Alexandria* to the blush, and quite cure him too, as *Suidas* assures us, it did, whatever effect such an action might have upon any of the young students in our modern universities.

At the time that *Hypatia* thus reigned the brightest ornament of *Alexandria*, *Orestes* was governor of the same place for the emperor *Theodosius*, and *Cyril* bishop or patriarch. As *Orestes* had been qualified by his education for the rank he held, he could not but take notice of those perfections in *Hypatia* which all the world admired; and, as he was a wise governor, he would not be so far wanting to his charge, as not to ask her advice in matters difficult or dangerous, when every body else consulted her as an oracle. This of course created an intimacy between them that was highly displeasing to *Cyril*, who mortally hated *Orestes*. But as this emulation proved fatal to *Hypatia*, it will be necessary to enlarge a little upon the subject.

It is observed by *Socrates*, *Nicephorus*, and others, that *Cyril* (who was elevated to the see by sedition and force, against one *Timothy*, an archdeacon of no great reputation) intermeddled more in temporal or civil matters, than his predecessors had took upon them. He shut up the churches of the *Novatians*, and seized their sacred vessels and church ornaments, till at length he robbed their bishop *Theopompus* of all he had. Yet these *Novatians* professed the same doctrine to a tittle that he did, and differed only in some points of discipline.

One main reason why *Cyril* could not bear as the governor, as *Socrates* informs us, was, that *Orestes* hated the principality of the bishops: as well because they transferred to themselves much of the power belonging to those appointed governors by the emperor; as in particular, because *Cyril* would needs be prying into his actions. Their enmity became notorious, by a sedition raised against *Orestes*, occasioned by one *Hierax*, a pitiful schoolmaster, but a profess admirer of the bishop. The Jews spying him

him in the theatre, while the governor was there on some public business, cried out, that he came purposely thither to cause mischiefs; which occasioned such an uproar, that *Cyril* expelled all the Jews out of the city, where they had lived in great opulence from the time of *Alexander* the Great, to the no small benefit of the place. *Orestes* (says the historian) being grievously concerned at what had happened, and sadly afflicted, that so great a city should be so suddenly emptied of such a multitude of its inhabitants, gave the emperor on account of the whole matter. *Cyril* was not behind hand on his part; yet conscious of his guilt, would fain have made it up with *Orestes*, and conjured him by the holy gospels to be friends; being constrained thereto, as *Nicephorus* observes, by the people of *Alexandria*, who loved their governor. But this last knew him too well to trust him, upon which their difference became irreconcilable.

Now, as the revenge which *Cyril* took of *Orestes* was the prelude to poor *Hypatia's* tragedy, we chuse to relate it in the words of the historian *Socrates*. Certain of the monks (says he) living in the *Nitrian* mountains, having their monasteries to the number of about 500, flocked to the city, and espied the governor going abroad in his chariot; whereupon approaching, they called him by the names of *Sacrificer* and *Heathen*, using many other scandalous words. The governor therefore suspecting, that this was a trick played him by *Cyril*, cried out, that he was a *Christian*, and that he was baptized at *Constantinople* by bishop *Atticus*. But the monks giving no heed to what he said, one of them called *Ammonius*, threw a stone at *Orestes*, which struck him on the head; and being all covered with blood from his wound, his guards, a few excepted,

ed, fled some one way and some another, hiding themselves in the croud, lest they should be stoned to death. In the mean while, the people of *Alexandria*, ran to defend their governor against the monks, and putting all the rest to flight, they apprehended *Ammonius*, and brought him before *Orestes*; who, as the laws prescribed, publicly put him to the torture, and racked him till he expired. Not long after, he gave an account of all that was done to the princes. Nor did *Cyril* fail to give them a contrary information. He received the body of *Ammonius*, and laying it in one of the churches, he changed his name, calling him *Thaumasius*, and ordered him to be considered as a *Martyr*; nay, he made his panegyric in the church, extolling his courage, as one that had contended for the truth. But the wiser sort of christians themselves did not approve the zeal, which *Cyril* shewed on this man's behalf; being convinced that *Ammonius* had justly suffered for his desperate attempt, but was not forced to deny *Christ* in his torments.

But *Cyril's* rage was not yet satiated. Though *Orestes* had the good fortune to escape being murder'd, *Hypatia* must fall a sacrifice to the prelate's pride and to the ghost of *Ammonius*. This lady, as before hinted, was greatly respected by *Orestes*, who frequently consulted her; for which reason, says *Socrates*. 'She was not a little traduced among the mob of the christian church; as if she obstructed a reconciliation between bishop *Cyril* and *Orestes*. Wherefore certain hot-brained men, headed by one *Peter* a lecturer, entered into a conspiracy against her, and watching an opportunity when she was returning home from some place, they dragged her out of her chair, hurried her to the church called *Cesar's*, and

and stripping her stark naked, they killed her with tiles. Then they tore her to pieces, and carrying her limbs to a place called *Cinaron*, there they burnt them to ashes. A story scarce credible, was it not attested by two or more of her contemporaries; much less that her inhuman murder should be perpetrated by *Cyril's* clergy. For though *Socrates* distinctly names but one clergyman, *Peter* the lecturer; yet *Nicephorus* tells us expressly, that the zealots, led on by this *Peter*, were *Cyril's* clergy, who hated her for the credit she had with *Orestes*; that they were those who imputed to her the misunderstanding between the governor and their bishop; that they butchered her in the time of solemn fasting; which, added to the sanctifying of their villainy by perpetrating it in a church, shews the sad state of religion at that time.

But (some may say) though we should grant that the clergy of *Alexandria* were the murderers, and that their affection for *Cyril*, transported them beyond what is justifiable; how does it appear that he himself had any hand in this black deed, which perhaps he neither knew nor could prevent? It were to be wished for the sake of our common humanity (for true christianity is not at all concerned) that it were so; but the evidence of it is too strong and glaring to admit of the least doubt. *Damascius*, who is the other contemporary witness of her murder, besides *Socrates*, positively affirms, that *Cyril* vowed *Hypatia's* destruction whom he bitterly envied. And *Suidas*, who recites the same thing, says, that this envy was caused by her extraordinary wisdom and skill in astronomy; as *Hesychius*, when he mentions her limbs being carried all over the city in triumph; writes, that this befel her on the score of her extraordinary wisdom, and especially her skill

skill in astronomy. For *Cyrl* was a mighty pretender to letters, and one of those clergymen who will neither acknowledge nor bear the superiority of any layman in this respect, be it ever so incontestable to others.

But some circumstances of *Hypatia's* death, not mentioned by *Socrates*, are preserved in the abridgment of *Isidorus's* life by *Photius*; and are as follow, ' upon a time *Cyrl*, passing by the house of *Hypatia*, saw a great multitude before the door of men, both on foot and horse-back; whereof some were coming, some going, and others staid. Upon which he enquired what that croud was, and what occasioned so great a concourse? He was answered by those who accompanied him, that this was *Hypatia's* the philosopher's house, and that these came to pay their respects to her. Which when *Cyrl* understood, he was moved with so great envy, that he immediately vowed her destruction, which he accomplished in the most detestable manner. For when *Hypatia*, as her custom was, went abroad, several men, neither fearing divine vengeance, nor human punishments, suddenly rushed upon her and killed her. Thus laying their country under the highest infamy, and under the guilt of innocent blood. And indeed the emperor was grievously offended at this matter, and the murderers had been certainly punished, but that *Eusebius* did corrupt the emperor's friends; so that his majesty, it is true, remitted the punishment, but drew vengeance on himself and his posterity; his nephew paying dear for this action. This nephew, *Valetius* believes to have been *Valentinian*, whose mother *Placidia* was aunt to *Theodosius*.

Thus

Thus ended * the life of *Hypatia*, whose memory will ever last, and whose murder happened in the fourth year of *Cyril's* episcopate, *Honorius* being the tenth time, and *Theodosius* the sixth time consuls, in the month of *March*, in the time of lent, and in the year 415.

JANE (countess of *Westmorland*) was the eldest daughter of *Henry* earl of *Surry*, eldest son of *Thomas* duke of *Norfolk* (beheaded in the life-time of his father, Jan. 19, 1546-7) by *Frances* his wife, daughter to *John* earl of *Oxford*; and was married to *Charles* earl of *Westmorland*, by whom she had four daughters, *Catherine*, *Elleanor*, *Margaret* and *Anne*, who were all married. This ingenious lady made such a surprising progress in the *Latin* and *Greek* tongues, under the instruction of *Mr. Fox* the martyrologist, that, as *Mr. Samuel Fox* in the life of his father has assured us, her skill in those languages was such, that she might well stand in competition with the most learned men of that age. The latter part of her life was rendered very unhappy by the misconduct of her husband, who, unmindful of his duty to his prince, engaged in an insurrection in the north, A. D. 1569. For which being charged in parliament, he was adjudged a traitor; in consequence of which his goods and lands were confiscated, and himself adjudged to suffer death, which he prevented by flying beyond sea, where he long lived in exile, in a poor miserable condition, and died in an advanced age.

* See *Teland's* life of *Hypatia*.

JARDIN (MARY CATHARINE DÉS) a *French* lady, who flourished in the 17th century, was a native of *Alençon* in *Normandy*, where her father was provost. At the age of 19 or 20, reflecting on the smallness of her fortune, she resolved, if possible, to improve it by her wit. With this view she went to *Paris*, where she succeeded to her wish; for, though she had no beauty to boast of, yet she soon became noted for the charms of her wit; and her acquaintance universally sought. Mr. *Ville-Dieu*, a personable gentleman, possessed of a good fortune, was one of her first visitants, paid his addresses to her, and married her; but it was not long before death deprived her of this felicity. On the death of her husband, she, for grief, retired to a nunnery; but being a woman of spirit and vivacity, she did not continue any long time there, but quitting her retirement, put herself again into the way of the world, and struck up a second match with M. *de la Chate*, whom she also buried. Being greatly afflicted with this new misfortune, she absolutely renounced marriage, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in gallantry. In this spirit her ear was always open to love-addresses, which she answered in little poems and letters very ingenious and witty.

So much we are told by *Richelet*, in his lives of the *French* writers; but without sufficient grounds, according to the information given to Mr. *Bayle*, who assures us, from the positive assertion of several persons, that her turn to love-intrigues commenced much sooner than her last widowhood, and that it rather diminished than increased after that epoch. By one of her letters it appears she had been in *Holland*, wherein she gives a very agreeable description of the *Hague*. She is said to be the inventor of those little fabulous histories called novels, which

which she wrote with such a pleasant vivacity, that the long romances of 8 or 10 volumes, as those of *Cyrus*, *Gleopatra*, *Cassandra*, &c. were scarce ever read afterwards. Mr. Bayle tells us, that at first she set out in this long way, and laid a plan to contain one of several volumes, designing to represent under fictitious names, and with some alterations, the adventures of a great lady, who married beneath her dignity; but being threatened with the resentment of the persons concerned, she dropt her design, and thereupon devised the new way of novels, which are still read with pleasure, and which she continued till her death in 1683. Her works were soon after reprinted in ten volumes, and reprinted at *Paris* in 1702.

INGLIS (ESTHER.) The ladies we have hitherto introduced, have been celebrated for the bright qualities of their mind, their learning, wit, sense, and understanding: but this lady is famed for an accomplishment different from any of the foregoing; I mean Calligraphy, or fine writing; whatever she wrote, she expressed in the most beautiful characters. Her writing astonishes all who see it, on account of its exactness, beauty and variety; nothing can be more exquisite. Several have been celebrated for their extraordinary talent this way; but this lady excelled them all. One of the many delicate pieces she wrote, was in the custody of Mr. Samuel Kello, her great-grandson, in 1711. Others are repositied in the castle at *Edinburgh*.

In the library of *Christ-church* in *Oxford* are the *Psalms of David* written in *French* with her own hand, and presented to queen *Elizabeth* by Mrs. *Inglis* herself; and by that princess given to this library.

In the *Bodleyan* library are two more of her manuscripts preserved with great care. One of them

is entitled, *Le six vingt et six Quatrains de Guy de Tour, Sieur de Pybrac, escripts par Esther Inglis, pour son dernier adieu, ce 21 jour de Juin 1617.* In the second leaf is writ in capital letters, 'To the right worshipfull my very singular friende Joseph Hall, doctor of divinity, and dean of Worcester, Esther Inglis wisheth all increase of true happiness, Junii xxix. 1617.' In the third leaf was her head painted upon a card and pasted upon the leaf.

The title of the other book is, *Les Proverbes de Salomon escribes en diverses sortes de lettres, par Esther Anglois Francoise. A Lislebourg en Escosse 1599.* This curious performance gains the admiration of all who see it; every chapter is wrote in a different hand; as is likewise the dedication, and some other things at the beginning and ending of the book, which makes near forty several sorts of hands. The beginnings and endings of the chapters are adorned with the most beautiful head and tail pieces, and the margins are elegantly decorated with the pen, in imitation of the beautiful old manuscripts. The book is dedicated to the earl of Essex, queen Elizabeth's great favourite. At the beginning are his arms neatly drawn with all the quarterings. In the fifth leaf is her own picture done with the pen, in the habit of that time. Her right hand holds a pen, the left rests upon a book opened, in one of the leaves of which was written, *De l'Eternel le bien, de moi le mal, ou rien.* On the table before her there is likewise a music-book lying open, which probably intimates that she had some skill in that art. Under the picture is a Latin epigram made by Andrew Melvins; And on the next page another by the same author, which being translated into English, runs thus.

One hand dame nature's mimic does express,
 Her larger figures, to the life, in less.
 In the rich border of her work do stand,
 Afresh created by her curious hand,
 The various signs and planets of the sky,
 Which seem to move and twinkle in our eye.
 Much we the work, much more the hand admire,
 Her fancy guiding this, our wonder raises higher.
 In the royal library D. xvi. are, *Esther Inglis's fifty Emblems*, finely drawn and written: *A Lislebourg en Escosse*, Pann. 1624.

It appears by her name written *Inglis* in the two last mentioned books, that she lived unmarried till she was about forty; and then, as Mr. *Herne* informs us, she was married to Mr. *Bartholomew Kello*, a Scotchman; by whom she had a son named *Samuel Kello*, who was educated in *Christ-church college, Oxon.* His son Mr. *Samuel Kello*, was swordbearer of *Norwich*, and died in 1709. This was attested to Mr. *Hearne*, by Mr. *Kello*, son of the swordbearer, Sept. 16, 1711.

But how long she lived, or where she died, we know not; nor any thing more concerning her; unless the friendship she contracted with bishop *Hall*, was the occasion of transplanting her posterity to *Norwich*.

JULIANA (*anchoret of Norwich*) lived in the reign of *Edward III.* and distinguished herself by a book of revelations which she wrote. But tho' she was author of so remarkable a work, and her situation in life so very singular, yet, thro' the negligence of the ecclesiasticks (who were almost the only men who transmitted all kinds of intelligence to posterity) we find but very little recorded concerning her. Even our most curious and industrious biographers, who had the best opportunities of examining manuscripts and records belonging to religious

ligious houses, could not trace out any memorials relating to this devout lady, more than a hint or two mentioned by herself in her own writings.

R. F. Jo. Gascoyn, L. Abbot of *Lambspring*, ushered her compositions into the world with the following title. *Sixteen revelations of divine love, shewed to a devout servant of our Lord, called mother JULIANA, an anchoress of Norwich; who lived in the days of king Edward the third. Published by F. R. S. Croffy, 1610. Vo.*

The learned editor, in his preface to the book, gives the following account of the author and her performance.

‘ I was desirous (says he to the reader) to have told thee somewhat of the happy virgin, the compiler of these revelations: But after all the search I could make, I could not discover any thing touching her, more than what she occasionally sprinkles in the book itself. The postscript acquaints us with her name, JULIANA; as likewise her profession, which was of the strictest sort of solitary livers; being inclosed all her life (alone) within four walls; whereby, tho’ all mortals were excluded from her dwelling, yet saints and angels, and the supreme King of both, could, and did find admittance. Moreover, in the same postscript we find, that the place, in a high manner dignified by her abode, and by the access of her heavenly guest, was the city of *Norwich*. The time when she lived, and, particularly when these celestial revelations were afforded her, she herself in the beginning of the book informs us, was in the year of grace MCCCCLXXIII, that is, about three years before the death of the famous conqueror king *Edward* the third; at which time she herself was about thirty years of age. And to conclude, in the last chapter of the book she signifies

signifies, that more than fifteen years after these revelations had been shewed her, how for resolution of a certain doubt of hers touching the meaning of one of them, our Lord himself was pleased to answer her internally in ghostly understanding.

As for the manner of these revelations, it was the same of which we read innumerable examples, both among antient and modern saints. The objects of some of them were represented to the imagination, and perhaps also to the outward sight; sometimes they were represented in sleep, but most frequently when she was awake. But those which were more pure in time and withal more certain, were wrought by a divine illapse into the spiritual part of the soul, the mind and understanding, which the devil cannot counterfeit, nor the patient comprehend, tho' withal it excluded all doubt or suspicion of illusion.

But the principal thing which I desire to recommend to the reader's consideration, is the preceding occasion, and subsequent effects of these divine favours bestowed by almighty God on his humble devout handmaid.

She was far from expecting or desiring such unusual supernatural gifts. Matters stood thus with her: She thought herself too much unfortified in her affections to creatures, and too unsensible of our Lord's love to her. Therefore to cure the former, she requested a sickness in extremity, even to death, in her own and others conceit; a sickness full of bitter pain and anguish, depriving her of all outward refreshments, and of all inward comforts also, which might affect the sensual portion of the soul. And for a remedy to the latter, she begged of our Lord, that he would imprint on her soul, by what way he thought best, a deep and vigorous conception and resentment of those

most violent torments, which he in his infinite love suffered for her on the cross, to the end that she might be even forced to return to him a suitable affection.

Yet in making these requests, she expressed a perfect resignation (as to the manner) to his heavenly will. The only graces that she did, and might, and so may we, desire absolutely, without any condition, were a true and spiritual hatred and contempt of herself, and of all worldly or sensual contentments; a perfect sorrow and compunction for sin past; and a cordial love and reverence of almighty God. These were the gifts she desired; and as for the means of procuring those graces, she proposed the best to her seeming; yet so, as being assured that God knew what was best for her, she left them to his divine pleasure.

It was, no doubt, by divine inspiration that she at first made such petitions, both for substance and manner, and therefore God granted them as she desired; yea, in a manner more extraordinary than she durst pretend to, as the reader may observe. And how wonderful the effects of them were, the whole texture of her discourses upon each revelation will excellently demonstrate.

Thus Mr. *Cressy* speaks of *Juliana* and her writings; but he was a priest of her own communion; but how far his sentiments correspond with those of the divines of the church of *England*, let others determine.

K.

KEMPE (MARGERIE) was a person whose writings, as well as herself, are so little known to the learned world, as to escape the notice even

of

of the indefatigable compiler of the typographical antiquities; and her book is now so extremely scarce, that there appears no more than two copies of it extant; one in the library of *Norwich*, the other in *Trinity college library at Cambridge*, under the following title: *A short Treatise of Contemplations, taught by our Lord Jesu Chryste; in token out of the Booke of Margerie Kempe of Lynn*. The beginning of which is, *She desired many times that her hede.* It seems, by this, to have been the abridgement of a larger work; and contains various sayings of Christ (as it is pretended) to the holy women who followed him; and is written in the style of our modern quietists and quakers, concerning the internal love of God, perfection, &c. When she died is uncertain; but it's probable she lived in the reign of *Edward IV.*

Weever, in his *Funeral Monuments*, in the diocese of *Norwich*, p. 752, gives us the following inscription, *Orate—Johannis Kempe qui obiit, 3 Julii 1459, et pro animabus Margarete ac Johanne & Margarete uxorum.*—It is very possible that one of those women, might be our author: both the time and place of burial seem to countenance such a conjecture.

KILLIGREW (KATHARINE) was the fourth daughter of Sir *Anthony Cooke*, and *Anne* his wife, and born at *Giddy-hall* in *Essex*, about the year 1520. Having enjoyed all the advantages of a liberal education, she soon became famous for her skill in the *Hebrew*, *Greek* and *Latin* tongues, and for her poetical talent. A specimen of her skill in that art is preserved by Sir *John Harrington* and Dr. *Fuller*. What the motive was that induced her to write these verses is uncertain. *Harrington*, who seems to have been personally acquainted with these ladies, says, they were wrote to lady *Burleigh*; to

send a kinsman of hers into *Cornwall*, where she dwelt, and to stop his going beyond sea. Mr. *Philips* says, it was her lover. But Dr. *Fuller*, with much more probability tells us, that Sir *Henry Killigrew* (her husband) was designed by queen *Elizabeth*, to go ambassador to *France*, in troublesome times, when that employment, always difficult, but then manifestly dangerous, his lady wrote those verses to her sister *Mildred Cecill*, to use her interest with the lord treasurer her husband, that Sir *Henry* might be excused from that service: but whatever was the occasion, the verses are as follow.

*Si mihi quem cupio cures Mildreda remitti,
Tu bona, tu melior, tu mihi sola soror.
Sin male cessando retines & trans mare mittis,
Tu mala, tu peior, tu mihi nulla soror.
Is si Cornubiam, tibi pax sit, & omnia laeta,
Sin mare, Cecilæ nuncio bella—vale.*

Thus Englished.

If, *Mildred*, to my wishes kind
Thy valued charge thou send,
In thee my soul shall own combin'd
The sister and the friend.

If from my eyes by thee detain'd
The wand'ring cross the seas,
No more thy love shall sooth, as friend,
No more as sister, please.

His stay let *Cornwall's* shore engage;
And peace with *Mildred* dwell;
Else war with *Cecilia's* name I wage,
Perpetual war.—farewel.

She was married to *Henry Killigrew*, Esq; a *Cornish* gentleman, who, for the good services he did

did his country, in the quality of ambassador, was afterwards knighted. What issue she had, or left behind her, we know not, nor when she died; only that it appears by her father's will, that she was living May 22, 1576, and that she lies buried in the church of St. Thomas the Apostle, in Vintry ward, London; where is an elegant monument erected to her memory, on which is the following inscription.

In mortem suam hæc carmina dum viverat scripsit
D. Katharina Killigrewa.

Dormio nunc Domino, Domini virtute resurgam;

Et carna mea in carne videbo mea.

Mortua ne dicar, fruitur pars altera Christo;

Et surgam capiti, tempore, tota mea.

Thus translated.

Mrs. Katherine Killigrew, wrote the following verses, in her life-time, on her own death.

To God I sleep, but I in God shall rise,

And in the flesh my Lord and Saviour see;

Call me not dead, my soul to Christ is fled,

And soon, both soul and body join'd shall be.

Several other epitaphs and verses were written by other hands, to the memory of this excellent lady.

Sir Anthony Cooke had two sons and four daughters, the youngest of whom was our Katharine. Some add a fifth; and a sixth; but that has been a matter of dispute among writers, and not well ascertained.

KILLIGREW (ANNE) was the daughter of Dr. Henry Killigrew, master of the Savoy, and one of the prebendaries of Westminster, and born in London a little before the reformation. She was, as Mr. Wood says, a grace for beauty, and a muse

for wit! She gave the earliest discoveries of a great genius; which being improved by a polite education, she became eminent in the art of poetry and painting. Mr. *Dryden* seems quite lavish in her commendation; but Mr. *Wood* assures us he has said nothing of her, which she was not equal, if not superior to. Thus speaks Mr. *Dryden* of her.

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For nature did that want supply,
So rich in treasure of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd where 'twas only born.

She was a great proficient in the art of painting, and drew the duke of *York*, afterwards king *James II*, and also the dutchess, to whom she was maid of honour; which pieces are highly commended by Mr. *Dryden*. She drew several history pieces, also some portraits for her diversion, and likewise some pieces of still life. Mr. *Becket* drew her picture in mezzotinto, after her own painting, which is prefixed to her poems. These engaging and polite accomplishments were the least of her perfections; for she crowned all with an exemplary piety, and unblemished virtue. This amiable lady died of the small-pox, *June 16, 1685*, when she was only in the 25th year of her age. Upon which Mr. *Dryden's* muse put on the mourning habit, and lamented her death in the most moving strains, in a very long ode, from which we shall select one stanza; and the rather as it does honour to another female character.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd shape and beauteous face,
Shall

Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
 In earth the much lamented virgin lies;
 Nor will nor piety could fate prevent;
 Nor was the cruel destiny content
 To finish all the murder at a blow,
 To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
 But, like a harden'd felon took a pride
 To work more mischievously slow,
 And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd;
 O double, double sacrilege on things divine
 To rob the reliques, and deface the shrine!
 But thus *Orinda* dy'd:
 Heav'n by the same disease, did both translate;
 As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

She was buried in the chapel of the *Savoy* hospital, on the north side of which, is a very neat monument of marble and free-stone fixed in the wall, with a *Latin* inscription; which being very long, we apprehend it will be more agreeable to most of our female readers to have a translation of it in *English*; we have therefore obliged them with the following.

By death, alas! how long world lies
 She who from all late bore the prize
 In beauty, wit, virtue divine;
 In whom these graces did combine,
 Which we admired in others see,
 When they but singly scatter'd be!
 Who her, *Ye great, can paint beside*
 The pencil her own hand did guide;
 What verse can celebrate her fame,
 But such as she herself did frame?
 Tho' much excellence she did show,
 And many qualities did know,
 Yet this alone she could not tell,
 Namely, how much she did excell.

Or if her worth she rightly knew,
 More to her modesty was due;
 That parts in her no pride could raise,
 Desirous still to merit praise,
 But fled, as she deserv'd, the bay;
 Contented always to retire,
 Court-glory she did not admire;
 Altho' it lay so near and fair,
 Its flatteries had no charms with her;
 For with the world how could she close,
 Who *Christ* in her first childhood chose?

So with her parents she did live,
 That they to her did honour give;
 And she to them. In a numerous race,
 And virtuous, the highest place.
 None envy'd her; sisters, brothers,
 Her admirers were and lovers:
 She was to all s'obliging sweet,
 All in one love to her did meet.
 A virgin-life not only led,
 But its example might be said;
 The age's ornament, the name
 That gave her sex, and country fame.

Those who her person never knew,
 Will hardly think these things are true;
 But those that did, will more believe,
 And higher things of her conceive.
 Thy eyes in tears, now, reader, sleep:
 For her, if 't lawful be to weep,
 Whose blessed and seraphic end,
 Angels in triumph did attend.

Soon after her death was published a book,
 entitled, *Poems* by Mrs. *Anne Killigrew*, London,
 1686, in a large thin quarto.

LAM.

LAMBRUN (MARGARET) was a Scots woman of the retinue of *Mary* queen of *Scots*, as was also her husband, who dying of grief for the sad catastrophe of that princess, his wife took up a resolution of revenging the death, both of one and the other, upon queen *Elizabeth*. With this view she habited herself in man's apparel, and assumed the name of *Anthony Sparke*, came to the queen's court, carrying always about her a pair of pistols, one to kill the queen, and the other herself, in order to escape justice. But her design happened fortunately to miscarry. One day as she was pushing through the croud to come up to her majesty, who was then walking in her garden, she chanced to drop one of her pistols; which being seen by the guards, she was seized, in order to be sent immediately to prison; but the queen, not suspecting her to be one of her own sex, had a mind to examine her first.

Accordingly, demanding her name, country, and quality, *Margaret*, with an undaunted firmness, replied, 'Madam, though I appear in this habit, I am a woman; my name is *Margaret Lambrun*; I was several years in the service of queen *Mary*, my mistress, whom you have so unjustly put to death, and by her death, you have also caused that of my husband, who died of grief to see so innocent a queen perish so iniquitously. Now, as I had the greatest love and affection for both these personages, I resolved, at the peril of my life, to revenge their death by killing you, who are the cause of both. I confess to you, that I have suffered many struggles within my breast, and have made all possible efforts

' efforts to divert my resolution to undertake so
 ' pernicious a design, but all in vain: I found
 ' myself necessitated to prove by experience the
 ' certain truth of that maxim, that neither reason
 ' nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance,
 ' when she is impelled thereto by love'. As
 much reason as the queen had to resent this
 discourse, she heard it with coolness, and an-
 swered it calmly: ' You are then persuaded, that,
 ' in this action, you have done your duty, and sa-
 ' tisfied the demands which your love for your
 ' mistress, and your spouse, indispensably required
 ' from you; what think you now is my duty to
 ' do to you?' The woman replied with the same
 intrepid firmness: ' I will tell your majesty frank-
 ' ly my opinion, provided you will please to let
 ' me know, whether you put this question in
 ' the quality of a queen, or in the quality of a
 ' judge?' ' To which her majesty professing it was
 ' made in that of a queen'; then said *Margaret*,
 ' your majesty ought to grant me a pardon'. But
 ' what assurance or security can you give me, says
 ' the queen, that you will not make the like attempt
 ' upon some other occasion? *Margaret* replied,
 ' Madam, a favour which is given under such
 ' restraints, is no more a favour; and, in so doing,
 ' your majesty would act against me as a judge'.
 ' The Queen, turning to some of her council
 then present, said. ' I have been thirty years a
 ' queen, but do not remember ever to have had
 ' such a lecture read to me before'. And im-
 mediately granted the pardon entire, and uncon-
 ditional, as it was desired, against the opinion of
 the president of her council, who said, he thought
 her majesty obliged to punish so daring an of-
 fender.

However,

However, as the case stood, *Lambrun*, gave an excellent proof of her prudence, in begging the queen to extend her generosity one degree further, and grant her a safe conduct out of the kingdom, till she should be set upon the *French* coast; which *Elizabeth* complied with.

LEGGE (ELIZABETH) was eldest daughter of *Edward Legge*, Esq; (an ancestor of the earl of *Dartmouth*) and *Mary* his wife, and born in the year 1580. She had an excellent genius for languages, and was well versed in the *Latin*, *English*, *French*, *Spanish*, and *Irish* tongues. What use she made of her learning, or whether she wrote or translated any thing, is not come to our knowledge; but have been informed she was blind many years before her death, which it was thought was occasioned by her reading and writing too much by candle light; she was esteemed a good poet. She spent the greatest part of her life in *Ireland*, and died unmarried at the age of 105 years.

Very remarkable is the longevity of this family. This lady had six brothers and six sisters. *William*, the eldest, distinguished himself by his firm adherence to king *Charles I*; and died, *October 13, 1670*, in the 82d year of his age.

John, the fourth brother, was a lieutenant colonel in the marquis of *Antrim's* regiment in *Ireland* in the time of king *Charles I*, deputy governor of *Jersey*, in the reign of king *James II*; and ranger of *Whitchwood* forest, where he died, 1702, aged 100 years.

Margaret, third daughter, was wife of *Fitzgerald*, Esq; lived above an 100 years.

Anne, sixth daughter was married to Anthony, Esq; and died in the 112th year of her age, in 1702.

And their grandfather, *William Legge*, Esq; died in the 93^d year of his age.

LINCOLN (*ELIZABETH* countess of) was one of the daughters and coheirs of Sir *John Knevets*, of *Charlton*, in the county of *Wilts*, *knt*. She was married to *Thomas* earl of *Lincoln*, about the latter end of the reign of queen *Elizabeth*, by whom she had issue seven sons, and nine daughters, she survived her lord many years, who died at his castle of *Tatshall* in the county of *Lincoln*, *Jan.* 15, 1618, and was buried in the chancel of the parish church there.

In the year 1628, she published a small but valuable tract, entituled, *The Countess of Lincoln's nursery*. It is addressed to her daughter-in-law, *Bridget* countess of *Lincoln*, and is an excellent proof of her good sense, it being, as a judicious writer observes, a well wrote piece, full of fine arguments, and capable of convincing any one, that is capable of conviction, of the necessity and advantages of mothers nursing their own children. By her ladship's speaking of it as the first work of hers ever printed, one would imagine she wrote more treatises, but nothing of this kind has come to our knowledge.

LOGES (*MARY BRUNEAU DES*) a *French* lady, one of the most illustrious women in the seventeenth century. In the year 1599, she married *Charles de Rechigny voisin*, lord des *Loges*, afterwards appointed gentleman in ordinary of the king's bedchamber. She died *June* 7, 1642, and was buried in a place she had chosen herself. Her zeal for the reformed religion, which she constantly professed all her life-time, her piety, her exalted mind, shone with a fresh éclat towards the latter end of her life, when she suffered, as she had already done on some other occasions, several domestic

mette vexations. This undoubtedly gave her opportunities of making very good reflections on the vanity of all created beings. She had nine children, and a sister who was married with Mons. *Beringhen*. She was highly esteemed by the greatest wits of the age, particularly *Malherbe* and *Balzac*, and likewise by the greatest princes.

LONGVIC (JAQUILINE DE) dutchess of *Montpensier*, was a lady of great merit, and in high credit, about the middle of the sixteenth century. *Thugnots* says, she was endued with a manly turn of mind, and prudence above her sex. She had ever made the tranquillity of the public her care and study; and it is believed, that, had she not been snatched away so soon, she would have prevented the commotions that afterwards broke out. She was the younger daughter of *John de Longvic*, lord de *Girri*; and was married to *Lewis de Bourdon*, duke of *Montpensier*. She died, *August 28, 1561*, a little before the troubles on account of religion broke out. She had manifestly discovered, during her long consumptive illness, what her husband had long suspected, *viz.* that she was a protestant; and doubtless it was by her private instructions, that she sowed in the minds of some of her daughters those seeds of reformation which produced fruit some time after: for *Frances de Bourdon*, her eldest daughter married in 1558, to *Henry Robert de Mark*, duke of *Bouillon*, openly professing the protestant religion, and could not be prevailed upon to quit it, notwithstanding the incredible pains her father took for that purpose. *Charlotte*, this duke's fourth daughter, had been sent to a nunnery, contrary to her mother's inclination. She was abbess of *Jouarre*; but as this kind of life did not square with the principles she had imbibed from her mother, nor perhaps with her own inclination, she fled

fled to Germany, in the year 1572, abjured the
 Romish religion there, and was married to the
 prince of Orange. Two of her other daughters
 persevered in the monastic life, for which they were
 devoted; and one married the duke de Nevers's son.

LUCAR (ELIZABETH) daughter of Mr. Paul
 Withypoll, was born in London in the year 1510.
 Her father gave her a polite and liberal education,
 which being improved by an excellent genius, she
 became exquisitely skilled in all kinds of needle-
 work, was a curious calligrapher, or fine writer;
 was a great proficient in arithmetic; played skill-
 fully on several sorts of music; and was a com-
 plete mistress of the Latin, Italian, and Spanish
 tongues.

What more we find of her, is contained in a
 monumental inscription; which we will insert,
 though it be a rude composition, as it was engrav-
 ed on a plate of brass in the south isle of the pa-
 rish church of St. Michael in Crooked-lane, London.

Every christian heart seeketh to extoll

The glory of the Lord our Redeemer:

Wherefore dame nature must needs inroll

Paul Withypoll his child, by love and nature,

Elizabeth, the wife of Emanuel Lucar,

In whom was declared the goodness of the Lord,

With many high virtues, which truly I will record.

She wrought all needle-works that women exercise,

With pen, frame, or stooie, all pictures artificial,

Curious knots, or trailes, what fancy could devise,

Beasts, birds, or flowers, even as things natural:

Three manner hands could she write them fair all.

To speak of algorism or accounts in every station,

Of women few like, (I think) in all this nation,

Dame cunning gave her a gift right excellent,

The goodly practice of her science musical,

In

In divers tongues to sing and play with instruments,
Both vial and lute, and also virginall;
Nor only upon one, but excellent in all.
For all other virtues belonging to nature,
God her appointed a very perfect creature.
Latin and Spanish and also Italian,
She spake, writ, and read, with perfect utterance;
And for the English, she the garland won
In dame prudence's schoole, by graces purveyance,
Which clothed her with virtues, from naked ig-
norance.

Reading the scriptures to judge light from dark,
Directing her faith to Christ, the only mark.

The said Elizabeth deceased the 29th October,
A. D. 1537, of years fully 27. This stone, and
all hereon contained, made at the cost of the said Ema-
nuel, merchant-taylor.

LUCRETIA, illustrious for her beauty, and
noble extraction, and still more so for her virtue,
was married to Collatinus, a relation of Tarquin
king of Rome. All the world knows the motive
that induced this lady to kill herself; the particu-
lars of which tragical story we shall here relate.
Tarquin, not being able to reduce the town of
Ardea, so soon as he expected, resolved to be-
siege it in form. The siege continued long, which
gave the young princes frequent opportunities of
regaling themselves with one another. Sextus, Tar-
quin's eldest son, entertaining his two brothers and
Collatinus at supper, the conversation turned on the
fair-sex: upon which a dispute arose; not on the
beauty of their mistresses, as would be the case in
our days, but on the beauty and good housewifery
of their wives, each giving the preference to his
own wife. The dispute growing hot, Collatinus
proposed a means of deciding it. To what pur-
pose,

pose, says he, are so many words? we may soon have visible proofs of the charms of my *Lucretia*. Let us get on horseback, and go to our wives unexpectedly; the decision of the question will thereby be easier than if they had prepared themselves to receive us. Being heated with wine, they eagerly agreed to the proposal, and rode to *Rome* full speed. There they found *Tarquin's* daughters-in-law, feasting themselves luxuriously with persons of the same age with themselves. They afterwards went to *Collatia*; and though it was very late when they arrived there, they found *Lucretia* amidst her maids, and employed in woollen works. They all agreed that she exceeded the others, and returned back to the camp. *Sextus*, inflamed with love for her, went back a few days after, unknown to any person, to *Collatia*. *Lucretia* received him with all the politeness due to a near relation, and the king's eldest son, and who was not suspected to harbour the least dishonest design. After supper he was conducted to the bed-chamber in which he was to lie. However, he did not fall asleep; but as soon as he imagined every one was fast asleep, he went softly, with a drawn sword in his hand, into *Lucretia's* bed-chamber; where, after threatening to kill her, if she made the least noise, he declared his passion. He employed the most tender entreaties, as well as the most terrible menaces, and all the artifices possible to touch a woman's heart. But all to no purpose; *Lucretia* persisted in her constancy and resolution; she was not to be moved even by the fear of death; but at last she could not resist *Sextus's* menace of exposing her to the utmost infamy. He declared, that after having killed her, he would kill a slave; and then laying him in her bed, spread a report, that having caught them in
the

the act of adultery, he had punished them with death. Having by this means accomplished his infamous design, he withdrew as contented, and as proud of his conquest, as if it had been justly achieved, and agreeable to the laws of noble gallantry. The lady, now plunged in a deep melancholy, sent to entreat her father, who was then in *Rome*, and her husband, who was at the siege of *Ardea*, to come to her with all speed. They accordingly came; when she told them her misfortune, and conjured them to revenge her cause. This they promised her to do, and gave her all the consolation in their power. But she was quite inconsolable, and drawing forth a dagger, which she had hid under her clothes, stabbed herself to the heart. *Brutus*, who was present, found therein the opportunity he had long sought for, of freeing *Rome* from *Tarquin's* tyranny; and so far improved this opportunity, that the kingly power was abolished, and in this manner, *Lucretia's* death occasioned the liberty of the *Romans*, a circumstance that has added great lustre to her memory. Her ravisher was not long exposed to a remorse of conscience, or to the severe reproaches of the family he had ruined; for retiring to the city of *Gabii*, where he had formerly commanded, he there lost his life a little after.

LUMLEY (JOANNA) was the eldest daughter, and coheirs of *Henry Fitz-Allen*, earl of *Arundel*, and first wife of *John* lord *Lumley*, by whom she had three sons, who died infants, and were buried in the chancel of the church of *Cheam* in *Surry*. She translated from the original *Greek* into *Latin*, that oration of *Isocrates*, entituled, *Archidamus*; beginning *Aliqui fortassis vestrum admiraturi*. The manuscript in her own hand-writing is in the royal library at *Westminster*, 15. A. 1. She also translated

translated the second and third oration of *Isocrates* to *Nicoles*, and dedicated them to her father, beginning, *In more & consuetudine*. This is likewise in manuscript in the same library, 15. A. 9. She likewise turned into *Latin*, an oration of the same author in praise of peace, entituled, *Evagoras*; dedicated likewise to her father, and beginning, *Cicero, pater honoratissima, illustris*. The manuscript of this is in the same library, 15. A. 2. and 9. She translated the *Ephigenia* of *Euripides* into *English*. The argument of the play begins with these words, *After that the Captain of the Grecians*.

This manuscript is likewise deposited in the said library, 15. A. 9. If there are any other things of this learned lady's translating, or compositions of her writings, we do not know, nor can we say when she died. But when her father wrote his will, which is dated *December 30, 1579*, she was then dead; and lies buried in the church of *Chram* in *Surry*; on the south side of which is a fair slab of black marble, supported with white; and in alto relievo two sons and one daughter, at their prayers; on the top, a lady at prayers, over her are two hawks, a curious piece of graving of *St. George*, fighting on foot with the dragon, on the top an horse, and on the edge of the black tomb, is this inscription in capitals:

*Vixi dum volui, volui dum, Christe, volebas,
Christe, mihi spes es, vita, corona, salus.*

JANA HENRICO Comiti ARUNDELLE.

*Filia & coheres, JOHANNI baroni de LUMLEY
charissima conjux, præstans pietatis studio, virtutum
officio, & vera nobilitatis gloria, corpore sub hoc
tumulo in adventum domini requiescit.*

In

In English thus:
 I liv'd as long as I desir'd; thy will,
 O Christ, was my direction still;
 In Christ alone is all my wealth,
 My hope, my life, my crown, my health.

Jane, daughter and coheire of Henry earl of Arundel, and the most dear wife of John baron of Lumley, excelling in her piety, in her moral virtues, and the true glory of nobility, rests (as to her mortal part) under this tomb, in expectation of the coming of the Lord.

MADAME DE MAINTENON (MADAME DE) a lady who made a very considerable figure in the French court during a great part of the reign of Louis XIV, and from a low condition, and many misfortunes, rose at last to be the wife of that monarch, has certainly a claim to be ranked among our female worthies, however culpable some parts of her conduct may have been. She was descended from the antient family of Daubigné; her proper name being Frances Daubigné; M. Daubigné her grandfather, was born in the year 1550, and died in the 80th year of his age. He was a man of great merit, as well as rank, and a leading man among the protestants in France, and much courted to come over to the opposite party. When he found he could be no longer safe in his own country, he fled for refuge to Geneva, about the year 1619; where he was received, by the magistrates and clergy, with great marks of honour and distinction, and passed the remainder of his life among them in great esteem.

The

The son of this *Daubigné*, was the father of madame de *Maintenon*; her mother was the daughter of *Peter de Cardillac*, lord of *Lane* and of *Louisa de Montalembert*. They were married at *Bordeaux*, in the year 1627, not without some apprehensions, it is said, on the part of the lady, upon her being united, we know not how, to a man of a most infamous character, and who had actually murdered his first wife; for such was *Constance Daubigné*. Soon after his marriage, going to *Paris*, he was for some very gross offence thrown into prison; upon which madame *Daubigné* followed to solicit his pardon; but to no purpose; cardinal *de Richlieu*, was inflexible, and told her, that to take such a husband from her, was to do her a friendly office! Madame *Daubigné*, more attached to her husband, in proportion as he became miserable, obtained leave to confine herself in prison with him. Here she had two sons, and becoming pregnant a third time, she petitioned, that her husband might be removed to the prison of *Niort*, that they might be nearer the assistance of their relations; which was granted.

In this prison madame de *Maintenon* was born, November 27, 1635. From this miserable condition she was taken by madame *Villette*, her aunt by the father's side, who, in compassion to the child, put her into the care of her daughter's nurse, with whom, for some time, she was bred up as a foster-sister. Madame *Villette*, also supplied the prisoners with some necessaries, which they extremely wanted. Madame *Daubigné* at length obtained her husband's enlargement, on condition that he should turn roman catholic. He promised all, but forgetting his promises, and fearing he should again be involved in troubles, he resolved to seek his fortune abroad. Accordingly in the
year

year 1639, he embarked for *America* with his wife and family, and settled at *Martinico*. Mad. *Daubigné* in a little time returned to *France*, to carry on some law-suits, for the recovery of debts; but mad. *Villette* dissuaded her from it, and she returned to *Martinico*, where she found her husband ruined by gaming. In the year 1646, this hopeful spark died, leaving his wife in the utmost distress, to support herself, and manage the education of her children, as she could.

She returned to *France*, leaving her debts unpaid, and her daughter as a pledge in the hands of one of her principal creditors; who, however, soon sent her into *France*, after her mother. Here, neglected by her mother, who indeed was in no capacity to maintain her, she was taken in by mad. *Villette* of *Poitou*, who received her with great humanity and affection; and told her she should be welcome, if she pleased, to live with her, where, at least, she should never be reduced to the want of a subsistence. The girl accepted this offer of her aunt, and studied by all means in her power to render herself agreeable to a person on whom she was to depend for every thing. But especially she made it her business to insinuate herself into the affections of her cousin, with whom she had one common nurse; and to omit nothing she thought would please them, she expressed a great desire to be instructed in the religion of her ancestors. She seemed very desirous of the conversation of ministers, and frequently attended their sermons, so that in a short time she became firmly attached to the protestant religion. In the mean time, mad. *de Nevillant*, a relation by the mother side, and a papist, had been very assiduous in informing some considerable persons of the danger mad. *de Maintenon* was in, as to her salvation, and even procured an order from the court,

court, to take her out of the hands of mad. *Villets*, in order to be instructed in the roman catholic religion. She took her to herself, and made a convert of her, but not without great difficulty, artifices, and hardships inflicted, which at length compelled her to a compliance.

In the year 1651, she was married to the famous *Scarron*. Mad. *de Nevillant*, being obliged to go to *Paris*, took her niece along with her; and there becoming known to this old buffoon, who admired her for her wit, she preferred the marrying him to the dependant state she was in. *Scarron* was of an ancient and distinguished family, but excessively deformed, infirm, impotent, and, what was worse, if possible, but in indifferent circumstances, having only a pension to subsist on, which was allowed him by the court in consideration of his wit and parts. She lived with him many years; and *Voltaire* makes no scruple to say, that this part of her life was undoubtedly the happiest. Her beauty, but especially her wit, for she was never reckoned a perfect beauty, distinguished her to great advantage; and her conversation was eagerly sought after by the best company in *Paris*. Her husband dying in the year 1660, she was reduced to the same indigent condition she was in before her marriage; nay, to a worse, since it is better to be poor in obscurity, than to be so, and known to all the world. Her friends however, endeavoured all they could to prevail on the court to continue to her the pension which had been allowed to her husband. In order to which, petitions were frequently presented, beginning always with, 'the widow *Scarron* most humbly prays your majesty, &c.' But all these petitions signified nothing; the king was so weary of them, that he was heard to say, 'must I always be per-

tered with the widow *Scarron*. However, he at last settled a much larger pension on her, and said to her at the same time, Madam, I have made you wait a long time, but you have so many friends, that I was resolved to have this memento with you on my own account.

In the year 1671, the birth of the duke de *Maine* was not yet made public. He was now a year old, and had a deformed foot. *D'Aquin*, the first physician, who was in the secret, was of opinion, that the child should be sent to the waters of *Borog*. Enquiry was made for a person to whom so important a trust might safely be committed. The king thought of mad. *Scarron*, and M. de *Louvois* went secretly to *Paris* to propose this journey to her. From this time she had the care of the duke de *Maine's* education; and was named to this employment by the king, says *Voltaire*, and not by his mother mad. de *Montespan*, as some have said. She wrote to the king immediately; her letters charmed him; and this was the original of her fortune; her own personal merit effected all the rest. The king bought for her the lands of *Maintenon* in the year 1679, which was the only estate she ever had, though in the height of favour, which afforded her the means of making purchases to what value she pleased. Here she had a magnificent castle, in a delightful country, not more than fourteen leagues distance from *Paris*, and ten from *Versailles*. The king, seeing her wonderfully pleased with her estate, called her publicly *Mad. de Maintenon*, and this change of name stood her in much greater stead than she could have imagined. The name of *Scarron*, which must always have been accompanied with a mean and burlesque idea, would have been a great obstacle in her rising to that rank in which she afterwards

afterwards appeared. All the reserve and dignity of the widow, could not efface the impression made by the remembrance of the buffoon her husband.

Mean while, her elevation was to her only a retreat. Shut up in her apartment, which was on the same floor with the king's; she confined herself to the society of two or three ladies, as retired as herself; and even those she saw but seldom. The king went to her apartment every day after dinner, before and after supper, and continued there till midnight. Here he did business with his ministers, while she employed herself in reading or needle-work, never shewing any forwardness to talk of state affairs, and seemed as if wholly ignorant of them, and carefully avoiding all manner of cabal and intrigue. She studied more to please him who governed, than to govern; and preserved her credit by employing it with the utmost circumspection. She never used her power to give the greatest dignities and employments amongst her own relations: her brother, count *Daubigné*, a lieutenant general of long standing, was not even made a marshal of *France*; a blue ribbon, and some appropriations in the farms of the revenue, were all his fortune, which made him once say to the marshal *de Vivone*, the brother of mad. *de Montespan*, 'that he had received the marshal's staff in ready money'. It was rather high fortune for the daughter of the said count to marry the duke *de Noailles*, than of any advantage to the duke. Two other nieces of mad. *de Maintenon*, the one married to the marquis *de Caylus*, the other to the marquis *de Villette*, had scarcely any thing: a moderate pension, which *Lewis XIV.* gave to mad. *de Caylus*, was almost all her fortune; and mad. *de Villette*, had nothing

but

but expectation. This lady, who was afterwards married to the celebrated lord *Bolingbroke*, often reproached her aunt for doing so little for her family; and once told her in some anger, 'that she took a pleasure in her moderation, and in seeming to make her family the victim of it.' It's certain, the fear of doing any thing contrary to the king's sentiments was always the principle she acted upon. She even durst not support her relation the cardinal *de Noailles*, against father *le Fellier*. She had a particular friendship for *Racine* the celebrated poet, yet did not venture to protect him against a slight resentment of the king's. Being one day greatly affected with the eloquent description he gave her of the miseries of the people in 1698, she engaged him to draw up a memorial, which might at once shew the evil and the remedy. As she was perusing it privately in her chamber, the king came in, and taking it out of her hand, read it, and on his expressing some displeasure at it, she was so weak as to tell the author, yet had not courage enough to defend him. *Racine*, still weaker, says *Voltaire*, was so affected for it, that it occasioned his death. She was likewise as incapable of doing injuries, as she was of conferring benefits. When *Lovois*, the minister, threw himself at the feet of *Lewis*, to hinder his marriage with the widow *Scarron*, she not only forgave him, but frequently pacified the king, whose temper this turbulent minister frequently ruffled.

About the latter end of the year 1685, *Lewis XIV.* married mad. *de Maintenon*, whereby he acquired a very agreeable and submissive companion. He was then in his 48th year, and she in her 50th. Nothing could be conducted more secretly, and kept a secret afterwards, than this marriage was. And the only public distinctions which made her

sensible of her elevation was, that at mass, she sat in one of the two little galleries or gilded domes, which appeared only designed for the king and queen. Besides this she had not any exterior appearance of grandeur. The piety and devotion, with which she had inspired the king, and which she had applied very successfully to make herself a wife, instead of a mistress, became gradually a sincere and settled disposition of mind, which age and affliction confirmed. She had already, with the king and the whole court, acquired the merit of a foundress, by assembling at *Noisy*, a great number of women of quality; and the king had already destined the revenues of the abbey of *St. Dennis*, for the maintenance of this rising community. *St. Cyr* was built at the end of the park at *Versailles*, in the year 1686. She then gave the form to this new establishment; and together with *Godet Desmarets*, bishop of *Chartres* made the rules, and was herself superior of the convent. Thither she often went to pass away some hours; and if we say, that melancholy determined her to this employment, it is what she herself has said. ‘Why cannot I, says she, in a letter to mad. *de la Maissonfort*, why cannot I give you my experience? ‘Why cannot I make you sensible of that uneasiness, which wears out the great, and of the difficulties they labour under to employ their time? Do not you see that I am dying with melancholy in a height of fortune, which once my imagination could scarce have conceived? I have been young and beautiful, have had a relish for pleasures, and have been the universal object of love. In my advanced age I have spent my time in intellectual amusements. I have at last risen to favour; but I protest to you, my dear girl, that every one of these conditions leaves in

in the mind a dismal vacuity. If any thing, says *Voltaire*, could shew the vanity of ambition, it would certainly be this letter. *Mad. de Maintenon* could have no other uneasiness, than the uniformity of her manner of living with a great king; and this made her say once to the count *Daubigné*, her brother, I can hold it no longer; I wish I was dead.

The king now living a retired life with *mad. de Maintenon* at the convent at *St. Cyr*, the court grew every day less gay and more serious. Here it was she revived the works of genius. Here she requested *Racine*, who had renounced the theatre for *Jansenism* and the court, to compose a tragedy, and to take the subject of it from the scriptures. He composed *Esther*; which having been first represented at the house of *St. Cyr*, was several times afterwards acted at *Versailles*, before the king, in the winter of the year 1689. At the death of the king, which happened September 2, 1715, *mad. de Maintenon* retired wholly to the convent of *St. Cyr*, where she spent the remainder of her days in acts of devotion; and what is very surprising, *Lewis XIV.* made no certain provision for her, but only recommending her to the duke of *Orleans*. She would accept of no more than a pension of 80,000 livres, which was punctually paid her till her death, which happened April 15, 1719. In her epitaph they affected very much to obliterate the name of *Scarron*: but, says *Voltaire*, that name was no dishonour, and the omitting it only served to make it thought so.

MANTO, a very ancient poetess, from whom *Mantua* is said to have been denominated; and *Textor* informs us, she was the daughter of *Tyresias*.

MARGARET (Countess of RICHMOND and DERBY,) a lady as great for her personal endowments as illustrious for her birth, was born at *Bletshoe* in *Bedfordshire*, 1441; being the daughter and heiress of *John Beaufort*, duke of *Somerset*, who was grandson to *John of Gaunt*, duke of *Lancaster*, fourth son of king *Edward III.* Her mother, *Margaret Beauchamp*, was daughter and heiress of the lord *Beauchamp of Pawick.*

When she was very young, and a very rich heiress, the great duke of *Suffolk*, minister to *Henry VI.* solicited her in marriage for his son, whilst the king wooed her for his half brother *Edmund*, then earl of *Richmond.* This being a very delicate point, the young lady prudently advised with an elderly gentlewoman, who thinking it a matter of too great importance for her to decide, recommended her to *St. Nicholas*, the patron of virgins. She followed her instruction, and poured out her supplications and prayers with such fervency, that one morning, whether sleeping or waking she could not tell, there appeared to her some body in the habit of a bishop, and desired she would accept of *Edmund* for a husband. Whereupon she married *Edmund* earl of *Richmond*; and by him had an only son, who was afterwards king *Henry VII.* By which marriage, and her birth, as bishop *Fisher* observes, she was allied to thirty kings and queens, within the fourth degree either of blood or affinity; besides earls, marquisses, dukes, and princesses. And since her death, as *Mr. Baker* observes, she has been allied in her posterity to thirty more. *Edmund* dying *November 3, 1456,* left *Henry* his son and heir but 15 months old; after which *Margaret* married *Sir Henry Stafford*, *knt.* second son to the duke of *Buckingham*, by whom she had no issue. *Sir Henry* died about the
year

year 1482; soon after which she was married again to *Thomas* lord *Stanley*, who was created earl of *Derby*, October 25, 1485, which was the first year of her son's reign; and this noble lord also died before her in the year 1504.

The virtues of piety, chastity, humanity, charity, and every grace that could adorn a good christian, were conspicuous in her. So ardent was her devotion, that she would be at her mattins soon after five o'clock in the morning; and with the most fervent zeal went through the religious offices appointed by the church of *Rome*; these, and her private devotions, were so long and frequent, as occasioned her bodily indisposition.

Her humility was such, that she would often say, 'on condition that all the princes of *Chriftendom*, would combine themselves, and march against the common enemy the *Turks*, she would most willingly attend them, and be their laundress in the camp.

Mr. *Baker* takes notice that she was admitted into the fraternity of five religious houses, if not more, viz. *Westminster*, *Crowland*, *Durham*, *Wynbourn*, and the Charter house at *London*; which, according to the notion of that age, as it entitled her to the prayers, so it gave her a share in the merits and good works of all those societies: nay, so strict an observer was she even of the penal rites of her religion, that she had shifts and girdles of hair: so that she declared to her confessor, that her skin was often pierced therewith.

As to her chastity, Mr. *Baker*, who published bishop *Fisher's* funeral sermon on her, in the year 1708, informs us in a preface, that as it was unspotted in her marriage, so in her late husband's days, and long before his death, she obtained a licence of him to live chaste. Upon which she took upon

her the vow of celibacy from bishop *Fisher's* hand, in a form yet extant in the registers of *St. John's* college, *Cambridge*; and for this reason *Mr. Baker* supposes, that her portrait is usually drawn in the habit of a nun.

Her education, though but indifferent, yet the best that that age could afford, yet had tolerably well qualified her for a studious and retired life. She understood the *French* language perfectly, and had some skill in the *Latin*; but would often lament, that in her youth she did not make herself perfect mistress of it. This her affection for learning no doubt induced her mother-in-law, the dutchess of *Buckingham*, to give her the following legacy in her last will. 'To her daughter *Richmond*, a book of *English*, being a legend of saints; a book of *French*, called *Lucan*; another book of *French*, of the epistles and gospels; and a primer with clasps of silver gilt, covered with purple velvet'. This was a considerable legacy of its kind at that time, when few of her sex were taught letters; for it was esteemed as an extraordinary accomplishment in *Jane Shore*, the darling mistress of *Eward IV*, that she could write and read.

Lady Margaret however could do both, and there are some of her performances in the literary way still extant. She published, *The Mirroure of Golde for the sinful Soule*, translated from a *French* translation, from a book called *Speculum aureum Peccatorum*, very scarce. She also translated out of *French* into *English*, the fourth book of *de John Gerson's* treatise of *the Imitation and following the blessed life of our most merciful Saviour Christ*, printed at the end of *Dr. William Atkinson's* translation of the three first books, 1504. A letter to her son is printed in *Howard's* collection of letters. She also made

made by her son's command, the orders yet extant, for great estates of ladies and noble women, for their precedence, &c. She was not only a lover of learning but a great patroness of learned men; and did more real acts of goodness for the advancement of literature in general, than could have been reasonably expected from so much superstition. *Erasmus* has spoken great things of her, for the munificence shewn in her foundations, and devotions of several kinds, a large account of which is given by Mr. *Baker*. And what adds greatly to the merit of these donations is, that some of the most considerable of them were performed in her life-time; as the foundation of two colleges in *Cambridge*.

Her life was chequered with a variety of good and bad fortune; but she had a greatness of soul, which seems to have placed her above the reach of either; so that she was neither elated with the former, nor depressed with the latter. She was most affected with what regarded her only child, for whom she had the most tender affection. Some hardships she suffered on his account. She saw him from an exile, by a surprising turn of providence, advanced to the crown of *England*, to keep which he was forced to undergo many struggles and difficulties, and when he had reigned 21 years, and lived 52, she saw him carried to his grave. She survived him but three months, and died the 29th of *June* 1509. She was buried in his chapel, and had a beautiful monument to her memory, and adorned with gilded brass arms, and an epitaph round the verge, drawn by *Erasmus*, at the request of bishop *Fisher*, for which he had twenty shillings given him by the university of *Cambridge*. Upon this altar-tomb, which is inclosed with a grate, is placed the statue of *Margaret*, countess of *Richmond* and *Derby*, in her

robes, all of solid brass, with two pillars on each side of her, and a *Latin* inscription, of which the following is a translation. 'To *Margaret of Richmond*, the mother of *Henry VII*, and grandmother of *Henry VIII*; who founded salaries for three monks in this convent, for a grammar school at *Wynborn*, and a preacher of God's word throughout *England*; as also for two divinity lecturers; the one at *Oxford* and the other at *Cambridge*; in which last place she likewise built two colleges in honour of *Christ*, and his disciple *St. John*. She died in the year of our Lord 1509, *June* the 29th.

MARGARET, queen of *England*, was daughter of *René* duke of *Anjou*, and king of *Sicily*, and wife of *Henry VI*. After a long war, a truce had been concluded between the two kingdoms; which *Henry* desired might end in a firm and lasting peace; with this view he formed a design of allying himself by a marriage with *France*, as he was descended thence by *Catherine* his mother. To this end, he made by his ambassadors, a demand of *Margaret*, daughter of the aforesaid *René*, and cousin german to his most christian majesty; a princess who had, to the beauties of her body, added all the perfections of the mind. She was endowed with an excellent understanding; sagacity, and prudence; very reasonable and considerate, diligent in all her designs, and with her other admirable qualities, was perfectly handsome. The match being concluded upon, the earl of *Suffolk* went over to *Nancy*, with a noble train of ladies and gentlemen to conduct her into *England*.

The marriage was solemnized at *Nancy*, with great pomp and splendor; after which she passed the sea, and was received by the king her husband in a manner suitable to her quality, dignity, and merit; and *April* 22, was married to the king

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in the monastery of *Tichfield*, and from thence honourably conveyed to *London*.

Humphry, the duke of *Gloucester* (commonly called *the Good*) had been averse to the marriage, and had opposed it in council, with reasons drawn as well from conscience as policy: for *Henry* was then contracted to the count of *Armagnac's* daughter, to whom he had been affianced three years before, though through the count's troubles, the solemnization of the marriage had been deferred; and it was to be feared, that such an intolerable affront would provoke him to take part with the crown of *France*, and endanger the loss of *Guienne*, as proved in the event. The king was to succeed to all the count of *Armagnac's* territories, had the contract with his daughter taken effect; besides a very considerable fortune at present in money. Whereas, such was the poverty of *René*, that he could not subsist without a continual relief from his friends. He was stiled indeed king of *Sicily*, *Naples*, and *Jerusalem*, but was not possessed of a foot of land in any of these kingdoms; so that *Margaret* had no fortune: instead of which, it was stipulated by the marriage articles, that *Le Mans*, the county of *Maine*, and the dutchy of *Anjou* (the best barrier of *Normandy*, and the necessary means of communication between that province and *Guienne*) should be given up by *Henry* to *René*, and his brother *Charles* of *Anjou*, who were inviolably attached to the interests of *France*. But how zealous soever the duke had been in opposing the marriage with *Margaret*, yet when it was solemnized, he resolved to pay her all the honour due to a queen of *England*. She was crowned at *Westminster*, May 30.

Humphry duke of *Gloucester*, was at this time at the helm of affairs in *England*, and under *Henry*,

had an absolute authority in the management of the kingdom. *Margaret*, who was incensed against him for opposing her marriage, and had a strong inclination to govern the state, and command the will of her husband, immediately formed the design of ruining *Humphry*, at least of driving him from court, and of assuming to herself the sovereign authority, which he there enjoyed. To compass this, she studied for a time the king's temper, and found him to be one who loved his quiet, and hated business; and to have as much contempt of the dignities of the world, as he shewed regard to the moral qualities and virtues of the soul. Finding him one day alone in his closet, she opened her mind to him on this head, and said all she could think of to render him odious in the king's eyes. *Henry* however, who loved the duke, having had long experience of his fidelity as well as ability, could not then be prevailed upon to entertain a bad opinion of him. The queen however, not satisfied with this answer, renewed her attacks; and *Henry* being of a flexible nature, suffered himself to be persuaded by his wife's reasons; so that in less than a year, the duke was destitute both of employment and credit, and a parliament being summoned to be held at *St. Edmundsbury*, he was there arrested by the high constable of *England*; and in a day or two after was strangled in prison by night, without any form of justice, after having been employed in the administration of the kingdom for the space of 25 years. The marquiss (now made duke of *Suffolk*) was generally considered as the person, who, by wicked arts and vile practices, had procured the death of the innocent duke of *Gloucester*. For this reason as well as for delivering up of *Le Mans*, and the county of *Maine* to the *French*, *Suffolk* was become

come odious to all the nation. He was impeached of these crimes by the parliament in 1449, and being arrested by the king's order, was sent prisoner to the Tower. *Polydore Virgil*, indeed, says, that the king did this by his wife's advice, in hopes that the duke's confinement might stop the prosecution of the commons, and appease the clamours of the people. But *Suffolk* after being kept there at his pleasure about a month, was set at liberty and restored to the king's favour, which encreased the discontents, and enflamed the rage of the people, who made insurrections in several places, crying out for justice against the criminal: the duke was impeached in the next parliament that met at *Leicester*, and the king was forced to banish him for five years. In his passage to *France*, in 1450, he was taken by a ship of war, the captain of which caused him to be beheaded, and cast his head and body on the sands of *Dover*, from whence they were conveyed to *London*, and there exposed to pacify the rage of the people.

These disorders proceeded in a great measure from the violence used in removing the duke of *Gloucester* from the management of affairs, and putting the administration into the hands of queen *Margaret*. She shewed, however, a great deal of firmness in the midst of these storms and tempests, whilst she sat at the helm; yet thought proper to call in to her assistance, *Edmund* duke of *Somerset*, whom she made prime minister. Whereupon some princes of the blood took occasion to complain of his power, and made use of it as a pretext to cover their ambition, and the design they had formed of taking the crown from king *Henry* to put it upon their own heads.

The nation had for some time been divided into two great factions, the house of *York* and *Lan-*

caster, the former was distinguished in their arms by the *white rose*, the latter by the *red*. The object of each was the crown, for which many bloody battles had been fought, and whoever of them prevailed took possession of the throne. But as it is foreign to our purpose to give a detail of these wars, we shall only observe, that *Richard*, then duke of *York* could not bear to see on the throne of *England*, a person whose ancestors had invaded it in prejudice to his. He took measures to recover it, put himself in arms, and covered his insurrection with the common pretence of the public good. The commonalty of *Kent* espoused his cause, and chose for their captain one *Jack Cade*, calling him *Mortimer*, and cousin to the duke of *York*. *Cade* marched his *Kentishmen* towards *London*, sent a petition to the king, representing that their insurrection was only intended for the maintenance of public liberty and property, against the violence of some of his council; that if he would punish these evil counsellors, and call to court the princes of the royal blood, they would lay down their arms and return home. The king's counsellors, who were struck at in this petition, advised his majesty to suppress the rebels by plain force. The king hereupon sent a body of troops against them under the command of Sir *Humphry Stafford*, who, upon joining battle, was defeated; and himself slain.

Cade, after this victory, advanced to *Blackwall*, and the king who had lain all this while at *Greenwich*, finding his own troops unwilling to fight against the *Kentishmen*, and the citizens of *London* secretly favouring their cause, retired with his queen to *Kensworth* castle in the heart of the kingdom, leaving his capital city without any defence; and the Tower under the command of lord *Scales*.

Cade,

Cade, on the news of the king's retreat, marched into *Southwark*, and from thence into the city; and the people of *Essex* advanced in great numbers, to *Mile-end*; where they encamped. *Cade* having forced his way into the city, cut off the head of lord *Say* the treasurer, and his men fell to pillaging the houses of the richest inhabitants. Upon which the citizens took up arms, and under the conduct of captain *Methagon*, marched into *Southwark*, but the rebels being too strong he was repulsed, and lost his life.

Henry seeing his forces too weak to suppress the insurrection, found it necessary to use clemency, and issued a proclamation, offering a general pardon to all that were in arms if they would lay them down immediately, including *Cade* himself. They accordingly retired to their houses, but *Cade* was afterwards taken and killed.

The duke of *York*, who had kindled this rebellion, still kept alive the sparks proper to renew it; and consulting with the earl of *Devonshire*, and lord *Cobham*, his trusty friends, it was resolved to begin with attacking the ministry of the duke of *Somerset*. Upon which the duke of *York* took the field in the year 1454, declaring that he had no end in doing so, but to relieve the people from their oppressions, and to punish the authors of the evil councils given the king. This declaration caused a great part of the kingdom to rise in his favour, and he soon saw himself at the head of a powerful army. He marched towards *London*, and encamped within ten miles of the city. *Henry* levied an army, and marched towards the enemy; but before he offered battle, he sent ambassadors to the duke of *York* to learn the cause of his rising in arms. The duke told the ambassadors, that the reason of his taking arms was, to relieve the
king-

the kingdom from the violences, exactions, and oppressions which it suffered from the duke of *Somerset*; and as a proof that this was his real design, he would lay down his arms, and come alone to the king, and serve him in his own person, if he would first put the duke of *Somerset* under arrest, so as he should be forth-coming to answer such accusations as were ready to be brought against him. The king, who did not care for war, granted his demand; but instead of sending his minister to prison, only ordered him to keep himself concealed in his tent. The duke of *York* dismissed his troops, and came unattended to wait on the king in his camp, and began to complain of the duke of *Somerset*, his insolent ambition, and intolerable avarice. *Somerset* over-hearing these complaints, appeared on a sudden, defended himself, and answered his accuser with as much warmth as he had been charged by the other. The consequence was, that the king carried the duke of *York* prisoner to *London*, and summoned the lords of the council to take cognisance of the accusation brought against the duke of *York*. *Somerset*, who was his accuser, used strong instances to have *York* interrogated upon the rack, about several articles of the impeachment, and on his confession thereof be condemned to death. But *York* made so good a defence for himself, that he was acquitted of the charge and set at liberty. He departed from court and retired into the country, but retained a sharp resentment of his ill usage. *Somerset* laughed at his resentment, and continued to enjoy the administration of all affairs without controul. And, what promised a sure establishment to his fortune, queen *Margaret* was, *October* 13, 1453, delivered of a son, who was named *Edward*, and stiled prince of *Wales*.

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In the mean time, the duke of *York*, still meditating revenge against the king and his minister, drew over an infinite number of persons to his party; among the rest, the two *Nevil's*, father and son; the father was earl of *Salisbury*, and the son earl of *Warwick*.

The duke of *York* being thus strengthened, marches his army towards *London*, which the king quitted, of which the duke being advised, turned back with his army towards *St. Albans*, with a design to invest the place. The king intending to raise the siege, the duke gave him battle; the issue of which was, victory to the duke. The greatest part of the king's forces were slain on the spot, and among the rest the duke of *Somerfet*, the chief minister, and only pretext of the war. Upon which the duke of *York* went over to the king in the midst of his routed army, and laid at his feet the trophies he had gained over his majesty, declaring, that the death of the duke of *Somerfet* was the life of his people, the safety of his kingdom, and the enfranchisement of his scepter. This said, he led the king to *London*, in the midst of both armies. However, he left *Henry* only the bare name of king, and assumed all the royal authority to himself. He disposed of all the great posts, and was in parliament declared protector of the kingdom. The earl of *Salisbury* was made lord chancellor, and the earl of *Warwick* governor of *Calais*. The other offices about court, as well as the command of towns in the country, were distributed among his party. Queen *Margaret* being advertised of these proceedings, informed the king thereof, and pressed him to retrench the duke of *York's* authority. This was accordingly resolved in council; of which the duke having notice, left the court, and retired to *York*, his adherents following his example.

example. The queen, apprehensive that they would raise new disturbances, and that the king's crown could never be secure, till they were crushed, contrived a way for their destruction. She engaged the king to make a progress to *Coventry*. From thence he sent letters under his privy seal, requiring the attendance of those lords; who readily came. But being secretly advertised of what was intended against them, they suddenly left the court without taking leave, and so escaped the danger, went to their respective castles and places of abode, where they severally levied forces, and made preparations to revenge the injury they imagined was intended against them.

I am obliged to pass over unnoticed many incidents and events which would be necessary to illustrate the history of these times, that I may be the more particular in what more immediately relates to the affairs of queen *Margaret*.

After various turns of fortune, in the course of hostilities betwixt the two contending parties; the earls of *Warwick*, *Marche*, and *Salisbury*, came from *Calais*, and landed in *Kent*, where they were joined by a body of 25,000 men, with whom they marched directly to *Lonaon*, which they entered *July 2, 1460*.

The king was then at *Coventry* with the queen, who seeing the storm coming, had made great preparations to disperse it, as she had done others before. The duke of *Buckingham* and *Somerset* had got a body of forces sufficient to beat the enemy. The king advanced towards *London* with this army, and encamped near *Northampton*, in a meadow along the river *Nen*, which he passed, in order to engage the enemy. The earl of *Warwick*, to prevent bloodshed, resolved to try the way of treaty, and sent some bishops to the king for that purpose; but

but the duke of *Buckingham* refused them admittance. The earl then sent a herald at arms, renewing the same desires; but he was not permitted to deliver his message. The earl being incensed, sent a third message, that he was determined to speak with his majesty by two o'clock in the afternoon, or die in the field. The queen, who was averse to all parlying, and as much intent on fighting as the king was on his devotions, had prepared every thing for an engagement. The battle was fought, and victory declared on the side of *Warwick*; the king was vanquished and taken prisoner. Ten thousand men fell on the spot, and as many were taken prisoners. This memorable battle was fought July 10, 1460. The earls of *Marche* and *Warwick* lead their king to *London* as a prisoner.

On the news of this victory the duke of *York*, who was then in *Ireland*, came to *London*, to reap the advantages procured him by the valour of his friends. A parliament was then sitting. The duke entered the house, and placed himself on the throne, which he immediately declared to be his right, and which was unjustly taken from his family by the usurpation of *Henry's* grandfather.

Great disputes arose on this occasion; but it was at last enacted, that *Henry* should enjoy the title and be served as king; that after his death the crown of *England* should descend to the house of *York*; and that in the mean time the duke of *York* should be protector and regent of the kingdom. Thus was *Henry's* son, the prince of *Wales*, and all his posterity, deprived of the crown. The queen publicly declared her resolution to revenge the injury done to her son, and to deliver her husband out of captivity. She wanted neither courage nor conduct; nature had endowed her with all the virtues of the men without their defects. She raised a

new

new army, which rendezvoused in the county of *York*. The duke, her enemy, hastened thither, with the earls of *Salisbury* and *Rutland*, to stop her progress, and came on *Christmas-day* to *Sandwich-castle* near *Wakefield*, where he began to assemble his friends and tenants. *Margaret* did not allow him time to gather strength. She had most of the lords of the north, with an army of 10,000 men. She marched directly from *York* to *Wakefield*, and encamped before the gates of the castle where the duke was posted. His whole force did not amount to 5000 men, so that in a council of war all his officers were of opinion, that he should wait the coming of his son *Edward* earl of *Marche*, who with a strong body was advancing towards him. But the duke alone was for trying the fortune of a battle without waiting any longer. 'It shall never be said,' says he, 'that the duke of *York* was blocked up in his camp by a woman, without daring to stir to fight her.' His firmness over-ruled the opinion of the more considerate. The queen who commanded her army herself, seeing the enemy in the humour of fighting, drew up her troops in order of battle, and encouraged them with a speech; at the conclusion of which the army gave a great shout, and held up their arms as a token of their resolution. The duke, on his side, animated his troops with a short harangue; and then marched to attack the queen. The engagement was very furious at the beginning; the queen rode thro' all the battalions; and exhorting them to behave themselves well. At last the duke's small army being surrounded on all sides, his cavalry gave way, and his infantry falling into disorder, those of the queen broke them entirely, and cut them in pieces. The duke was killed in the field, together with *Sir Thomas Nevil*, the earl of *Salisbury*, *Sir David Hall*, with many others.

others. The heads of the earls of *Salisbury* and *Rutland*, and the duke of *York*, the queen ordered to be fixed on poles over the walls of *York*; and over that of the duke she put a crown of paper, by way of derision, on account of his having pretended to that of *England*.

The queen did not think her victory complete, unless she went to *London* to deliver her husband from his captivity: But in her way, at *St. Albans*, she met the earl of *Warwick*, marching with his troops to succour the duke of *York*, leading king *Henry* with him as a prisoner. The queen immediately attacked him, and routing his forces, set her husband at liberty. *Warwick* rallied as many of his scatter'd forces as he could, and went to join *Edward* earl of *Marche*, who was advancing from *Wales*. They met, and agreed to march to *London*, to sound the affections of the people, and try their fortune. *Henry* had advice of their design, and retired to *York*, with the duke of *Somerſet*, (son of him who was killed in battle, as before mentioned) with other commanders.

Edward arrived at *London*, and was received with the acclamations of the people, who crowded in great numbers under his banner. He marched with his army to *York*. The king's army was 60,000 strong, but *Edward's* not so numerous. After some skirmishes, battle was joined in the fields of *Towton*. The combat lasted ten hours before it could be known who had the advantage; at last some of the king's troops giving ground, and falling back on those behind, struck such a terror, that they fled. The king and queen, with some of their principal officers, followed the fate of their troops, and saved themselves in time. It was the bloodiest battle fought in these intestine wars, above 33,000 men being left dead on the place. The king

king and queen made for *Scotland*, and being arrived on the borders, sent to *James III*, of that kingdom, to desire his protection. *James* was then only 7 or 8 years old, and under the guardianship of certain of the nobility; by whose advice, he returned for answer, that they should find in his territories all the safety they asked, and all the succours they could desire of his crown.

Queen *Margaret* seeing no prospect of raising new forces in *England*, or of getting sufficient forces from *Scotland*, passed over into *France* with her son *Edward*. She went to her father *René*, duke of *Anjou*, leaving her husband to solicit the *Scots* for those succours which they had encouraged him to hope for.

Mean while the earl of *Marche* entered *London* in triumph, was acknowledged by the parliament, and solemnly crowned *June 27, 1461*, at *Westminster*, under the title of king *Edward IV*, *Henry* being still living.

In *Scotland* *Henry* had got together some troops, but not sufficient for his design; it was therefore necessary to wait for the succours which the queen was bringing from *France*. *Lewis XI* furnished her with 2000 men. With these the queen and the prince her son returned into *Scotland*. She made a descent to the north of *Tinmouth*, but hearing *Edward* was marching against her, she put to sea again, but was driven by stress of weather to *Berwick*, where she got ashore, but lost her ship.

The duke of *Somerset*, whom his master's ill fortune had drove into *Flanders*, and from thence into *France*, had obtained likewise some succours of men and money, with which he repassed the seas. He found *Edward* too firmly seated in his throne to be easily shaken; and that *Henry's* affairs were in a very ruinous condition; these were trials too strong

to be resisted; he abandoned his unfortunate master's cause, and submitted to *Edward*, who received him with joy, pardoned and restored to him all his estate, and gave him a pension of 1000 marks a year. Yet these obligations did not fix the duke of *Somerset*; for in a little time seeing *Henry's* affairs looking with a better aspect, he reproached himself for quitting his king in the extremity of his distress. Upon which he quitted *Edward*, and repaired to *Henry*, threw himself at his feet, protesting he would die for his service.

Henry marched with his army into *England*, and advanced into *Northumberland*, where he was joined by his friends. The marquis of *Montacute*, who commanded in the north, advanced against him; and in his way routed the lord *Hungerford* and Sir *Ralph Percy* at *Heigly-more*, and then fell in the night upon king *Henry's* quarters at *Hexham*. *Henry's* troops made a brave resistance, but at last were routed. The duke of *Somerset* was taken prisoner, sent to *Edward*, and beheaded. Lord *Hungerford* and lord *Roos* had the same fate. *Henry* saved himself in a fortress in *Wales*, and from thence escaped into *Scotland*. Queen *Margaret*, terrified at the series of her misfortunes, fled in the confusion of the rout, and darkness of the night, she knew not whither, cross a thick forest, with her son, the only hopes of his family. This gloomy and retired solitude seemed to give her some hopes of safety in her flight. But in the thickest of the wood she met with a gang of robbers, who stript her of her rings and jewels, which were all the remains of what she possessed in the world. They quarrelled among themselves about dividing the jewels, and fell from words to blows. While they were slashing one another with their swords, the queen stole away from them, and continued her flight

flight cross the forest, carrying the prince in her arms, who was quite tired with walking. Presently she saw a robber coming towards her with his sword brandished. She discovered him at a sufficient distance to collect her spirits, and when he came up to her, she, with a tone of voice and air of majesty, which her miseries could not efface, presented the young prince to him, saying, *Here, my friend, save the king's son.* The name of king struck such an awe into the soul of the robber, that it brought the queen more safety than she would have found in *London*. The man, how vile soever his trade and practice had been, took the young prince in his arms, and carried him till he had conducted the queen to the sea-coast, where she found means to embark and landed at *Sluys* in *Flanders*. From thence she went to *Bruges*, where she left her son, and posted on to *Lisle*, where the count *de Charolois* received her very honourably. From *Lisle* she went to *Bethune* to visit *Philip* the good duke of *Burgundy*, who gave her all the succour he could, which was a large sum of money, and a strong convoy to attend her into the dutchy of *Bar*, which belonged to her brother the duke of *Calabria*.

Edward, dreading the spirit and activity of the queen, caused all her motions to be narrowly watched. Mean while, the unhappy king *Henry* growing weary of his stay in *Scotland*, and imagining that his appearance in *England* would draw great numbers to his party, resolved to go thither privately in a disguise. But he had scarce arrived upon the borders of the kingdom, before he was discovered, seized and carried to *London*, where *Edward* caused him to be imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained for several Years. *Henry's* party was entirely sunk and ruined by this misfortune.

The

The princes of the house of *Lancaster*, and the most considerable noblemen attached to its interest, quitted the kingdom, and retired into the duke of *Burgundy's* territories, where they suffered all the extremities of want and poverty.

Queen *Margaret* hearing the news of the king her husband's imprisonment, it gave her great uneasiness; but instead of being discouraged in her measures, she redoubled her solicitations at the *French* court. *René* her father assisted her as well as he could. *Lewis XI.* lent her 20,000 £, but on condition, that as soon as *Henry* should be at liberty, and had recovered *Calais*, he should give the government of it to *Jasper* earl of *Pembroke*, and *John de Foix*, count of *Llandale*, and pay him likewise the sum of 40,000 crowns.

Edward, in the mean time, seeing his adversary in his power, called a parliament, in which the great men, who had appeared in arms against him, were attainted of high treason, and with their forfeited lands rewarded those who had fought for him. But there was still reason to apprehend danger from *Margaret's* solicitations abroad. To secure himself therefore, he endeavoured to engage the friendship of his neighbours by alliance. With this view he married the princess *Margaret* his sister to *Charles* count of *Charolois*, son of *Philip* the good, duke of *Burgundy*; and sent the earl of *Warwick* as his ambassador extraordinary to *Lewis XI.* to demand in marriage the lady *Bona* of *Savoy*, sister to queen *Charlotta*, and educated in the court of *France*. This the earl negotiated with success; and just as the treaty was going to be signed, an express came to the earl with advice that the king's love had taken another scent; that *Elizabeth*, daughter of earl *Rivers*, and widow of Sir *John Grey*, a simple knight, had so captivated his sense and reason, that

that he idolized her face, and was inclined to marry her. This nettled the earl to the last degree, as it would not only be a slur on the king's reputation, but make himself ridiculous at the court of *France*. *Edward*, however, married this widow lady, who was already mother of two sons.

The earl of *Warwick* returned to *England* full of confusion at the ridiculous part he had been made to act in his embassy. But as he was a man of great prudence and command of temper, he smother'd his resentment; but in his soul he meditated vengeance. The earl, on his return, gave the king an account of his embassy, and passed some time at court without any seeming discontent. But after a while pretending some indisposition in his health, asked leave for change of air to go into the county of *Warwick*, and retired thither. This was in the year 1467.

Soon after his arrival at *Warwick*, he wrote to his brother, *George* archbishop of *York*, and *John* marquis of *Montacute*, inviting them to favour him with their company. They came, and after some days had passed, he took occasion to complain of the injuries he had received from the king, and pressed them to take the part of king *Henry*, to deliver him from his imprisonment, and restore him to the throne. They both joined in opinion with the earl.

George duke of *Clarence* had received from king *Edward* his brother some occasion of discontent. This *Warwick* knew, and resolved, if possible, to bring him over to his party. This he accomplished, and to make the union still closer, the earl gave him his eldest daughter in marriage. The earl had been long governor of *Calais*, and now resolving to go thither, did not want a plausible pretext for the voyage. But before he set out, he gave orders to

his

his brothers, that as soon as he was gone, they should raise some disturbance in the county of *York*, that his absence might secure him from all suspicion of being any ways concerned in it. His brothers punctually obeyed his orders. An insurrection was raised, which got to such a height, that the rebels marched for *London*. King *Edward* seeing the storm ready to break upon him, sent against them the earl of *Pembroke* with an army of 18,000 *Welshmen*, and at *Northampton* attacked and fought them, but was himself beaten, and his forces routed by this rabble, who being enriched by the spoils of the field, returned homewards to enjoy what they had got, and wait for the arrival of the earl of *Warwick*. The earl was soon among them, together with the duke of *Clarence*, where he still found the turbulent multitude, extolled their courage, regaled and caressed them all, and formed them into a regular army. King *Edward* sent the earl of *Pembroke* with a new army, and followed himself in person with a flying camp at a small distance. *Warwick* having advice of his approach, dispatched an express to the duke of *Clarence*, desiring him to bring up his troops with all expedition; which he did. The two armies met near *Banbury*, and victory declared for the earl of *Warwick*. On the news of this defeat, king *Edward* advanced his army. He did not think himself strong enough to attack the earl, and therefore endeavoured to make an accommodation. *Warwick* readily hearkened to the proposal. The deputies employed in this affair, came and went several times between the two armies, the earl still pressing his desire, that all differences might be accommodated rather by the pen than by the sword. The king thinking the peace as good as concluded, was very negligent in providing for the safety of his camp. The earl being soon informed of the ill guard that was kept, resolved to surprize him.

Marching in the night, he fell upon the camp, attacked the entrenchments, and piercing even to the king's tent, took him prisoner, and carried him to *Warwick*, from whence he was conveyed to *Middleton-castle* in *Yorkshire*. The news of the king's imprisonment soon reached *France*. *Lewis XI* saw himself revenged for the affront he had offered to the princess *Bona*; and queen *Margaret* saw at that distance her husband freed from his imprisonment.

Edward, in the mean time, by promises and oaths, prevailed on his guards to let him escape, which he did with those to whose guard he was committed. He repaired to *York*, where he was joyfully received. Here he got together some troops, and then passed into *Lancashire*, where lord *Hastings* joined him with a good body of men; and from thence proceeded to *London*, where the citizens received him with the utmost joy. *Warwick* and *Clarence* were infinitely concerned at the news of the king's escape.

Some good men, seeing their country so miserably torn by these intestine dissensions, laboured incessantly to find out remedies to put an end to its miseries. They interceded, first with one, and then the other of the contending parties, beseeching them to pity their bleeding country. They prevailed so far as to procure a meeting between them at *London*; but this conference produced no other effect than to continue the animosity between them.

The duke and the earl went to *Warwick*, where they gathered a strong body of men. The king raised an army, and marched against his enemies. He attacked a body of forces under Sir *Robert Wells* in *Lincolnshire*, and routed them. The earl of *Warwick* hearing of this overthrow, and despairing of being able to make head against *Edward*, resolved to dismiss his army, and go over to *France* to king *Lewis XI*, who was his friend. He, and the duke

of *Clarence*, with their families, embarked at *Dartmouth*, and directed their course towards *Calais*, of which town *Warwick* was governor: But instead of such a welcome as he might expect, *Vauler*, the deputy governor, ordered cannon-shot to be fired at him. *Vauler* was secretly the earl's particular friend, but was obliged to act thus for political reasons. Upon this the earl put to sea, and landed at *Dieppe*. From thence he went to *Amboise*, where the king received him in a manner suitable to the great affection he bore him.

Queen *Margaret* came to *Amboise* to see this new exile; though none could have greater reason to hate the earl of *Warwick* than she had, who had ruined the fortune of king *Henry* her husband, and reduced him to the wretched condition of being a prisoner in the tower of *London*. *Lewis* advised a reconciliation betwixt the queen and earl; and in order to create a mutual confidence between them, he persuaded her to marry her son to the earl's second daughter named *Anne*. Both parties consented, and the chief articles of this alliance were, 'That the duke of *Clarence* and the earl of *Warwick* should not lay down their arms, till they had restored king *Henry* to his throne, or, in case of his demise, had placed his son thereon; and that they should both be declared regents and governors of the kingdom, till prince *Edward* was of age.' After this marriage *Lewis* fitted out a fleet, to assist in restoring the queen and the earl of *Warwick* to their former estates in *England*. But the duke of *Clarence*, who was present at this marriage, did not think he had much reason to be pleased with it. He saw the house of *Lancaster* going to be raised, and that of *York* crushed and extirpated, but concealed his thoughts for the present.

These things happened in the year 1470. *Edward* was very uneasy at the news of the forces

which *Warwick* was raising in *France*; and to prevent the danger that threatned him, tried to divert *Lewis* from giving his enemy those succours; but to no purpose. The fleet being ready, the earl went on board, arrived at *Dartmouth*, and landed his men, proclaiming wherever he marched, in king *Henry's* name, commanding all his subjects to bear arms against *Edward* duke of *York*, who had usurped the crown. His army, in a few days increased to 60,000 men, and marched directly against *Edward*, and encamped within three miles of him, near *Nottingham*. *Edward* finding himself too weak to encounter the earl, he was advised by his council to get to the sea-side, and escape into *Holland*. Accordingly he left his camp in the dead of the night, and with a party of 800 horse marched into *Lincolnshire*, and got safe to *Lynne*, having lost all his carriages in passing the washes, and immediately embarked with his brother the duke of *Gloucester* and some other lords. He arrived in *Holland* without any train or equipage, money or cloaths, besides his military habit. At sea, he had like to have been taken by pirates, who chased him into *Alckmaer*, a town of *North Holland*, where he landed.

Mean while queen *Elizabeth*, *Edward's* consort, was in a very melancholy situation in *London*. She saw the desperate condition of his affairs, and had little hopes that the tower, where she was lodged, would be a sufficient defence for her, and therefore resolved to take refuge in the sanctuary at *Westminster*; which she did, where she was soon delivered of a son, named *Edward*, who was afterwards murdered by the duke of *Gloucester* in the tower.

By *Edward's* flight, *Warwick* became entire master of the kingdom. On his arrival at *London* he set king *Henry* free from his imprisonment, and placed him on the throne, in the presence of the duke

duke of *Clarence*, to whom that sight could not be very agreeable. *Lewis XI* was pleased, and queen *Margaret* heard the news with incredible joy, that her husband, who had been in prison ten years, was restored to the exercise of his royalty, *Oct.* 6, 1471. A parliament was summoned, in which *Edward* was declared an usurper, and an enemy to his country; and *Warwick*, with the duke of *Clarence*, were declared governor-generals of the kingdom.

Edward, in the mean time, took all possible measures for his restoration. The duke of *Burgundy* furnished him with ships and money to carry him to *England*, where he was earnestly expected by his partisans. He embarked in *Holland*, landed in *Yorkshire*, and advanced towards *London*, where the sanctuaries and franchises of the city were full of his creatures. In *London* his creditors were of his party for their own interest, and the women, whose favourite he was, gained him their husbands. *Henry*, who had never made love, or borrowed money, found no friends in his capital city, and his virtue contributed to his ruin, as *Edward's* vices helped him to re-ascend the throne; and *Henry* was again imprisoned.

Edward soon marched to meet *Warwick*, who was advancing towards him with a strong army. He posted himself in the town of *Barnet*, whilst *Warwick* encamped in the fields without, intending to give battle the next morning. In the night the duke of *Clarence* deserted him, and went over to *Edward* with 12,000 men. *Warwick*, who had no mistrust of such a disaster, was in the utmost astonishment; and he might well have waited the coming up of the forces which *Margaret* had brought from *France*. She had been at the sea-side from *November* till that time, being kept back by contrary winds, and could not land in *England* till the week before *Easter*. She brought with her the

prince her son, and a great number of noblemen, gentlemen, &c. These, with the *English* that joined her at her landing, made up a powerful army. *Warwick*, however, resolved to fight, weak as he was, without waiting for the queen. Accordingly he attacked the enemy the next morning. The battle was long and bloody; and the victory at last fell to *Edward*. *Warwick* seeing his men give ground, and not able to rally them, rushed into the midst of the enemy, killing several with his own hand, at last fell dead covered with wounds, a death worthy so great a man.

Queen *Margaret*, on hearing the dismal news, was seized with a terrible consternation, and giving all for lost, took refuge with her son in the sanctuary of *Beaulieu* in *Hampshire*. Her design was to get back to *France*, and there wait for a more favourable juncture, or at least to get her son a safe passage to that country. But the duke of *Somerset*, and the rest of the noblemen repairing to her, persuaded her once more to draw their forces together, and try the fortune of a battle. The unhappy queen followed their advice, and prepared for a battle. *Edward* met her near *Tewksbury* in *Gloucestershire*, May 4, a battle was fought, the queen's army defeated, herself and son taken prisoners, and almost all her officers slain.

The prince was brought to *Edward*, who asking him, 'How he dared to enter his kingdom in arms, and raise disturbances and insurrections in it?' The young prince answered, with great resolution and presence of mind, 'that he was come to recover the crown of his fathers, as their true and rightful successor'. *Edward* made no reply, but signified by the motion of his hand, that they should take him out of his presence. This was scarce done, when the dukes of *Gloucester*, and *Clarence*, and lord *Hastings*, stabbed him into the breast

breast with their daggers; an act of cruelty generally condemned, and called to mind by the people, when every one of those who had a hand in this assassination, came to an untimely death. The corpse of the murdered prince was carried to a *Benedictine* convent, and interred, with those of the nobility and gentry that were beheaded.

Queen *Margaret* was carried prisoner to *London*, where she met with new subjects of grief; for that very night the duke of *Gloucester* went to the Tower, where king *Henry* was prisoner, and stabbed him to the heart; the corpse was buried in a *Benedictine* monastery at *Chertsey*, without the least funeral solemnity, after a reign of 38 years; but was afterwards removed to *Windsor*, and repositied in the royal chapel. Queen *Margaret* was his companion in all his miseries; and that there might be none of any kind in which she had not a share, fortune had now condemned her to an imprisonment from which she had little hopes of being freed. Her father *René*, the titular king of *Sicily*, was not in a condition to pay the ransom that was likely to be demanded for her liberty. He had been treated too ill by *Lewis XI.*, to expect any thing from the friendship and generosity of that prince. He knew what favours he got from him must be obtained by purchase, and therefore gave the succession of *Provence*, as the price of his daughter's liberty. *Lewis* and *René* met at *Lyons* in the year 1475, where, after abundance of caresses from the former, *René* made his will, and by an irrevocable act declared him his heir in the county of *Provence*, upon condition, ' that *Lewis*
' should pay the queen of *Sicily*, *René's* second
' wife, if she survived him, a reasonable and sufficient dower, procure the liberty of his daughter *Margaret* queen of *England*, and assign her
' an annual pension in *France* to support her train,

‘ and enable her to live honourably according to her rank and quality.’ *Lewis* accordingly treated with *Edward* for the ransom of queen *Margaret*, which was settled in the same year, in consideration of the sum of 50,000 crowns of gold, which *Lewis* was to pay to *Edward*, and of *Margaret*’s renouncing all claim to any dower, jewels, or other things to which she might be entituled or pretend a right, on account of her marriage with king *Henry*.

Pursuant to this treaty, queen *Margaret* was *January* 29, delivered by king *Edward*’s ambassador to those appointed by *Lewis* to receive her at *Rouen*. *Margaret*, at the same time, made a renunciation of her dower, and every thing she could claim in *England*: and on the 1st of *March* following, in consideration of the services which *Lewis* had done her, in assisting her and her son with money and ships in her last expedition to *England*, and of what he had paid for her ransom, she made a cession of all the right she had or might have in the dutchies of *Anjou*, *Lorraine*, and *Bar*, as well as in the county of *Provence*. Thus divested of all power of which she had been once possessed, and hopeless of any further greatness in this world, she retired into *Anjou*, to pass the remainder of her days in a private manner, without a crown, without a husband, or a son; but not without grief and melancholy.

Margaret, after the death of her father, being his only surviving issue, in 1480, made a second cession to *Lewis*, of the provinces of *Lorraine*, *Bar*, and *Provence*. This unfortunate princess died of grief in the parish of *Dampierre* near *Saumur*, in the year 1482, and was buried in the magnificent tomb of her father, but without any epitaph or inscription particular to her. What was wanting to her honour in this respect; was in some measure

measure supplied in a different way. For every year on the feast of *All-Saints*, the chapter of *St. Maurice*, after vespers of the dead, make a semicircular procession about the tomb, and sing a *Subvénite* to this queen.

MARIAMNE, daughter of *Alexander*, son of king *Aristobulus*, and of *Alexandra*, daughter of *Hyrcanus*, high priest of the *Jews*, was the finest princess of her age. She married *Herod* the great, by whom she had two sons, *Alexander* and *Aristobulus*, and two daughters, *Salampso* and *Cypros*; and besides these, a son called *Herod*, who died young during his studies at *Rome*. *Herod* had an excessive fondness for *Mariamne*; but she made but small returns to his passion: nay, she began to hate him, after he had put to death *Aristobulus* her brother, to whom he had given the high priesthood not a year before. *Mariamne* shewed her aversion to him openly enough, but, overcome by his passion for her, he could never resolve upon parting with her.

After the victory that *Augustus* obtained over *Marc Antony*, *Herod*, who had always been of *Antony's* party, and who had sent succours to him against *Augustus*, was, after *Antony's* defeat, forced to have recourse to *Augustus's* clemency. When he left *Jerusalem*, for that purpose, he gave secret orders to *Josephus* and *Sabemus*, whom he left to govern in his absence, that if they should hear of any misfortune to befall him in his journey, they should put *Mariamne* to death, and her mother *Alexandra*. *Mariamne*, having cunningly got this secret out of *Sabemus*, conceived an implacable hatred against *Herod*; and at his return, instead of answering his caresses, she repelled him from her, and reproached him with his inhumanity. At length she became so importunate, that *Herod*

could no longer bear with her contempt; being otherwise exasperated by the ill reports that were continually made of *Marianne*, and by the accusations of *Salome*, *Herod's* sister, and her sworn enemy, who had suborned a cupbearer of the king's to depose, that *Marianne* had solicited him to give a potion to the king, on pretence to make her be more beloved by him.

Herod having put one of *Marianne's* eunuchs to the torture, whom he knew to be very faithful to her, could get nothing out of him as to the potion or poison; but overcome by the force of the torture, he confessed that his mistress's hatred for the king proceeded only from what she had learned from *Sabemus*. Then *Herod* being in a rage, and believing that *Marianne* could never have got this secret out of *Sabemus*, if there had not been other correspondence between them, immediately ordered *Sabemus* to be put to death. After this, he called his friends together, and accused the queen in such bitter terms, that they immediately perceived he desired to have her condemned to death. They complied with his intent, and *Marianne* walked to her execution with such an air of grandeur and intrepidity, as astonished all that saw her. After her death, *Herod's* affection for her revived, and became stronger than ever. Often he called her by name, as if she was living, and bewailed her in a manner little becoming his high station. He was even forced to leave the care of his affairs, and deliver himself up to his grief, in so much that he sometimes ordered his attendants to call *Marianne*, as if she had been still alive. *Josephus* mentions a tower that *Herod* built in *Jerusalem*, to which he gave the name of *Marianne*. It was the finest and best adorned of all that he built. It was

fifty-five

fifty-five cubits high, and had a square base of twenty cubits wide.

MARINELLA (LUCRETIA) an ingenious lady, who, in the year 1661, published a book at *Venice*, in the *Italian* language; in which, not content to make her sex equal to the other, but undertook to prove even a superiority. The learned mad. *de Schurman*, though she could not but admire the wit and elegance with which this piece was drawn up, did not at all approve the design of it. 'I am so far, says she, from thinking this treatise of *Lucretia Marinella's* consistent with the modesty of a virgin, or at least with that sense of modesty which was born with me, that I cannot read it without disgust.' She would therefore have been much more disgusted at mad. *Jaquette Guillaume*, who in the year 1663, published a book at *Paris*, entituled, *Les Dames illustres*, in which she undertakes to prove by good and strong reasons, that the female sex surpasses the other in all kinds of valuable qualifications. There was also another book of the same nature published in 1643, at *Paris*, *La Femme genereuse*; &c. or a demonstration that the women are more noble, more polite, more courageous, more knowing, more virtuous, and better managers than the men.

Marinella published some other books, among which was one with this title, *The Life of the Holy Virgin*, and that of *St. Francis*.

MARY (QUEEN) eldest daughter of king *Henry VIII*, by *Catharine of Spain*, was born at *Greenwich* in *Kent*, *February* 18, 1547. In her infancy her mother committed her to the care of lady *Margaret countess of Salisbury* (a near relation, being daughter to *George duke of Clarence*, brother to king *Edward IV*, and mother to the famous

cardinal *Poole*) with a view as is supposed, to marry the princess to one of the said countess's sons to strengthen her title by that alliance to the house of *York*.

Queen *Catherine*, her mother, was very careful of her education, and appointed several tutors to perfect her in the *Latin* tongue. Her first tutor seems to have been the famous Dr. *Lynacre*, who composed for her use the *Rudiments of Grammar*, &c. and afterwards *De Emendatâ Structurâ Latini Sermonis*, 1524. Dr. *Lynacre*, dying the same year, when the princess was six years old, *Lodovicus Vives* (a learned *Spaniard*, and a great favourite of the queen's) was constituted her tutor for the *Latin* tongue, who had been employed the year before by his royal patroness in composing *de ratione Studii puerilis*. This essay he dedicated to the Queen; supplying in many places the defects and obscurities of former grammarians, with a great deference to Dr. *Lynacre*, the (then) preceptor to the young princess, recommending his rudiments, &c. This learned foreigner continued not long in this office; on his leaving the kingdom, the king appointed Dr. *John Herman*, alias *Voisey*, to be her tutor. But bishop *Godwyn* says, he had only the government of the king's daughter, the lady *Mary* princess of *Wales*. Under the tuition of these excellent men, she became so great a proficient in the *Latin* tongue, that *Erasmus* commends her much for her epistles in that language, as wrote in a good style. Towards the latter end of her father's reign, at the earnest request of queen *Katherine Parr*, she undertook the translation of *Erasmus's* paraphrase on the gospel of St. *John*; which Mr. *Udall*, a very good judge, says, was admirably performed. To this paraphrase of St. *John*, is prefixed a preface by Mr. *Udall*, the famous

master of *Eaton* school, and addressed to the queen
 dowager: wherein he observes 'the great number
 ' of noble-women at that time in *England*, not
 ' only given to the study of human sciences and
 ' strange tongues, but also so thoroughly expert
 ' in holy scriptures, that they were able to com-
 ' pare with the best writers, as well in inditeing
 ' and penning of godly and fruitful treatises, to
 ' the instruction and edifying of realms in the
 ' knowledge of God, as also in translating good
 ' books out of *Latin* or *Greek* into *English*, for the
 ' use and commodity of such as are rude and ig-
 ' norant of the said tongues. It was now, he said,
 ' no news in *England*, to see young damsels in
 ' noble houses, and in the courts of princes, in-
 ' stead of cards and other instruments of idle tri-
 ' fling, to have continually in their hands, either
 ' psalms, homilies, and other devout meditations,
 ' or else *Paul's* epistles, or some book of holy
 ' scripture matters, as familiarly both to read and
 ' reason thereof in *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, or *Ita-
 ' lian*, as in *English*. It was now a common thing
 ' to see young virgins so trained in the study of
 ' good letters, that they willingly set all other vain
 ' pastimes at nought for learning sake. It was
 ' now no news at all, to see queens and ladies of
 ' most high estate and progenity, instead of court-
 ' ly dalliance, to embrace virtuous exercises of
 ' reading and writing, and with most earnest study
 ' both early and late, to apply themselves to the
 ' acquiring of knowledge, as well as in all other
 ' arts and disciplines, and especially of God and
 ' his most holy word. And in this behalf, says
 ' he, like as to your highness, as well for com-
 ' posing and setting forth many godly psalms, and
 ' divers other contemplative meditations, as also
 ' for causing these paraphrases to be translated in-

' to our vulgar tongue, *England* can never be able
 ' to render thanks sufficient; so may it never be
 ' able as her deserts require, enough to praise
 ' and magnify the most noble, the most virtuous,
 ' the most witty, and the most studious lady *Mary's*
 ' grace, daughter of the late most puissant and
 ' most victorious king *Henry* the VIIIth, of most
 ' famous memory, and most dearly beloved sister
 ' to the king. It may never be half enough to
 ' praise and magnify her grace, for taking such
 ' study, pain, and travail, in translating this pa-
 ' raphrase of *Erasmus* upon the gospel of St. *John*
 ' at your highness special contemplation, as a
 ' number of right well learned men would both
 ' have made curtesie at, and also would have
 ' brought it to worse frame in the doing.—What
 ' could be a more plain demonstration of her most
 ' constant purpose to promote God's word, and the
 ' free grace of the gospel*, than so effectually to
 ' prosecute the work of translating, which she had
 ' begun, that when she had with over-painful study
 ' and labour of writing, cast her weak body into
 ' a grievous and long sickness, yet to the intent,
 ' the diligent *English* people should not be defrauded
 ' of the benefits intended, and meant unto them, she
 ' committed the same work to Mr. *Francis Mallet*,
 ' doctor in the faculty of divinity, with all ce-
 ' lerity and expedition to be finished and made
 ' compleat; that in case the king's majesty's most
 ' royal commandments, by his most godly injuno-

* She retained this good disposition but a short time; for soon after
 her accession to the throne, a proclamation was issued for calling in
 and suppressing this very book, and all others that had the least ten-
 dency towards furthering the reformation, most of which are par-
 ticularly specified in the said proclamation; and this under the
 most severe punishments on those who should refuse or neglect to
 deliver up such books within 15 days next after,

* tions expressed, declared, and published, that
 * the said paraphrases should within certain months
 * be set forth to the curates and people of this realm
 * of *England*, had not prevented her grace, but
 * that she might estfoons have put herself to the
 * polishing thereof, where it is now very absolute
 * and perfect, it would then among the rude and
 * homely doings of myself, and such as I am, none
 * otherwise have glittered than cloth of gold em-
 * powdered among patches of canvas, or pearls and
 * diamonds among pebble stones.

In Mr. *Fox's acts and monuments*, are printed eight letters, written by the princess *Mary* to king *Edward VI*, and to the lords of the council, concerning her nonconformity to the establishment, and about the imprisonment and releasing her chaplain, *Dr. Francis Mallet*.

In the appendix to Mr. *Strype's* 3d vol. of historical memorials, No. 82, is a prayer of the lady *Mary* to the Lord *Jesu*, against the assaults of vices. And No. 83. is a meditation touching adversity; made by lady *Mary's* grace, 1549.

In the *Sylloge Epistolarum*, at the end of *T. Livy's* life of king *Henry V*, published by Mr. *Hearn*, is a large collection of queen *Mary's* letters.

In the *Bodleian* library, B. 94, is a manuscript primer, curiously illuminated, which was formerly queen *Mary's*, and afterwards prince *Henry's*. It was given him by *Richard Connock, Esq*; July 7, 1615. Just at the beginning of the *Psalms*, is the following passage, written by queen *Mary's* own hand, viz. 'Geate you such riches as when the
 * shippe is broken may swyme away wythe the
 * master. For dyverse chances take away the
 * goods of fortune. But the goods of the soule,
 * whych been only the trewe goods, nother fyr nor
 * water can take away. If you take labour and
 payne

‘ payne to do a vertuous thyng, the labour goeth
 ‘ away and the vertue remayneth. Yf throughe
 ‘ pleasure you do any vicious thyng, the pleasure
 ‘ goeth away and the vice remayneth. Good
 ‘ madam, for my sake remember thys.

‘ Your lovyng mistres,

‘ MARYE PRINCESSE.’

What we have hitherto said of the lady *Mary*, relates to her literary character; what yet remains untold, respects her conduct after she ascended the throne.

King *Edward* her brother dying *July 6, 1553*, she was on the 20th of the same month proclaimed, and on the 1st of *October* following, was crowned queen in the abbey church at *Westminster*, by *Stephen Gardiner*, bishop of *Winchester*. *July 25, 1554*, she was married to *Philip*, prince of *Spain*, eldest son of the emperor *Charles V*; and having reigned five years, four months, and eleven days, she died of a fever, in her palace at *St. James’s*, *November 7, 1558*, in the 43d year of her age; and was buried on the north side of king *Henry VIIIth’s* chapel, *Westminster*.

Pity it is, says a certain writer, that she blemished her reign and character, by so vast an effusion of christian blood, which was poured forth like water, in most parts of the kingdom, by that barbarous persecution of the protestants; in which there perished by fire five bishops, twenty one divines, eight gentlemen, eighty four artificers, one hundred husbandmen’s servants and labourers, twenty six wives, twenty widows, nine virgins, two boys, and two infants; one of which springing out of his mother’s womb, as she was burning at the stake, was immediately snatched up by

by one *W. House*, but was afterwards most inhumanely thrown into the fire in the very birth, and added to the number of *Holy Innocents*. A cruelty not to be paralleled (says Dr. *Heylin*) to be heard of among the nations. Sixty four more, in those furious times, were presented for their faith, whereof seven were nipped, as *Heylen* expresses it, sixteen perished in prison, twelve buried in dunghills, and many more lay in captivity condemned, who were delivered by the timely death of the queen, and most auspicious entrance of the princess *Elizabeth*. The above mentioned author observes, that besides those that suffered martyrdom in the sight of the world, many are thought to have been privately destroyed in prison, but many more still, to the number of some scores or hundreds, supposed to have been killed by starving, stench, and other barbarous usages in their several jails. To which if we should add a catalogue of all those who fled the kingdom, and put themselves into a voluntary exile, amounting to the number of about 800, I suppose it may well be concluded, that though many persecutions have lasted longer, yet none since *Dioclesian's* time ever raged so cruelly.

Some protestants seem to think, that the queen, in herself, abstracted from her erroneous opinions, and bigotted counsellors, was of a compassionate and humane disposition, and that most of those barbarities were committed by her bishops without her privity or knowledge. But this must appear very unaccountable to any one who duly considers the vicinity of *St. James's*, to the place where very many of these inhumanities were put in execution. It seems next to impossible, that *Smithfield* should be kept in flames almost five years together, and queen *Mary* know little or nothing of it; and if she was of so compassionate a nature,

it's

it's surprising that she should not relent at it. Can even charity itself excuse her unkind and inhuman treatment of her sister *Elizabeth*? Or how can it be supposed, that a princess, so much inclined to shew mercy to her subjects, could admit of a council for the taking up and burning her father's body? Was not the ungrateful and perfidious breach of her promise, to her faithful and loyal subjects the *Suffolk* men, a most flagrant instance of the ferocity of her temper? And after judge *Hales* had so strenuously defended and maintained her right of succession to the crown, did she not treat him in the most ungenerous and barbarous manner? neither was her usage of that eminent prelate, archbishop *Cranmer* less cruel; but most astonishing, since his great and well known reluctance to the excluding her from the succession, and his preserving her life in the reign of her father, who would have sacrificed her to his fury, for not complying with the regulations he made in religion, had not the archbishop interposed and mollified his resentment, were obligations of such a nature, as would have engaged a temper the least susceptible of gratitude, not only to excuse the part which he acted in the affair of her mother's divorce, but also to afford him, if not her favour and confidence, yet at least her protection. But how differently soever people may think about these matters, it's certain, that after she had established popery on the ruin of protestantism, a train of infelicities attended her to the end of her life, viz. an extreme scarcity of provisions at home; foreign losses; the surrender of *Calais*; besides great damages by thunder and lightening, and by fire in the royal navy; which were things, not only in the measure, but in the very nature of the punishment, strong indications of the divine displeasure, and evident proofs

proofs of the malevolence of that spirit, that is so ready to call down fire from heaven. Nor were their effects less notorious; for these afflictions, together with her disappointment in child-bearing, and the absence and unkindness of king *Philip*, made so deep an impression on her spirits, that at length threw her into a burning fever, which ended her life.

MARY (Queen of SCOTLAND) born *December 8, 1542*, was the daughter and heir of *James V*, king of Scots, by *Mary Lorraine*, his second queen, and dowager of *Longueville*. She was scarce eight days old when her father died; his death was followed by great animosities among the nobility, who contested for the administration of public affairs, and the guardianship of the young queen; but at last was adjudged to the earl of *Arran*, as being by proximity of blood, the next heir to the crown in legitimate descent, and the first peer of *Scotland*: who, thereupon, by the unanimous consent and decree of the nobility and people, was chosen governor of the kingdom, and guardian of the queen, who, in the mean time, remained with her mother in the royal palace of *Linlithgow*.

King *Henry VIII*, made great suit, in behalf of his son *Edward*, for this princess in her childhood; at last it was agreed between the chief peers of both kingdoms, that she should be given in marriage to that prince; which her governor afterwards refusing to comply with, was the occasion of the famous battle of *Musselburgh*. Upon the defeat of the Scots at this battle, she was conveyed by the queen mother into the isle of *Inchmahom*; where she first learnt the rudiments of the *Latin*, *French*, *Spanish*, and *Italian* tongues; of all which she afterwards became a complete mistress.

By

By the care of the queen mother, who was in the interest of *France*, the young queen, when she was about six years old, was conveyed thither in the galleys of *Villagagon*, a knight of *Rhodes*, appointed by the *French* king to this service. In which voyage by the west seas (for in the other passage, near the streights of *Calais*, the *English* had stationed a squadron to intercept her) she narrowly escaped drowning in a storm that happened near the coast of *Little Britain* in *France*, where she afterwards landed. From thence she was conveyed to court, where having tarried a few days with the king and queen, she was sent to a monastery, where were educated the daughters of the chief nobility of the kingdom; and where she spent her time with so much pleasure and satisfaction, that she seemed as if formed for that kind of life. She was constant in all the offices of devotion, and so strictly observant of the directions given her for the regulation of her life and manners, as to attract the admiration of all about her. On her return to court, she chose for her companions such as were most distinguished for the pre-eminence of their virtues. Her study was chiefly directed to the learning of the modern languages; to these she added the *Latin*, in which she became so perfect, that she spoke an oration of her own composing, in that language, in the great guard-room at the *Louvre*, before the royal family and nobility of *France*. She was naturally inclined to poetry, and was so great a proficient in the art, that her compositions were much valued by *M. Ronsard*, who was himself esteemed an eminent poet.

She had a good taste for music, and played well upon several instruments, was a fine dancer, and set a horse gracefully; but her chief delight seemed to be, when she was employed among her women

at

at needle-work. An empalement of the arms of *France* and *Scotland*, are embroidered under an imperial crown, on the valence of the canopy in the presence chamber at *Whitehall*, much of which is said to be of her own handy-work. These fine accomplishments received an additional lustre from the beauty of her person.

No wonder then, that this princess appeared so amiable to king *Henry II* of *France*, and his queen, as to make them extremely desirous of marrying her to the dauphin; which was soon accomplished; for on the 20th of *April*, 1558, the nuptials were solemnized with all imaginable pomp and magnificence in the church of *Noſtre Dame*, at *Paris*, to the inexpressible pleasure of the dauphin; for to her other excellencies, she added that of the strictest obedience, and most obliging behaviour towards him, strictly observing all the connubial duties with a sweetness of temper, as endeared her to him, and was admired by all who had the opportunity of observing it. But this happy marriage was but of short continuance; for he died of a catarrh in his ear, *December 5*, 1560, without issue, leaving this his disconsolate queen so oppressed with sorrow, that neither the endearing friendship of her kindred, nor the charms of the *French* court could detain her there, being determined to return to her native country.

Soon after her return to *Scotland*, she was addressed with the proposals of marriage with *Charles*, archduke of *Austria*. But queen *Elizabeth*, hearing of it, desired she would not marry with any foreign prince, but to chuse a husband out of her own nobility, and recommended to her either the earl of *Leicester*, or the lord *Darnley*; threatening upon refusal, to deprive her of the succession to the crown of *England*. Being thus over-awed by queen
Elizabeth,

Elizabeth, and not a little pleased with the fine person of this young nobleman, she consented to marry her cousin *Henry Stuart*, lord *Darnley*, son and heir of *Matthew* earl of *Lenox*. And having created him earl of *Ross*, and duke of *Rothersay*, July 28, 1565, he was the same day crowned king, and on the morrow was married to the queen. By this husband she had one son, who was afterwards *James VI* of *Scotland*, and *Ist* of *England*. This unfortunate nobleman was barbarously murdered by the instigation and procurement of the earls of *Murray* and *Moreton*, in Feb. 1567. She was again married in the *May* following, to *John Hepburne* earl of *Bothwell*, a man of an ambitious temper and dissolute life. From this time forward, she met with a series of misfortunes, which were concluded by the fatal catastrophe of her execution. Factions and different interests prevailing among the great, every thing run into disorder and confusion, loyalty and obedience to the royal authority were no longer regarded, but despised and abused. The earl of *Bothwell* was forced to fly into *Denmark* to save his life. The queen was seized, and carried prisoner to *Lochelevyn*, and treated on the road with the utmost scorn and contempt; she was dressed in very mean apparel, and made a most disgraceful figure, being covered with dust and tears, when she was met by the inhabitants of the town. She was carried to the provost's lodging, and committed to the care of *Murray's* mother, who had been concubine to king *James V*, and whose matchless impudence and insults added greatly to her affliction.

Queen *Elizabeth* being informed of these insolencies, seemed fired with indignation, and sent Sir *Nicholas Throckmorton* into *Scotland* to expostulate with the conspirators about this barbarous treatment

treatment of their queen, and consult measures to restore her to her liberty. But when he came there, he found the confederates more insolent than report had made them; and after several hearings and warm debates, he returned without obtaining any satisfaction, or the least relief of the distressed queen.

After she had been imprisoned eleven months at *Lachlevyn*; and forced to comply with unreasonable terms, highly detrimental to her honour and interest, she made her escape (*May 2, 1568*) from thence to *Hamilton Castle*, where, upon the evidence of *Robert Melvin* and others, there was drawn a sentence declaratory, that the grant extorted from her majesty in prison, was actually void from the beginning. Whereupon such numbers of people came in to her assistance, that within two or three days, she had got an army of at least 6000. *Murray*, on the other side, used the utmost expedition in preparing to attack the queen before she became too formidable: And when they joined battle; her army, consisting chiefly of new-raised men, was defeated, and she obliged to save herself by flight; travelling 60 miles in one day, to the house of *Maxwell* lord *Harris*. From thence she dispatched *John Beton* to queen *Elizabeth*, with a diamond which she had formerly received from her, as a pledge of mutual amity; intimating that if her rebellious subjects should persecute her any further, she would come into *England*, and beg her assistance. Queen *Elizabeth* returned her a kind answer, with large promises of doing her all the friendly offices she could. But before the messenger came, she, against the advice of her friends, found means to convey herself, accompanied by lord *Harris*, *Flaming*, and others, into *England*, landing *May 17*, at *Workington* in *Cumberland*, near the mouth of the river *Derwent*; and

and the same day wrote letters in *French* with her own hand to queen *Elizabeth*, in which she gave her a long detail of her misfortunes, requesting her protection and aid against her rebellious subjects. Queen *Elizabeth*, in her letters by Sir *Francis Knowles*, and others, comforted her, promising to protect her, according to the equity of her cause; under pretence of greater security, ordered that she should be conveyed to *Carlisle*. Now it was, that the unfortunate queen began to see her error, in not following the advice of her friends. She was not so fully convinced of this fatal mistake, as when she wrote these two lines in a window of *Fotheringhay* castle.

*From the top of all my trust
Mishap has laid me in the dust.*

England, instead of being a sanctuary to the distressed queen, was perhaps the worst place she could have come to. For, being denied access to queen *Elizabeth* from the first, and tossed from one prison to another for the space of about eighteen years, in which she had often struggled for liberty, she was at length brought to a trial, condemned, and beheaded, for being concerned in a conspiracy against the life of queen *Elizabeth*. She died a roman catholic, and has since been placed among the saints of that church. She was executed within the castle of *Fotheringhay*, Feb. 8, 1586-7, and interred on the 1st of *August*, in the cathedral church of *Peterborough*: but her remains were afterwards removed by her son to a vault in *Henry VIth's* chapel, where a most magnificent monument was erected to her memory.

Authors vary much in their sentiments concerning the character of this queen. Some strive to exalt, and some to depress her reputation in regard to her conduct.

Camden

Cambden represents her as ‘ a lady fixed and constant in her religion, of singular piety towards God, invincible magnanimity of mind, wisdom above her sex, and admirable beauty; a lady to be reckoned in the list of those princesses, who have changed their happiness for misery and calamity.’ A modern author * thus writes of her. It would be idle to dwell on the story of this princess, too well known from having the misfortune to be born in the same age, in the same island with, and to be handsomer than *Elizabeth*. *Mary* had the weakness to set up a claim to a kingdom greater than her own without an army, and was at last reduced by her crimes to be a saint in a religion, which was opposite to what her rival professed out of policy. Their different talents for a crown appeared even in their passions as women. *Mary* destroyed her husband for killing a musician, that was her gallant, and then married her husband’s assassin; *Elizabeth* disdained to marry her lovers, and put one to death for presuming too much to her affection. The mistress of *David Rizzio*, could not but miscarry in a contest with the queen of *Essex*. As handsome as she was, *Sixtus Vth*, never wished to pass a night with *Mary*; she was no mould to cast *Alexanders* in.

But the writers vary in their opinions of her moral character, they agree however as to the variety of her accomplishments. She wrote poems on various occasions, in the *Latin*, *Italian*, *French*, and *Scots* language; royal advice to her son, in two books; the consolation of her long imprison-

* Catalogue of royal and noble authors of England, &c. Vol. II. p. 203.

ment. A great number of her original letters are preserved in the king of France's library, and in the royal, Cottonian, and Ashmolean libraries. We have eleven in print to earl Bothwell, translated from the French by Edward Simmons, of Christ Church, Oxford, and printed at Westminster, 1726. There are ten more, with her answers to the articles against her, in Haynes's state papers; six more in Anderson's collection; another in the appendix to her life by Dr. Jebb; and some others, dispersed among the works of pope Pius, Buehauan, Camden, Udall, and Sanderfon.

MARY, king William III's queen, was born at the palace of St. James's, Westminster, April 30, 1662, and was the daughter of king James II, by a daughter of the famous earl of Clarendon, whom he married secretly, during the exile of the royal family. She was a lady who possessed uncommon qualities; she had beauty, wit, goodness, virtue, all in an eminent degree; and none superior to all about her, as well at the ball and the masque, as in the presence and the drawing room. When she was arrived at the age of fifteen, William, prince of Orange, made his addresses to her in person, and married her. Many suppose, that this prince had the sagacity to foresee all that afterwards came to pass; that king Charles II would have no children; that the duke of York, when he came to the throne, through his bigotted attachment to popery, would not be able to keep possession of it; and that himself having married the eldest daughter of England, would naturally be recurred to as its saviour and deliverer in such an emergency. But however that be, he had the policy to conceal his motives: and on communicating his intentions to Sir William Temple, then ambassador at the Hague, he frankly expressed his sentiments

sentiments of marriage, in the following terms:
 ' That the greatest things he considered, were the
 ' person and disposition of the young lady. For,
 ' though it would not pass in the world, for a
 ' prince to seem concerned in those particulars,
 ' yet for himself, without affectation, he declared
 ' that he was so, and in such a degree, that no
 ' circumstances of fortune or interest could engage
 ' him, without those of the person, especially of
 ' those of humour or disposition: That he might
 ' perhaps, be not very easy for a wife to live with;
 ' he was sure he should not be so to such wives as
 ' are generally in the courts of this age: that if
 ' he should meet with one to give him trouble at
 ' home, it was what he was not able to bear,
 ' who was likely to have enough abroad in the
 ' course of his life; and that, after the manner he
 ' was resolved to live with a wife, which should
 ' be the best he could, he would have one that he
 ' thought likely to live so with him, which he
 ' thought chiefly depended upon their disposition
 ' and education.'

They were married at *St. James's*, *November*
4, 1677, and about a fortnight after, embarked for
Holland, and made their entrance into the *Hague*
 with the utmost splendor and magnificence on the
14th of December. Here she lived with her con-
 fort happy in the practice of every virtue, and every
 duty; till upon a solemn invitation of the states of
England, she followed him thither, and arrived at
Whitehall, *February 12, 1689*; where the prince
 of *Orange* had arrived *November 5th*, preceeding.
 This was on the abdication of the crown by king
James II, and it was put on their heads, as next
 heirs on the *11th of April, 1689*. They reigned
 jointly till the *28th of December 1694*, when the
 queen died of the small pox at her palace at *Kensington*.
 For a particular description of this princess,

we refer the reader to bishop *Burnet's* essay on her memory, printed in 1695; and shall conclude our account of her, with the following paragraph from the bishop's performance. 'Two *Mary's* 'in this island, says he, shewed a greatness of genius, that is seldom to be seen in the world;' meaning the two articles preceding this, 'But 'the superstition and cruelty of the one, and the 'conduct and misfortunes of the other, did so 'lessen them, that the sex had been much sunk 'by their means, if it had not at the same time 'been as powerfully supported by the happiest and 'most renowned of all sovereign queens. I know 'I need not name her.'

MASHAM (*DAMARIS*, Lady) was daughter of *Ralph Cudworth*, D. D. author of the *Intellectual System*. She was born at *Cambridge*, January 18, 1685. Her father soon perceiving the bent of her genius, took such particular care of her education, that she was very early instructed in the rudiments of learning, and soon became eminent as well for that as her piety.

As she was very assiduous in the study of divinity and philosophy, so she had great advantages for improvement therein, from the directions of the famous *Mr. Locke*, who resided in her family many yeers, and at length died at her house at *Oates* in *Essex*, 1704: she was second wife to *Sir Francis Masham*, of *Oates* aforesaid, bart. by whom she had an only son, the late *Francis Cudworth Masham*, Esq; in whose education she employed all her natural and acquired endowments. He was one of the masters in chancery, and accountant general of that court.

She had not been long married, before the fame of her learning, piety, and ingenuity, induced the celebrated *Mr. Norris*, to address to her, by way of letter,

letter; his *Reflections upon the Conduct of Human Life, with Reference to the Study of Learning and Knowledge*. 1689. This began a friendship between them which being founded in religion, seemed to promise a long continuance; but it seems to have been greatly abated, by her contracting an indissoluble friendship with Mr. *Locke*, whose divinity and philosophy, it is well known, differed very much from Mr. *Norris*; who, not long after, published his *Practical Discourses of Divinity*, which occasioned several letters to pass between him and Mrs. *Astell*, which were soon after printed and published. In these letters and discourses, they maintain this hypothesis, *that mankind are obliged strictly as their duty to love with desire, nothing but God only, &c.* Not long after this, lady *Masham*, (probably under the inspection of Mr. *Locke*) wrote and published, without her name, a treatise, entitled, *A Discourse concerning the Love of God*. 1696. She begins with observing, that whatever reproaches have been made by the *Romanists* on one hand, of the want of books of devotion in the church of *England*; or by the dissenters on the other, of a dead and lifeless way of preaching; it may be affirmed, that there cannot any where be found so good a collection of discourses upon moral subjects, as might be made of *English* sermons, and other treatises of that nature, written by divines of our church; which books are certainly in themselves of the greatest and most general use of any, and do most conduce to that, which is the chief aim of christianity, a good life. She then animadverts upon those, who undervalue that morality, and others who strain the duties of it to an unwarrantable pitch, and pretend to ascend to something beyond or above it; and afterwards goes on to consider the conduct of those who build their practical and devotional discourses

upon principle, which not only will not (as she imagines) bear the test, but which oblige them to lay down such assertions of morality, as sober and well-disposed christians cannot understand to be practicable. And here she applies herself to the examination of Mr. *Norris's* scheme in his *Practical Discourses* and other treatises, wherein he asserts, that mankind are obliged, as their duty, to love with desire nothing but God only, every degree of love of any creature whatever being sinful: which assertion Mr. *Norris* defends upon this ground (borrowed from father *Malbranche*) that God, not the creature, is the immediate sufficient cause of our sensations; for whatever gives us pleasure, has a right to our love. This hypothesis is considered with great accuracy and sagacity by lady *Masbam*, and the bad consequences, as she thought, represented in a stronger light.

Whether Mr. *Norris* attempted to support his assertion, we cannot tell; but Mrs. *Astell* still continued to maintain her own hypothesis, and replied to lady *Masbam* and Mr. *Locke*, in her book of *The Christian Religion as professed by a Daughter of the Church of England*. To which we refer the reader for his further satisfaction.

About the year 1705, she published a treatise with this title, *Occasional Thoughts in reference to a virtuous and Christian Life*. The principal design of which is, to improve religion and virtue; and indeed it is so full of instruction, that, if carefully perused by both sexes, it could not fail of obtaining much of its desired end.

As she was much indebted to Mr. *Locke* for her acquired endowments, her skill in arithmetic, geography, chronology, history, philosophy, and divinity; so, as he was a domestic in her family, she returned the obligation with singular benevo-

lence

lence and gratitude; always treating him with the utmost generosity and respect; for she had an inviolable friendship for him. Mr. Coste (who translated her *Discourses concerning the Love of God*) in a letter to the author of *Nouvelles de Republique des Lettres*, for February 1705, says, that as she sat by Mr. Locke's bedside the night before he died, he exhorted her to regard this world only as a state of preparation for a better. That she desired to sit up with him that night, but he would not permit her. That the next day as she was reading the *Psalms* low by him in his room, he desired her to read aloud, she did so, and he appeared very attentive till the approach of death prevented him. He then desired her to break off, and in a few minutes after expired.

As a testimony of her gratitude to Mr. Locke's memory, she drew up that account of him which is printed in the *Great Historical Dictionary*, and there said to be wrote by a lady.

This seems to have been the last of her performances; and she survived Mr. Locke only three years; and died April 20, 1708. and was buried in the middle of the abbey church at Bath, over her grave is a black stone thus inscribed.

DAME DAMARIS MASHAM.

On a pillar near to her grave is fixed a neat plain white marble monument, on the top of which is an urn, and the following inscription.

Near this place lies dame DAMARIS MASHAM, daughter of RALPH CUDWORTH, D. D. and second wife to Sir FRANCIS MASHAM, of Oates, in the county of Essex, bart.

Who to the softness and elegance of her own sex, added several of the noblest accomplishments and qualities of the other.

She possessed these advantages in a degree unusual to either, and tempered them with an exactness peculiar to herself.

Her learning, judgment, sagacity, and penetration, together with her candour and love of truth, were very observable to all that conversed with her, or were acquainted with those small treatises she published in her life time, though she industriously concealed her name.

Being mother of an only son, she applied all her natural and acquired endowments to the care of his education.

She was a strict observer of all the virtues belonging to every station of her life, and only wanted opportunities to make those talents shine in the world, which were the admiration of her friends.

She was born on the 18th of January 1658, and died on the 20th of April, 1708.

MCEROE, a woman who seems to have been one of the most considerable of the antients for learning, but is particularly remembered by her hymn to Neptune.

MOLESWORTH (Lady) was daughter of the lord Moleworth, a nobleman of Ireland, a person of great abilities, which he employed in the service of his country. The pieces written by his ingenious daughter, are published under the title of *Marinda*. Poems and translations upon several occasions: with a dedication to her royal highness the princess of Wales (afterwards queen Caroline) written by his lordship. This dedication is very much admired for its excellent character of that princess; and the poems and translations, which shew the true spirit and numbers of poetry, a delicacy of turn, and justness of thought and expression, having the approbation of her royal highness; stand sufficiently recommended in the records

cords of fame. Besides her other works, she wrote several excellent epigrams, one whereof to *Cloe*.

Cloe her gossips entertains

With stories of her child-bed pains,

And fiercely against *Hymen* rails ;

But *Hymen*'s not so much to blame ;

She knows, unless her memory fails,

E'er she was wed, 'twas much the same*.

MOLSA (TARQUINIA) daughter of *Camillo Molsa*, knight of the order of St. *James* in *Spain*, and grand-daughter of the celebrated *Francis Maria Molsa* was (says my author) one of the most accomplished ladies that ever appeared in the world ; wit, learning, beauty, and virtue, all uniting in her in an extraordinary degree. Her father observing even in her infancy, the excellence of her genius, procured her the best masters in every branch of literature and science. *Lazaro Labadini*, a celebrated grammarian, taught her polite literature ; and her *Latin* compositions both in prose and verse, are a sufficient proof of her attainments in writing and composing correctly and well. She became learned in *Aristotle* under *Camillo Corcapani*. *Anthony Guarini*, the mathematician, taught her the doctrine of the sphere. She learned poetry under *Francis Patricius*, the famous philosopher ; and logic and philosophy under *P. Latoni*, who also instructed her thoroughly in the *Greek* tongue. The principles of the *Hebrew* language were taught her by *Rabbi Abraham* ; and the politeness of the *Tuscan* tongue she learnt of *John Maria Barbier* ; in which last she not only wrote a great number of easy and elegant verses, but likewise several letters and other pieces, which are highly esteemed by the polite and learned in *Italy*. Besides her original works, she has translated several things from

G 5

Greek

* See her character more at large in that of *Menk*, who is the same lady,

Greek and *Latin* in a manner, which convinces us she understood those languages as well as her own. She afterwards learned music, as a relaxation and diversion from her more serious studies; and in this art she attained a surprising degree of perfection. She used to play upon the violin, as well as upon the flute, and sing to it at the same time in so exquisite a taste, as charmed all that heard her; and at length she instituted a choir of ladies, she herself being their president. The elogium, which *Francis Patricius*, one of her tutors, has given her, deserves attention; as it is supposed not to exceed the truth, although it is written in the highest strains of panegyric.

• You have not superficially read books, as other
 • ladies used to do. You have not only a perfect
 • knowledge of the *Tuscan* tongue in its greatest
 • purity, but likewise of the *Latin* and *Greek*; in
 • the latter of which you can read and understand,
 • not only historians and orators, but also philoso-
 • phers, and even *Plato* himself, Jove's rival in
 • eloquence, and likewise the poets of any kind,
 • even *Pindar*; and that without the least difficulty.
 • And what may surpass the admiration of all, you
 • learnt this language by reading *Plato* to you,
 • within the compass of three months. In *Latin*
 • you compose verses of all sorts; and in *Tuscan*
 • you write poems, good gods! how full of wit and
 • ingenuity! You can solve all the difficulties in logic.
 • You are perfect mistress of the ethics of *Plutarch*,
 • *Aristotle* and *Plato*. You have made a vast pro-
 • ficiency in natural philosophy; and have drank
 • very deep of catholic theology. What need I
 • mention music of every kind? when the whole
 • band, not of musicians only, but of the muses
 • themselves, look upon you with admiration and
 • astonishment. The most skilful man in music
 • is so far from excelling, that he does not so much

' as equal you. When you sing to the lute, when
 ' you perform bass and tenor at the same time, the
 ' one on the lyre, and the other with your voice,
 ' all the graces adorn, surround, and admire you.
 ' Would I were able to express myself so, that
 ' those, who read this, might imagine they heard
 ' you. Good gods! what elegance, what spirit,
 ' what wit, what agreeableness in conversation,
 ' what sweetness of temper, what politeness of be-
 ' haviour. The most judicious *Benedictus Man-*
 ' *zulus* your countryman, and bishop of *Reggio*,
 ' very justly prefers you, not only to your most
 ' eloquent father *Camillus*; but also to your grand-
 ' father, *Francis Maria Molsa*, a great man in
 ' every respect.'

This lady was in high reputation at the court of
Alphonfus II, duke of *Parma*, a prince of great
 judgment, and a passionate lover of eloquence, and
 we are told, he was quite ravished on finding so
 many more accomplishments than report had made
 of her. But the most authentic testimony and de-
 claration of her high merit and character, was that
 which she received from the city of *Rome*; which,
 by a decree of the senate, in which all her excel-
 lencies and qualifications are summed up, honoured
 her with the title of *Singular*, and bestowed the rights
 of a *Roman* citizen on her, and the whole family
 of *Molsa*. Part of the patent runs thus: *Esti no-*
vum atque in usitatum est, in civium numerum, &c.
 That is, ' though it be new and uncommon for
 ' the senate to admit women into the number of
 ' citizens, whose excellencies and fame, as they
 ' ought to be confined to family affairs, are seldom
 ' of service to the commonwealth in public mat-
 ' ters; yet if there be any one among them, who
 ' not only surpasses the rest of her own sex, but
 ' even the men in almost all virtues, it is reason-
 ' able,

able, that by a new example, new and unusual honours should be paid to new and unusual merit. Since therefore *Tranquinia Molsa*, a native of *Modena*, &c. resembles by her virtues those famous *Roman* heroines, so that she seems to lack nothing, but being a *Roman* citizen, that this alone might not be wanting to complete her glory, the senate and people of *Rome*, have decreed to present her with the freedom of the city, &c. The decree was passed at the capitol, *December* 1600.

Molsa was married, but losing her husband without issue by him, she would never consent to be married again, although she was then but young. She gave such lively tokens of her grief, that *Patricius* compares her to another *Artemisia*.

MONIMA, the wife of *Mithridates*, touched the heart of that prince the first time he saw her. It was in the city of *Stratonice*, a little after he had gained great advantages over the *Roman* generals *Oppius*, *Manius*, &c. He thought this young lady so handsome that he seized her, and put her into his seraglio. Others say she was born at *Miletum*, and that *Mithridates* could not gain the last favour of her, but in the honourable way, that is, by marrying her. He attacked her with solicitations; he sent her one time 15,000 crowns; but all this was fruitless; he was obliged to come to a contract of marriage, and he did not lie with her till after he had signed, and bestowed upon her the diadem and title of queen. This conduct spread her praises throughout *Greece*. Her condition, however, had nothing in it but mere lustre, without any substantial bliss. For *Mithridates* being vanquished by *Lucullus*, and fearing lest his wives should fall into the enemy's hand, caused them to be put to death. *Plutarch* gives the following account of this tragical story. He tells us that *Mithridates* flying before *Lucullus*, sent *Bacchides*,
one

one of his eunuchs, to his sisters and wives, with orders to put them to death. The poor lady, says he speaking, of our *Monima*, all the time before, ever since this barbarous prince had taken her to his bed, had lived in great discontent, continually deploring her unfortunate beauty, which instead of a husband had given her a master, and instead of the company of a husband, and such as a lady of honour ought to have, had put her under a guard of barbarous men, who kept her as a prisoner far from the delightful country of *Greece*, where she possessed nothing but a dream and shadow of the happiness which she expected; and on the contrary, had really lost those solid pleasures, which she had formerly enjoyed in her own country. Now when this *Bacchides* had arrived where they were, and delivered the king's command, that each of them might chuse that kind of death which they reckoned the easiest and least painful, she untied the royal fillet that was about her head, and binding it round her neck, hung herself up; but the ribband not being strong enough, broke at once; O cursed and unhappy fillet, said she, wilt thou not at last do me this melancholy piece of service? With these words she threw it upon the ground and spit upon it, and then presented her throat to *Bacchides* to cut it for her.

MONK (the honourable Mrs.) was the daughter of the right hon. lord *Molesworth*, of *Ireland*, and wife of *George Monk*, Esq. She acquired, by the force of her natural genius, a perfect knowledge of the *Latin*, *Italian*, and *Spanish* tongues; and by reading the best authors in those languages, became a great proficient in the art of poetry. She wrote many poems for her own diversion, yet with such accuracy, that they were deemed worthy of publication, and soon after her death, which happened

happened about the year 1715; they were printed with the following title: *Marinda: Poems and Translations upon several Occasions*, 1716. They were dedicated to the princess *Caroline*, since queen, by her father, lord *Molesworth*; who speaks of the poems and the author in the following manner:

• Most of them, says he, are the product of leisure
 • hours of a young gentlewoman lately dead, who,
 • in a remote country retirement, without any assistance,
 • but that of a good library, and without
 • omitting the daily care due to a large family, not
 • only perfectly acquired the several languages here
 • made use of, but the good morals and principles
 • contained in those books, so as to put them in
 • practice, as well during her life and languishing
 • sickness, as at the hour of her death. In short,
 • she died not only like a christian, but a *Roman*
 • lady; and so became at once the object of the grief
 • and comfort of her relations. As much as I am
 • obliged to be sparing in commending what belongs
 • to me, I cannot forbear thinking that some
 • of these circumstances uncommon enough to be
 • taken notice of. I loved her more because she
 • deserved it, than because she was mine; and I
 • cannot do greater honour to her memory, than
 • by consecrating her labours, or rather her diversion,
 • to your royal highness, as we found
 • most of them in her *scritore* after her death,
 • written with her own hand; little expecting,
 • and as little desiring, the public should have
 • any opportunity either of applauding or condemning
 • them.

Mr. *Gyles Jacob* in his lives of the poets, tells us, that these poems and translations shew the true spirit and numbers of poetry, a delicacy of turns, and justness of thought and expression. A few specimens will enable the reader to form a judgment of them

them and the author. There is among them a translation from *Tasso*, entitled, *Run-away Love*; in which, *Venus* having lost *Cupid*, offers this reward to any one who should apprehend him.

And he that finds the boy, shall have
The sweetest kiss I ever gave:
But he that brings him to my arms,
Shall master be of all my charms.

She wrote the following epitaph on a lady of pleasure.

O'er this marble drop a tear,
Here lies fair *Rosalinde*;
All mankind were pleas'd with her,
And she with all mankind.

The following verses (we are informed) were wrote by her on her death-bed at *Bath* to her husband in *London*.

Thou who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy,
Thou tend'rest husband, and thou best of friends,
To thee, this first, this last adieu I send.
At length the conqueror death asserts his right,
And will forever vail thee from my sight.
He woos me to him with a chearful grace;
And not one terror clouds his meagre face.
He promises a lasting rest from pain;
And shews that all life's fleeting joys are vain.
Th' eternal scenes of heaven he sets in view,
And tells me that no other joys are true.
But love, fond love, would yet resist his pow'r,
Would fain a while defer the parting hour:
He brings thy mourning image to my eyes,
And would obstruct my journey to the skies.

But

But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend,
 Say, should'st thou grieve to see my sorrows end?
 Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past,
 And should'st thou grieve that rest is come at last?
 Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,
 And die, as I have liv'd, thy faithful wife.

MONTESPAN (Madam de) a *French* lady, was the wife of the marquis of *Montespan*, and mistress to *Lewis XIV.* Her maiden name was *Athenais de Mortimar*, and herself, two sisters, and a brother the duke of *Vivone*, who was a marshal of *France*, were universally agreeable for a turn of conversation, a mixture of pleasantry, ease, and elegance, so peculiar, that it was customary to call it the spirit of the *Mortimars*. This lady, by her wit and beauty gained the ascendant over that monarch, in the year 1669; not, however, without the highest indignation of the marquis her husband, who was so far from thinking his wife's preferment an honour to him, that not content with reproaching her, he could not forbear striking her; and this even in the very palace, where her outcries raised such an alarm, that they were instantly surrounded with persons of the first quality, among whom was the queen. The king incensed at this behaviour, forbade the marquis to appear at court; and afterwards banished him to his own estate; and thus the king was obliged to declare almost publicly, the passion he had hitherto been very desirous to conceal. *Montespan* found in the *Pyraenean* mountains few friends, but many creditors; but at length his resentment subsided, and he condescended to receive recompences from the court for the insults made on his honour; a hundred thousand crowns purchased his wife, his silence, and his honour. The king, however, could not help secretly condemning

denning himself for his passion for a married woman: *Henry IV.*, he often said, ‘ attempted the
 ‘ honour of a princess, whose husband might have
 ‘ defended her with his sword; but mine is an
 ‘ easy conquest, a conquest over one, whom I can
 ‘ annihilate by a single glance.’

Mad. de *Montespan*, being thus rid of her husband, and relying on her charms, as well as on her fruitfulness, for the continuance of the king’s affection, began to shew her power and ascendancy in public affairs. She accompanied the king to *Flanders* in the year 1670, when the ruin of the *Dutch* was consulted in the midst of pleasure; so far over-powered every principle of virtue, sense of shame, and even the least regard to decency, that she, in a manner, proclaimed herself, without a blush, the king’s mistress. Being secure of her influence over the king, she threw off all restraints, and openly braved the queen, mad. de *Valliere*, the king’s former mistress, and the whole kingdom. In the mean time, she endeavoured to reconcile impetuous vice with humble piety; and formed a set of morals for herself, too loose for a christian, too severe for a mistress. She condescended even to work for the poor; and persuaded herself, that frequent alms, and external acts of devotion, must necessarily entitle her to the pardon of all her sins, how many and gross soever they were. And being favoured by absolutions she purchased of mercenary, or procured from ignorant priests, she presumed to receive the holy sacrament. One day she endeavoured to obtain absolution from a curate in a country village, who had been recommended to her on account of his flexibility. What! said this man of God, ‘ are you that marchioness of
 ‘ *Montespan*, whose crimes is an offence to the
 ‘ whole kingdom? Good madam, renounce your
 wicked

wicked habits, and then come to this awful tribunal.' She instantly complained to the king of the insult she had received, and demanded justice on the confessor. The king, naturally superstitious, was not sure that his power extended so far, as to judge of what passed in the holy sacraments; and therefore consulted *Bossuet*, preceptor to the dauphin, and bishop of *Condom*, and the duke *de Montauziar*, his governor. The bishop and minister both supported the curate, and took this occasion to try if they could detach the king from this lady. The contest was for some time doubtful; but the mistress at last prevailed.

This fell out in the year 1673; but in 1675 she retired from court, and though she was not long absent, yet she was not able by all the methods her invention could suggest to her, to recover the king's affections, who was now wholly devoted to mad. *de Maintenon*. She still however, continued at court, where she had an important employment, namely, the superintendence of the queen's household; and still preserved some interest with the king by her children, by habit, and by a long established interest. All the appearances of friendship and respect continued to be shewn her, but this she did not think a sufficient compensation for the loss of the reality. Though she had no professed rival; yet she found herself treated with great coldness and indifference, and no longer in possession of a heart, weary of her, and her complaint. While mad. *de Maintenon* was increasing, and *de Montespan* declining in the royal favour, they saw each other every day; sometimes with a secret bitterness, at other times with a transient confidence, which the necessity of speaking, and the weariness of constraint rendered unavoidable. They agreed each of them to write memoirs of all that passed

passed at court; but the work was not carried to any great length. Mad. de Montespau, in the last years of her life, used to divert herself and her friends, by reading some passages out of these memoirs. In the mean time, devotion, which mingled itself with all these intrigues, confirmed de Maintenon in favour, and removed Montespau to an absolute distance. The king reproached himself with this passion for a married woman, and this reflection became the more uneasy, as he no longer felt the passion of love. This perplexing situation lasted till the year 1685, when mad. de Mantes, the king's daughter by mad. de Montespau, was married to the grandson of the great de Condé. After this, the king married two other children he had by her, mad. de Blois, to the duke de Chartres, and Louisa Benedicta to the duke de Maine. Mad. de Montespau, after the marriage of her daughters, appeared no more at court, but lived in great splendor at Paris. She had a great revenue, though only for her life. The king payed her 1000 louis d'ors a month. Every year she went to drink the waters of Bourbon, where she married the girls about the place, and gave them portions. Though no longer at court, she still practised the vices she had been used to; luxury, caprice, distrust, ambition. La Bruyere painted her in his characters, as still adorning her beauty, contemplating with pleasure its precious remains, and at 60 years of age, asking her physicians, 'Why these wrinkles in her face, that stomach so weak, that peevishness of temper, and perpetual lassitude?' She died at Bourbon in the year 1717; and in her will, ordered that her bowels should be carried to the community of St. Joseph. The great heat of the weather made them so offensive, that the person employed to carry them, was not able to pursue his journey;

journey ; but turning back, re-delivered them to the capuchins of *Bourbon*. The warden of the monastery, almost suffocated with the stench, threw them to the dogs ; which when it was known at court, one of her old friends, said laughing, ‘ And had she any bowels then ? ’

Such was the end of this lady, neither regretted by the king, her children, nor the nation. One half of her life was spent in grandeur, the other in contempt. In short, her reign was so intolerable and fatal, that it was looked upon in *France*, as a judgment from heaven.

MORATA (OLYMPIA FULVIA) was born at *Ferrara*, in 1526. Her father taught polite literature in several cities of *Italy* ; and the report of his great merit advanced him to be preceptor to the young princes of *Ferrara*, sons of *Alphonfus I.* Having discovered an uncommon capacity and inclination to learning in his daughters, he was induced to cultivate them ; and she soon made such a progress, as astonished all about her. The princess of *Ferrara* being at that time studying polite literature, it was judged proper that she should have a companion in the same pursuit, in order to excite in her a noble emulation. *Morata* being deemed properly qualified for the purpose, was sent for to court ; where she was heard, to the amazement of her auditors, to declaim in *Latin*, to speak *Greek*, to explain the paradoxes of *Cicero*, and to answer any questions that were put to her. Her father dying, and her mother being an invalid, she was obliged to return home, in order to take care of the family affairs, and the education of three sisters and a brother ; both which she executed with great applause. Another cause of her removal from court, was said to be a disgust she had some how given the dutchess of *Ferrara*, though on what account is not said

said. In the mean time, a young *German*, named *Andreas Grunthler*, who had studied physic, and taken his doctor's degree at *Ferrara*, fell in love with her, and married her. With him she went to *Germany*, and took her little brother with her, whom she carefully instructed in the *Latin* and *Greek* languages. They arrived at *Augsburgh* in 1548; and after a short stay there went to *Schweinfurt* in *Franconia*, which was the birth-place of *Grunthler*. They had not been there long before *Schweinfurt* was besieged and burnt; but they escaped with their lives, and fled in the utmost distress to *Hammelburgh*. But even here they were not suffered to make any long stay, and were driven to the last shift, when the elector palatine, very opportunely, invited *Grunthler* to be professor of physic at *Heidelberg*. He entered upon this employment in 1554, and thought himself well settled, and began to enjoy life; when *Morata* was seized with an illness occasioned by the very penetrating distresses and hardships they had undergone, of which, after a lingering illness for some months, she died *October* 26, 1555, in the 29th year of her age. She died in the protestant religion, which she embraced on her coming into *Germany*.

She wrote several books, a great part of which were burnt with the town of *Sweinfurt*. The remainder were collected by *Cælius Secundus Curio*, and published at *Basil*, 1558. Her works consist of orations, dialogues, letters and translations.

MUSCA, an antient lyric and epigrammatic poetess; whose epigrams, and *Lyric Nomi*, are mentioned by *Cælius Rodiginus*.

MYRO, a *Byzantian* elegiac and *Melic* poetess; whose *Mnemosyne* is mentioned by *Athenæus*. Of the same *Myro* most probably (for *Suidas* mentions two of that name) are those various poems in elegiac

giac verse, taken notice of by *Pausanias* in his *Bæotics*. She is said to have been the wife of *Condromachus* the philosopher.

N.

NAVARRE (MARGARET DE VALOIS, queen of) sister of *Francis I*, was born in the city of *Angoulesme*, April 1, 1492. She was a princess of incomparable merit, and admired for her virtue, her piety, her wit, and the productions of her pen. She was educated at the court of *Lewis XII*, with a particular care, and married the duke of *Alençon* in December 1509. She became a widow in 1525. Her love for her brother king *Francis I*, was admirable. She went into *Spain*, when he was a prisoner there, and did him all the kind offices that could be expected from a wife and an affectionate sister. He had in return an inexpressible friendship and esteem for her, and gave her proofs of it even before he had recovered his liberty. In the year 1527, he married her to the king of *Navarre*, *Henry of Albert II*, and granted her considerable advantages by the marriage articles. She and her husband applied themselves assiduously to put their dominions into a more flourishing condition than they were; and she was once very willing to establish there an ecclesiastical reformation. She had a great inclination for what was then called the new opinions, and protected those who were persecuted for that cause. She wrote a book which was censured by the *Sorbonne*, and drew upon her the indignation of the ecclesiastics, so that the king her brother was obliged to exert his authority to restrain their audaciousness. She had taken such measures as would perhaps have engaged him to favour the reformation,

reformation, had not the foolish conduct of some rash persons, who passed up some libels in the year 1534, exasperated him to such a degree, that he became a zealous persecutor of Lutherism. After that time she was obliged to act very cautiously, and behaved herself after a manner which the Calvinists loudly condemned, and which made the papists say, she was entirely reclaimed from her former errors. There are proofs from which it appears, that she took great delight in reading the bible. She suffered some vexations from her husband, who being told that the reformed said some prayers, and gave some instructions in his queen's chamber, contrary to the doctrine and practice of his ancestors, went in with a design to punish the minister, but finding he had escaped, his anger fell on his spouse, to whom he gave a box on the ear, saying, *Madam, you want to be too wise*, and immediately acquainted king *Francis* with what he had done; but the king was so far from allowing such an insult on his sister, that he severely reprimanded him for it.

This princess never cared that people should mention death to her. She used often to say to those who discoursed of death, and the happiness which is to follow it; all this is true indeed, but we continue so long dead in the earth before we come to that.

Her curiosity in attending the last moments of a dying person is very remarkable. I have been told of her, says *Brantome*, that one of her maids lying at the point of death, she would see her die, and never stirred from her bed-side so long as she was agonizing, looking her earnestly in the face, without interruption, till she was dead. Some of her ladies asked her, why she looked with so much attention on that poor dying creature? She answered,

answered, that having often heard many learned men assert, that the soul left the body the moment it died, she was willing to see if there came from it any wind, or noise, or sound, on the removal or going out of the soul, but that she could perceive nothing like it. She gave a reason of her expectation, which was, that having asked the same learned men, why a swan sings before he dies, they answered, that it was on account of the spirits, which were labouring to get out through its long neck. Thus, said she, she had a mind to see that soul or spirit go out, or hear the noise or sound it made at leaving the body. She added, that if she were not well settled in the faith, she should not know what to think of that removal of the soul, and its separation from the body, but that she would believe what her God and her church commanded her to believe, without any further enquiry; and indeed she was one of the most pious and devout ladies that ever lived, and who spoke of God, and feared him as much as any other person whatsoever.

Her *Heptameron*, a book written in the same taste with *Boccace's* novels, abounds with beauties, which are admirable in their kind. She died in *December* 1649, and her memory was honoured with eulogies in abundance. Of the four children she had by her second husband, only one daughter survived her.

NAVARRE (JANE of ALBERT, queen of) the daughter of *Margaret* in the preceding article, was one of the most illustrious princesses of her time. She was not eleven years old when *Francis I.* married her with the duke of *Cleves*. This marriage, which was celebrated at *Chatelleraud*, with extraordinary pomp, *July* 15, 1540, was afterwards declared void; because it had been concluded

cluded contrary to the protestation of the princess, and against the consent of *Henry Albert*, and of her mother *Margaret de Valois*. In the year 1548 she married *Anthony de Bourbon*, duke of *Vendôme*. In the three or four first years of their marriage they had two sons, who both died infants by very extraordinary accidents. The first was stifled with heat, because his governess, who was very chilly, kept him too warm. The second lost his life through the silliness of a nurse; as she and a gentleman were playing with the child, casting it over to each other, they let it fall, of which it languished and died.

She was pregnant for the third time, in the year 1553. She was then in *Picardy* with her husband, who was governor of that province, and commanded an army against *Charles V*, when her father *Henry of Albert* understood she was with child, he sent for her. She set out from *Compiègne*, November 15, and arrived at *Pau*, December 14, and was delivered of a son the 13th of the same month. During her labour she shewed an extraordinary courage and strength of mind. Thus it was: her father the king of *Navarre* promised her, that he would deliver his last will into her hands, the moment she was brought to bed; but on condition, that in her labour she would sing him a song, that she might not give him a cross and peevish child. The princess promised it him, and had so much courage, that notwithstanding the great pains she suffered, she kept her word, and sung a song in the language of *Bearn*, the moment she heard him come into the chamber.

She came to the crown of *Navarre* by her father's death, May 15, 1555, and had, as well as her husband, a great affection for the reformed religion, and it is very probable they would soon have

made a public profession of it, had not the king of *France*, and the cardinal of *Armagnac*, threatened them with the pope's indignation, which kept them in awe. The design they had to disappoint the ill intentions of *Henry II.* determined them to take a journey to the court of *France*, in the year 1558. They took *Rochelle* in their way, where they met with a very pompous and splendid reception. It is remarkable that queen *Jane* shewed more indifference for the protestant religion than her husband, both whilst they were at the court of *France*, and when they were returned into their own dominions; but that at last, he did entirely renounce Calvinism, and became a persecutor of it; and that she professed it publicly, and declared herself the protectress of it, with all the zeal imaginable. They returned to *Bearn* after the death of *Henry II.* This absence of the king of *Navarre* proved favourable to the *Guises*, who usurped the administration under the reign of *Francis II.* He died the 17th of *November*, 1562, of a wound he received at the siege of *Roan.*

This queen, being ill used by her husband, since he had renounced the protestant religion, retired from the court of *France*, and arrived at *Bearn*, notwithstanding *Moulois* endeavours to arrest her in her journey thither. She not only established the reformed religion in her dominions, but also abolished popery there, seized upon all the church lands, and appointed them for the maintenance of the ministers and the schools.

In the year 1563, the pope summoned her to appear before him; and had the summons posted upon the gates of *St. Peter*, and on the e of the inquisition, declaring that in case she did not appear, her lands and dominions should be forfeited, and she herself

herself should incur all the pains and penalties decreed against heretics. But the court of *France* found these proceedings so inconsistent with the liberties of the *Gallican* church, that she caused the summons to be cancelled. The queen met with great disobedience from her *Roman* catholic subjects; they revolted several times, and even entered into a most horrid conspiracy to deliver up her and her children into the hands of the king of *Spain*, who would have committed them to the inquisition; but she disappointed their plots, and was never seen to give way, nor to yield in the least thing of the prerogative belonging to the sovereign authority. She left her dominions in the year 1568, to go and meet the chiefs of the reformed: she had an interview at *Cognac*, with her cousin the prince of *Condé*, to whom she presented her son the prince of *Navarre*, whom she devoted, though very young, to the defence of the common cause, for which she consecrated also her rings and jewels, which served afterwards to defray part of the expences of the army. She sent to the queen of *England* a full account of the desolations of *France*, and of the sad condition it was in, desiring her to pity so many thousand persons, who were oppressed without reason, in the midst of the kingdom of *France*; and to believe that she was not determined to take up arms, but by a very great and pressing necessity. The *Roman*-catholics of *Bearn* took advantage of her absence, and by the supplies they received from *Charles IX*, they made themselves masters of almost the whole country. But the earl of *Montgomery*, whom she sent thither, took the towns again, and restored the queen's authority there; he put to death some of the ring-leaders of the rebellion, though by the capitulation they were to have their lives spared. The

queen would not suffer that article of the capitulation to be performed, which gave *Monluc*, a pretence to make a great slaughter at *Mount de Marson*. If any thing could excuse her, it would be, that the violation of capitulations was at that time so common, that it was looked upon as a mere trifle.

There are in this queen's life two particulars very remarkable. The one is, that she had courage enough to abolish the mass in her own dominions; the other, that she succeeded so well, that the regulations she made against popery, continued in force either in the whole or in part, till the expedition which *Lewis XIII* made in person into *Bearn* in 1620. It is likewise surprising, that she should keep her ground, surrounded as she was, by two powerful princes, the king of *Spain* on the one side, and the king of *France* on the other, both animated and encouraged by the strong solicitations of the court of *Rome*. But if she had all the courage necessary to suppress the rebellions of her subjects, and to triumph over the forces which the court of *France* had sent them, she had not prudence enough to discover the treason that was contrived against her, upon the specious pretence of marrying her son with the daughter of *Charles IX*. She consented to the proposal, went to *Paris*, and was poisoned there, as it is generally said, whilst she was making preparations for the nuptials. She died *June 10, 1572*, being then in her 44th year. Death could not come more opportunely for this princess, who would have been inconsolable, had she lived to see the massacre of *St. Bartholomew's* day, and heard the reproaches that would probably have been made her, of being the cause (however innocently) of the death of so many brave men, by the misfortune she had to fall into the snare that was laid for her.

This

This queen's virtue was very eminent and exemplary; her last will and testament contained such things as shewed the generosity of her soul, her prudence, and her vehement zeal for the religion she professed: she left a son, and likewise a daughter, whose name was *Catharine*, who followed the example of piety and virtue which her mother had set her.

NEWCASTLE (MARGARET, dutchess of) daughter of Sir *Charles Lucas*, was born at St. *John's* near *Colchester* in *Essex*, about the latter end of the reign of king *James I.* Her mother took the utmost care in the education of this and her other daughters, and gave them all the polite accomplishments in which young ladies are usually instructed; as needle-work, dancing, music, and the *French* tongue. She was herself a woman of an excellent character, which this her daughter did justice to in her writings afterwards. From her infancy she discovered a natural propensity to learning, and spent so much time in her study and writing, that, had she been acquainted with the learned languages, her knowledge would have been more extensive, her genius refined, and her compositions more in taste of the antients.

In 1643, she obtained leave of her mother to go to *Oxford*, where the court then resided, and was made one of the maids of honour to *Henrietta Maria*, the consort of king *Charles I.* And when the queen was obliged, by the unhappy situation of the king's affairs, to retire to *France*, she attended her thither to *Paris*, she became acquainted with the marquis of *Newcastle*, then a widower, who admiring her person, disposition, and ingenuity, was there married to her in 1645. From *Paris* they went to *Rotterdam*, and from thence they removed to *Antwerp*, where they settled and remained du-

ring the time of their exile, where they quietly enjoyed the remnant of their broken fortunes, she proved a very agreeable companion to the marquis in this his melancholy recels, as well by her writings as conversation, as the many compliments he made to her on these occasions sufficiently testify.

Being greatly distressed for want of money, and by debts they contracted there, she came to *England*, in order to obtain some of the marquis's rents, and accordingly went with lord *Lucas* her brother to goldsmith's hall, but could not procure a grant to receive one penny of the marquis's vast estate; and had they not been relieved by the generosity of Sir *Charles Cavendish*, his brother, they must have been reduced to extreme poverty. Having got a considerable sum from her own and the marquis's relations, she returned to *Antwerp*, where they continued till the restoration of king *Charles II.* This opportunity the marquis laid hold of to return to his native country, after sixteen years banishment from it; leaving his lady at *Antwerp* to dispatch his affairs there; which having done, she soon followed him into *England*, where she spent the remainder of her life in composing and writing letters, plays, poems, philosophical discourses, and orations. Mr. *Giles Jacob* says, she was the most voluminous writer of our female poets; that she had a great deal of wit, and a more than ordinary propensity to dramatic poetry. Mr. *Langhorn* tells us, that all the language and plots of her plays were her own, which will atone for some faults in her numerous productions.

In her person she was graceful and noble; in her temper, shy and reserved; in her studies, contemplations, and writings, indefatigable; she was truly pious, generous, and charitable; was an excellent

cellent oeconomist, kind to her servants, and a perfect pattern of conjugal love and duty.

She died at *London* in 1673, and was buried in *Westminster* abbey, *January* 7, 1673, where an elegant monument is erected to her memory; upon which is inscribed the following epitaph.

Here lies the loyal duke of Newcastle, and his dutchess his second wife, by whom he had no issue: her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble family; for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous. The dutchess was a wise, witty, and learned lady, which her many books do well testify: She was a most virtuous and loving, and careful wife, and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries; and when she came home, never parted with him in his solitary retirement.

NICAULE. This is the name that *Josephus* gives to the queen of *Sheba*, who came to visit *Solomon*, and to try if his wisdom was equal to the report she had heard of it. *Josephus* will have it, that this princess was queen both of *Egypt* and *Ethiopia*, and cites *Herodotus* as speaking of queen *Nicaule*. But *Herodotus* speaks only of *Niconis* queen of *Egypt*, and not of *Nicaule*, nor does he say any thing of her pretended journey to *Jerusalem*. We shall relate here what the scripture informs us concerning the queen of *Sheba*, without deciding whether she was called *Nicaule*, as *Josephus* pretends. The fame of *Solomon's* wisdom being spread into every country, the queen of *Sheba*, or, as *Jesus Christ* calls her in the gospel, the Queen of the South, came to make him a visit. She was probably queen of that part of *Arabia Felix*, which was inhabited by the *Sabeans*, where women were admitted to govern.

This queen came to make a trial of *Solomon's* wisdom by riddles and enigmatical questions, which were then usually discussed by those who were called wise men. She arrived at *Jerusalem* with an equipage suitable to her dignity. She brought with her a great quantity of spices, gold, and precious stones; and being introduced to *Solomon*, she proposed to him whatever she had conceived in her mind. *Solomon* satisfied her in all her enquiries.

For other particulars, in relation to what passed between king *Solomon* and this princess, we refer the reader to 1 *Kings* x. and 2 *Chron.* ix. To these *Josephus* adds several other circumstances, which it is probable he had from the traditions of the *Jews*.

This historian says, that *Nicaule*, queen of *Egypt* and *Ethiopia*, induced by the report of *Solomon's* wisdom, came to *Jerusalem*, with a magnificent retinue. She proposed to the king several difficult questions in which he gave her immediate satisfaction, with great facility. The sumptuousness of his palace called the forest of *Lebanon*, the exact order, the neatness and magnificence with which he was served at table, the pomp and majesty which shone forth in the temple, and the rest of his grandeur, filled her with astonishment. He adds, that she made him a present of twenty talents of gold; (the scripture says six-score) and that she gave him the plant of balm, which is so valuable, and which afterwards became so famous in *Judea*.

Michael Glycas says (*Anal.* p. 183) that one of the means used by this queen to prove the wisdom of *Solomon*, was, to dress up young children in the same manner, both boys and girls, and present them to *Solomon*, to try if he could distinguish them at sight. The king bid them wash their faces; and thus distinguished the boys by their robust manner

ner in doing it, and the girls by performing it delicately and effeminately.

The *Ethiopians* think the queen of *Sheba* was of their country, and that she returned big with child of a boy that she had by *Solomon*. When this child was of an age to learn, she sent him to *Solomon* to be instructed, who brought him up as his son. He took great care of him, provided the ablest masters for him, and then sent him back to his mother, to whom he succeeded in the kingdom. The kings of *Ethiopia* pretend to be descended from *Solomon* by this prince, whom they call *Menilehec* or *Meilie*; and they reckon four and twenty emperors of this family down to *Basilides*, who reigned about the middle of the seventeenth age. See *Ludolph's history of Ethiopia*, L. 2. c. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

The *Arabians* give the name of *Balkis* to the queen of *Sheba*, who came to visit *Solomon*. They say she was queen of *Arabia*, of the posterity of *Jarab* son of *Cobathan*, and that she reigned in the city of *Mareb*, the capital of the province of *Sheba*. Her father was *Hadhad*, son of *Scharhabil*, the 20th king of *Jemen*, or *Arabia Felix*. The history of those people is full of the actions and fabulous stories concerning the journey of this princess to *Solomon's* court. As also concerning the bird *Hudhad*, which we call a lapwing, which *Solomon* made use of to perform journeys into *Arabia*, and to bring him dispatches from thence. See *Herbelot. Bibl. Orient.* p. 182.

NICOSTRATA, or *Carmenta*, was the mother of *Evander*, an ancient king of *Italy*, even before the arrival of *Aeneas* in that country. She is feigned (for it must be looked upon as a fiction) to have been the inventor of verse, which from thence came to be called *Carmen*.

NORTH (the hon. Mrs. DUDLEYA) was the younger of two daughters of *Charles* lord *North* of *Kirtling*, and baron *Grey* of *Rolleston*, by *Catherine* the daughter of *William* lord *Grey* of *Wark*; and was born in *July* 1675. This lord *North* had two sons, who were instructed in school learning by a private tutor in the house; and in the course of their education at home, this lady, being naturally inclined to learning, even when she was a girl, was desirous to learn *Latin* and *Greek* of the same person along with her brothers. Thus, as she advanced in years, she pursued her studies so assiduously, and with such success, that she quickly rendered those two languages familiar to her. But this she did not think sufficient; she was very desirous of becoming intimately acquainted with the original language of the old testament, and by a long and severe study, she acquired a competent knowledge in the whole circle of oriental learning. As a proof of which was that choice collection of books she died possessed of, which after her death, were, by her only surviving brother, the lord *North* and *Grey*, presented to the parochial library at *Rougham* in *Norfolk*, founded by the hon. *Roger North*, Esq; for the use of that parish, and the neighbouring clergy forever. Among them there is in particular, one very neat pocket *Hebrew* bible in 12mo. without points, with silver clasps to it, bound in neat turkey leather, in a case of the same materials, which she constantly carried to church with her. But this incessant and intense application to study, at length brought her into a consumptive disorder, which put a period to her valuable life, *April* 25, 1712, her brother the lord *North* and *Grey*, being at that time in *Flanders*. Her corpse was carried to *Kirtling*, or *Catledge*, in *Cambridgeshire*, the ancient seat of the family, and interred with her ancestors

Lady NORTON.

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ancestors in that church, by her uncle the hon. Roger North, Esq; whom she made her sole executor.

NORTON (Lady FRANCES) was born about the middle of the last century, and was descended of the antient family of the *Frekes* in *Dorsetshire*. She seems by her writings to have been educated in the *Greek* and *Latin* tongues. She was married first to Sir George Norton of *Abbots Leigh*, knt. in *Somersetshire*, by whom she had three children, George and Elizabeth, who died young; and Grace, an excellent lady, and of uncommon abilities, who was married to Sir Richard Gethin, of *Gethin Gros* in *Ireland*, bart. and died in the flower of her age (see her life) to the inexpressible grief of her mother lady Norton. To alleviate her sorrow on this occasion, lady Norton wrote two books with the following titles. *The Applause of Virtue*. In four Parts, published in 1705. This treatise she dedicated to her cousin, madam Freke of *Shroton*. Also *Memento mori*; or *Meditations on Death*; which she dedicated to her cousin the hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton. These pious treatises are an abundant proof of her learning, and how well read she was in the primitive fathers, philosophers, &c, which she perpetually quotes to elucidate her subject; nor are they less demonstrative of her good sense, and exalted piety. This was the method she used to alleviate her sorrow; and doubtless she could not have chosen a better.

It is said, that there are still remaining at *Abbots Leigh*, several pieces of furniture of her own working, with many devout sentences wrought in them; a plain proof of the constant objects of her thoughts. Many were her excellent, and reasonable admonitions which she gave to her friends and acquaintance. Among many others the following

are remembered. 'Prayer is the great duty and greatest privilege of a christian; it is his intercourse with God, a petitioning for such things as we need for our support; it is an abstract or summary of the christian religion, and divine worship, confessing God's power and mercy; it celebrates his attributes, confesseth his glory, reveres his person, implores his aid, and gives thanks for his blessings: it is an act of charity, for it prays for others; it is an act of repentance, when it confesseth and begs pardon for our sins, and exercises our grace according to the design of the man, and the manner of the prayer. In praying we imitate the employment of angels and beatified spirits, by which we ascend to God in spirit while we remain on earth. We speak to God in prayer, when the tongue is stiffened with the approachings of death: prayer can dwell in the heart or by the eye, by a thought or groan: prayer of all actions of religion, is the last alive, and it serves God without circumstances and exercises material to the last breath.' Thus amiably and pathetically would she discourse on the efficacy of prayer. Nor were her discourses on other religious subjects less sensible and affecting. She would say, 'The quintessence of all wisdom is to prepare for death; it is the business we should learn all our lives to exercise; the faults therein committed are irreparable, and the loss without recovery; we should no more confide in the prosperity of the world than to a still sea, which in a great calm oft-times presageth the approaching tempest; to declare that in good, we should live in distrust of ill; and in evil in hopes of good; but in both the one and the other ever in equality. This is verily one of the master pieces of wisdom, which God imparteth greatly to a re-

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‘ signed spirit. Death meets us every where, and
 ‘ is procured by every instrument, and in all
 ‘ chances, and enters in by many doors, by vio-
 ‘ lence and by secret influences. Therefore ought
 ‘ we to be continually preparing for that most
 ‘ important hour, by holiness and purity of life;
 ‘ by charity, humility, repentance, &c.

All that has been said farther of this lady is, that she was very bountiful to the church; that she married to her second husband colonel *Ambrose Norton*; and to her third, Mr. *Jones*; and that she was living about the year 1720.

O.

OCTAVIA, daughter to *Caius Octavius*, and sister to *Augustus Cæsar*, was one of the most illustrious ladies of antient *Rome*. Her first husband was *Claudius Marcellus*, who was consul in the year of *Rome* 704, that is, 50 years before the christian æra. She had by him two children, a boy and a girl, before his death, which happened a little before the war of *Perusia*, when he left her pregnant with a third child. By the *Roman* laws, widows were forbid to marry within ten months after their husbands decease. This statute, however, *Octavia* was exempted from by a decree of the senate. The public welfare required it. The people of *Rome* had but too great cause to fear, that *Marc Antony* and *Augustus* would quarrel, and so prolong the civil war, if not prevented by some powerful mediator. *Antony* was then a widower, and nothing promised so fair for compassing such a happy event, as his marriage with *Octavia*. All imaginable dispatch was therefore used to bring it to a conclusion, which was done even before the lady was

was brought to bed. It was the general persuasion that *Octavia*, whose exquisite beauty, was heightened by gravity and prudence, would inflame *Antony* with her numberless charms, and consequently be the means of a most happy and lasting peace. Their nuptials were solemnized, A. U. C. 714.

Three years after this, peace was concluded with *Pompey's* son. *Augustus* continued in *Italy*, and *Antony* went with his wife *Octavia* into *Greece*. The winter he spent with her at *Athens*; and being exasperated by some false report against *Augustus*, he set sail for *Italy*; and being refused admittance into the harbour of *Brundisium*, he went ashore at *Tarentum*, and sent *Octavia* to *Augustus*. She met her brother by the way, and had a conference with him and his friends *Agrippa* and *Mecenas*; when she conjured him in the most pathetic terms, not to let her, from being the most happy of her sex, become the most wretched. For now, says she, the whole world looks upon me as related to two emperors, to the one as a wife, to the other as a sister; but added, if pernicious counsels should prevail, and a war break out, it is uncertain which of you would be the conqueror; but my fate either way, would be miserable. This discourse wrought so powerfully on *Cæsar*, that he went to *Tarentum* quite pacified, and the interview between him and *Antony* was attended with a thousand protestations of inviolable friendship.

Antony returned to the east, and left *Octavia* in *Italy*. Some time after this, resolving to make him a visit, she set out on her journey for that purpose, but on the road met with letters from him, desiring her to stay at *Athens* for him, and she accordingly stopt there, till she plainly saw that her husband had imposed upon her. Upon which she returned

to *Rome*, and would not be prevailed on to quit her consort's palace, but took the same care of every thing as though he had been the best of husbands. She was very tender to the children he had by *Fulvia* his former wife, and equally careful of their education. She would by no means consent, that the injurious treatment she met with from *Antony*, should occasion a civil war. In this disposition she remained in the house till she was ordered to leave it by *Antony* himself, who at the same time sent her a divorce; then indeed, she burst into tears, because she saw she should be considered as one of the causes of the war; since *Augustus* had consented to her going into the east after *Antony*, in the hopes that she would meet with some signal ill usage from him, which he knew would be considered by the *Roman* people as a just cause for him to renew the war. The admiration in which they beheld *Octavia's* glorious conduct in doing all the good offices in her power to her husband's children and friends, without shewing the least resentment for his base usage of her, was of great prejudice to *Antony*; and thus, even against her will, she exposed him prodigiously to the animosity of the *Romans*, who both hated and despised him, when they saw him prefer to her a woman of *Cleopatra's* abandoned character. And his infatuation was the more surprising to those who had seen the latter, as not finding any advantage on her side, in respect either to youth or beauty, while *Octavia* was infinitely her superior both in virtue and wisdom.

Cleopatra herself, whatever good opinion she might entertain of her own charms, yet dreaded those of *Octavia*; and therefore had recourse to all possible artifices to prevent her from coming near him. She assured him it would be impossible for

her

her to live if he should abandon her. She represented to him, that it was enough for *Octavia* to be his lawful wife, whilst she (*Cleopatra*, queen of so mighty a nation) was content to be called his concubine, which she would yet submit to, provided he did not plunge her into despair by his absence; and to prevent so fatal a stroke, she attended him at his last overthrow at *Actium*; though when she had accompanied him as far as *Ephesus*, *Antony's* friends advised him to send her back to *Egypt*; but she, fearing lest *Octavia* should once more reconcile her brother with her husband; bribed a certain person, who persuaded *Antony* to take her along with him whithersoever he might go.

After *Antony's* death, A. U. C. 731, fortune seemed to flatter *Octavia*, with the utmost felicity she could expect or desire. The son she had by her first husband *Claudius Marcellus*, was now about twelve years of age, a most accomplished youth, of a chearful disposition, a very strong genius; his temperance and reserve, considering his high birth and quality, were greatly admired. When he was of a proper age, *Augustus* married him to his own daughter, and considered him as the presumptive heir of the empire. *Seneca* says, he was patient under toils, and averse to pleasures, and able to support all that his uncle might be desirous of laying, or building upon him. Such foundations were laid as could never be shaken. But this most promising youth died in his bloom, at the age of eighteen or twenty at most. However *Octavia* had armed herself with fortitude under all the injurious treatment of *Antony*, yet this loss of her son, was infinitely heavier and more insupportable. She sunk under it, and she remained ever after inconsolable. *Seneca* tells us, that she would not allow any body to offer her the least consolation, nor
could

could be prevailed with to take the least diversion. Her whole mind and soul was fixed on this single object, and such was her deportment through the latter part of her life, as if she had been at a funeral; I do not say, not daring to rise, but refusing to be lifted up; imagining that should she refrain from tears, it would be a second loss to her. She would not have any image or portrait of her dearest son. She held all mothers in abhorrence, but her rage was chiefly directed against *Livia*, because the happiness she had promised herself seemed to be transferred to *Livia's* son *Tiberius*; as it really happened, for he succeeded *Augustus* in the empire. Solitude and darkness were her choice, without any regard to the solicitations of her brother, and even abhorring his too dazzling greatness. She appeared in her weeds before her children and grandchildren; a circumstance which greatly displeased her family, as if she was totally bereaved whilst they were living and well.

Seneca likewise adds, that she rejected all poems wrote in honour of *Marcellus's* memory and compliments of every kind. This however must be taken with some grains of allowance, at least if the story be true, which has never yet been questioned, that *Virgil*, reading that admirable eulogium on this youth, in the conclusion of the sixth *æneid*, to *Augustus* when she was with him, they both burst into tears, and *Virgil* was forced to inform them the book was near ending, otherwise they would not let him go on. It is said, likewise that *Octavia* fainted away, at the repetition of those words, *Tu Marcellus eris*; and that it was with the greatest difficulty she was recovered; after which she rewarded the poet with no less than ten sesterces; that is, as some compute it, 78l. 2s. 6d. for each verse, of which there are twenty six in the whole.

Octavia

Octavia, according to *Dio*, died A. U. C. 744, or ten years before Christ, leaving two daughters she had by *Marc Antony*, *Antonia major*, and *Antonia minor*, the elder married *Domitius Enobarbus*, and the younger to *Drusus*, brother of *Tiberius*. *Octavia's* eldest daughter by *Marcellus*, was first married to *Agrippa*, and afterwards to *Antony*, youngest son of *Marc Antony* by *Fulvia*. It is said that *Augustus* dedicated a temple and some portico's to the memory of his sister *Octavia*.

OLDFIELD (ANNE) a celebrated actress, was born in *Pall-Mall*, *London*, in the year 1683. Her father was formerly an officer in the guards, and possessed of a competent estate; which he spent in extravagance, leaving his family, at his death, very much unprovided for. In these unhappy circumstances, his widow was forced to live with her sister who kept a tavern in *St. James's market*, and the daughter was placed with a sempstress in *King's-Street*, *Westminster*. In the mean time Miss *Oldfield* shewing an extravagant fondness for reading of plays, and was entertaining her relations at the tavern with her talent in this way, when her voice chanced to reach the ear of capt. *George Farquhar*, who happened to dine there that day. *Farquhar* immediately perceived something uncommonly sweet in it, and struck with her agreeable person and carriage, instantly pronounced her admirably formed for the stage. This concurring with her own inclination, her mother opened the matter to Sir *John Vanbrugh*, a friend of the family; who, upon trial, finding her qualifications very promising, recommended her to Mr. *Rich*, then patentee of the king's theatre, who immediately took her into the play house. However, she gave no great hopes of being an accomplished actress till the year 1703, when she first shone out in

Leonora

Leonora in *Sir Courtly Nice*, and established her theatrical reputation the following year, in that of lady *Betty Modish* in the *Careless Husband*.

Near, or a little before this time, it was, that she engaged the regard and affection of *Arthur Maynwaring*, Esq; who interested himself greatly in the figure she made on the stage; and it was in some measure owing to the pains he took in improving her natural talents, that she became, as she soon did, the delight and entertainment of it. This gentleman dying in 1712, she engaged in a like correspondence with brigadier-general *Churchill*. She had by Mr. *Maynwaring* one son, and another by the brigadier-general, who afterwards married the lady *Anna-Maria Walpole*, natural daughter of the earl of *Orford*. About the year 1718, Mr. *Savage*, natural son to earl *Rivers*, being reduced to the extremest necessity, Mrs. *Oldfield* was so affected with his very singular case, that she allowed a settled provision of 50 l. a year, which was regularly paid as long as she lived. This added to several other tender, humane, and disinterestedly generous actions, together with a distinguished taste in the elegance of dress, conversation, and manners, served as a veil to cover her failings, which indeed could not bear the light; although it does not appear she had any love affair, except with the two gentlemen above-mentioned, towards whom she is said to have behaved with all the fidelity, duty and affection of a good wife. However, with all her failings, she was the darling of the town as long as she lived; and after her death, which happened October 23, 1739, her corpse was conveyed to the *Jerusalem Chamber*, to lie in state, and from thence to *Westminster Abbey*, the pall being supported by the lord *De la War*, lord *Hervey*, the right hon. *George Bubb Doddington*, *Charles Hedges*, Esq;
Walter

Walter Carey, Esq; and capt. *Elliot*, her eldest son, *Arthur Maynwaring*, Esq; being chief mourner. She was interred towards the west end of the south isle, between the monuments of Mr. *Craggs* and Mr. *Congreve*, being elegantly dressed in her coffin, with a very fine brussels laced head, a holland shift, with a tucker and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves, and her body wrapt up in a winding sheet. She left the bulk of her substance to *Arthur Maynwaring*, Esq; from whose father she had received it, yet did not neglect a proper regard to her other son *Charles Churchill*, and her own relations.

In her person she was of a stature just rising to that height where the graceful can only begin to shew itself; of a lively aspect, and command in her mien. Nature had given her this peculiar happiness, that she looked and maintained the agreeable at a time of life, when other fine women only raise admirers by their understanding. The qualities she had acquired were the genteel and the elegant; the one in her air, and the other in her dress. The *Tatler* speaking of her, says, 'Whatever character she represented, she was always well dressed. The make of her mind very much contributed to the ornament of her body. This made every thing look native about her; her clothes were so exactly fitted, that every thing appeared, as it were, part of her person. Her most elegant deportment was owing to her manner and not to her habit. Her beauty was full of attraction, but more of allurements. There was such a composure in her looks, and, propriety in her dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the garb you one day saw her in, for any thing so becoming, till you next day saw her in another. There was

‘ was no other mystery in this, than that however
 ‘ she was apparelled, herself was the same; for
 ‘ there is such an immediate relation between our
 ‘ thoughts and gestures, that a woman must think
 ‘ well to look well.’

P.

PAKINGTON (DOROTHY lady) wife of
 Sir *John Pakington*, baronet, and daughter of
Thomas lord *Coventry*, keeper of the great seal, was
 born at *London* about the middle of the reign of
 king *James I.*

Although this excellent lady was celebrated by
 the best and most learned divines of her time, yet
 scarce any pen will be thought capable of adding to
 the reputation which her own has acquired, if it
 shall appear, that she was the author of that in-
 comparable book, *The whole Duty of Man*. But
 as it is not generally allowed, that she wrote this
 valuable treatise, or was capable of writing it, it
 will be necessary to produce our evidence, that
 none of those to whom it has been attributed, had
 any share in its composition, and that she really was
 capable of, and did write it.

The first person to whom this work has been
 publicly ascribed, was Mr. *Abraham Woodhead*, a
 very learned and pious gentleman. But it happens,
 that this worthy person lived and died a zealous
 Roman catholic; and therefore can have no possible
 claim to it.

Mr. *Oldfield* seems very peremptory in this affair,
 when he informs his readers, ‘ that the author of
 ‘ *The whole Duty of Man* hath been long concealed;
 ‘ but his name is Mr. *William Fulman*; he being
 ‘ now dead, may be now published; he was bred
 ‘ under

‘under Dr. *Hammond*, and for some time his amanuensis. He was a learned divine, born at *Senshurst* in *Kent*.’ But what authority had Mr. *Oldfield* for his positive assertion? It is plain he had no good ground to go upon, from the following remark.

Bishop *Fell*’s preface, prefixed to the folio edition of the author of the whole duty of man’s works, printed in 1684, tells us, ‘that if almighty God had given longer life to this eminent person, (meaning the author of those works) we might have received ample benefits by it; and particularly a just treatise, which was designed and promised of *The Government of the Thoughts*.’ Which plainly implies, that the author was then dead. So that Mr. *Fulman*, who died June 28, 1688, could not possibly be the author.

The third person supposed to be the author of this celebrated book, is Dr. *Richard Sterne*, archbishop of *York*. The ingenious Mr. *Dale*, in his life of this worthy prelate, modestly tells us, that he was much suspected for being the author of that most excellent divine and moral treatise, called, *The whole Duty of Man*.

But if the archbishop was the author, why should he own his comment on the 103rd *Psalms*, and his book of *Logic*; and yet so carefully conceal his being the author of a more useful work?

Again; we are assured by bishop *Fell*, that if the author of *The whole Duty of Man* had lived a little longer, the world might have expected another treatise, entitled, *The Government of the Thoughts*. But could it be reasonably supposed, that a Man in the 87th year of his age (as was the archbishop) could be drawing up a work of this kind, when it can hardly be imagined, he was master of his own reason?

Besides;

Besides; the stile and orthography of the archbishop's comment on the 103rd Psalm, are so very different from that of *The whole Duty of Man*, that no comparison can be made between them.

But though there are no rational grounds to conclude, that either of these, or any other person who may have been named, was the author of this book; yet there are some, and men of learning too, who will not believe any of the female sex in general, or the lady *Pakington* in particular, capable of producing such a work.

The vulgar prejudice of the supposed incapacity of the female sex, in regard to works of learning and genius, the perusal of these memoirs will, we imagine, enable any one to confute with the greatest ease.

That the lady *Pakington* was capable of such a work, and that she only had a right to this in question, we shall produce the following testimonies.

The first witness is, the famous Dr. *George Hickes*, the vicinity of whose deanry to *Westwood*, his intimacy in the family, his known probity and unshaken integrity, will make his authority appear beyond all exception. The doctor in his preface to his *Anglo-Saxon and Mæso-Gothic Grammars*, printed before his *Thesaurus*, and inscribed to the late Sir *John Pakington*, having given an excellent character of his grandfather, proceeds in the following manner in relation to this excellent lady. He writes in *Latin*, which being translated, runs thus :

‘ But your grandmother, the daughter of the
‘ most renowned *Thomas* lord *Coventry*, keeper of
‘ the great seal, was remarkably illustrious for all
‘ virtues, especially such as consist in the practical
‘ part of a Christian life. She had moreover an
‘ excellent judgment, and a talent of speaking cor-
‘ rectly, pertinently, clearly and gracefully. In
which

' which she was so accomplished, particularly in
 ' an evenness of stile and consistent manner of writ-
 ' ing, that she deserved to be called and reputed,
 ' the author of a book concerning the DUTY OF
 ' MAN, published in *English* by an anonymous
 ' person, and well known through the Christian
 ' world for the extraordinary compleatness of a
 ' work of that kind. *Hammond, Morley, Fell and*
 ' *Thomas*, those eminently learned men, averred she
 ' was as great an adept in the sacred scriptures, as
 ' themselves were, and as well versed in divinity,
 ' and in all those weighty and useful notions relating
 ' to DUTY, which have been recommended and
 ' handed down to us, either by profane or Christian
 ' philosophers. I have heard also, she was so far
 ' from being unacquainted with the antiquities of
 ' her own country, that she knew almost as much
 ' as the greatest proficient in that kind of know-
 ' ledge. Nor is this to be much wondered at, since
 ' she had in her youth the most excellently learned
 ' Sir *Norton Knatchbull*, baronet, for her tutor and
 ' preceptor; and, after she was married, the famous
 ' *Hammond*, and others his cotemporaries, very ce-
 ' lebrated men, for her companions and instructors.'

But if this should not be thought a direct proof
 of her being the author, yet it shews, that she was
 every way qualified for it. Besides, a lady (who
 was living not many years since, if not still) de-
 clared, that Dr. *Hickes* assured her, that lady *Pa-*
kington was the author of *the whole Duty of Man*;
 and that he had seen the manuscript wrote with her
 own hand; which from the many rasures, altera-
 tions and interlinings, he was fully satisfied was the
 very original book.

The next evidence is, the author of the *Bara-*
netage, who tells us, ' that she was one of the
 ' most accomplished persons of her sex for learning;
 ' and

and the brightest example of her age for wisdom and piety. Her letters and other discourses still remaining in the family, and in the hands of her friends, are an admirable proof of her excellent genius and vast capacity; and as she had the reputation of being thought the author of *The whole Duty of Man*, so that none who knew her well, and were competent judges of her ability, could in the least doubt of her being equal to such an undertaking; though her modesty would not suffer her to claim the honour of it; but as the manuscript under her own hand now remains with the family, there is hardly room to doubt it.

By her great virtues and eminent attainments in knowledge, she acquired the esteem of all our learned divines, particularly Dr. Hammond, bishop Morley, bishop Fell, bishop Pearson, bishop Henchman and bishop Gunning; who were ever ready to confess, they were always edified by her conversation, and instructed by her writings. These learned and pious gentlemen never failed of an agreeable retreat and sanctuary at *Westwood*, as far as those dangerous times would permit. And it ought to be remembered to the honour of this good lady and her husband, that the famous Dr. Hammond found a comfortable subsistence in their family several years, and at last reposed his bones in their burial place at *Hampton-Lovett*, in a chapel built by Sir *Thomas Pakington*, Anno 1561.

The third proof is taken from a quarto pamphlet, entitled, *A Letter from a Clergyman in the Country, to a dignified Clergyman in London, vindicating the Bill brought the last Session of Parliament, for preventing the Translation of Bishops*. Printed at London, 1702; in the third and fourth pages of which may be found the following passage: 'But before I enter upon the nature, tendency and usefulness of the bill, give
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‘ me leave to say something concerning that worthy member, Sir *John Pakington*, who brought it into the house.’

‘ His zeal for the church and monarchy descended to him, as it were, by inheritance. I must write a history, if I would deliver at large how many proofs his ancestors have given of their being the truest friends to both : But his grandfather’s spending 40,000 *£*, and being tried for his life during the late civil wars, because he vigorously endeavoured to prevent the martyrdom of king *Charles I*, and the destruction of episcopacy ; the uninterrupted correspondence of his grandmother with the learned and pious *Dr. Morley*, bishop of *Winton*, and *Dr. Hammond*, and his supporting the latter when deprived, and who is by several eminent men (archbishop *Dolben*, bishop *Fell*, and *Dr. Allestry* declared this of their own knowledge after her death, which she obliged them to keep private during her life) allowed to be the author of the best and most masculine religious book extant in the *English* tongue (the bible excepted) called *The whole Duty of Man*, will serve instead of a heap of instances, to shew how great regards this family have formerly paid to the church and kingly government.’

To the foregoing we might add the testimony of *Mr. Thomas Caulton*, vicar of *Workop* in *Nottinghamshire*, who, on his death-bed, declared in the presence of several worthy persons, that *Mrs. Eyre*, daughter of lady *Pakington*, told him who was the author of *The whole Duty of Man*; at the same time pulling out of a private drawer a manuscript tied together and stitched in octavo, which she declared was the original written by lady *Pakington* her mother.

Upon the whole, it is presumed, that lady *Pakington*’s

Kington's title to this performance is by far the clearest of all those to whom it has been ascribed; but whether her title is absolutely ascertained, must be left to the judgment of the candid and impartial.

Full of years and good works, she died *May 10, 1679*, and was interred in the church of *Hampton Lovett*, in *Worcestershire*; where is a small memorial of her inscribed at the bottom of the monument erected for the late *Sir John Pakington*, as follows:

In the same church lyes Sir John Pakington, knt. and bart. and his lady, grandfather and grandmother to the said Sir John; the first tryed for his life, and spent the greatest part of his fortune in adhering to king Charles I; and the latter justly reputed the authoress of The whole Duty of Man: who was exemplary for her great piety and goodness.

PAMPHILA, of *Epidaurus*, the daughter of *Soteridas*. *Suidas* reckons up several of her writings, as well in prose as verse; in all which she attained to so great a repute, that her statue is said to have been erected by *Cophisodorus*.

PANTHEA, was the wife of *Abradates*, king of *Susa*, in the *Persian* empire. She was taken prisoner by *Cyrus*, and the description which *Xenophon* gives of her beauty and distress, deserves attention. *Cyrus*, says he, commanded *Araspes* to keep the woman (*Panthea*) and the finest tent for him: Now this woman was wife to *Abradates*, king of *Susa*, whose husband was not then in the field. *Cyrus* therefore commanded *Araspes* to secure her till he should take her to himself. *Araspes* upon receiving this order, said to *Cyrus*, Have you seen this woman whom you require me to secure? I have not, replied *Cyrus*. But I saw her, said *Araspes*, when I chose her for you; and indeed we did not know her, upon our first going into her tent, she being

being seated on the ground, with all her female attendants around her, and cloathed in the very same kind of habit as they were. But after we had surveyed them all, in order to discover which was the mistress, she immediately seem'd to excel all the rest, though she was sitting veiled, and her eyes fixed on the ground. When we bid them rise, all her waiting women rose up with her; but then it was evident how much she excelled them all, in stature, in strength, in grace and beauty, although meanly attired. Then her tears were seen to trickle down, some on her cloaths, and some down to her feet; upon this the eldest of our company said to her, Woman, be not dejected; for though we have heard you have an excellent husband, we now design you another, who is not inferior to *Abradates* in person, understanding, or power; and this is *Cyrus*, whom we declare (if any man living) is worthy of admiration, and he shall possess you. The moment *Panthea* heard this, she tore her upper raiment, and began to bewail herself, and her attendants made no less moan. And then it was, that most of her face, her neck, and her hands were seen; and know, *Cyrus*, says *Araspes*, that myself and all who saw her, were of opinion, that there never was known or born of mortals so beautiful a woman in all *Asia*. *Araspes* was very urgent with *Cyrus* to go and see her, which he refused to do, fearing her charms would have so strong an influence over him, as to retard the progress of his glory.

In short, *Cyrus* did not once offer to violate her chastity, but on the contrary gave her the most honourable treatment. This charmed *Panthea* so much, that she prevailed with her husband to come over with his troops to *Cyrus*. *Abradates* asking his consort, what return he should make *Cyrus* for his great humanity and kindness to her, she replied,

Only

Only endeavour to behave as generously towards him, as he has done towards you. *Abradates* after this, being admitted into *Cyrus's* presence, offered his service to that monarch, who accepted of it. *Panthea* then equipped her husband for the fight, exhorted him to behave courageously, and took a most tender farewell. *Abradates* upon this went and joined *Cyrus*, and coming to an engagement, he fought with the utmost intrepidity; but pressing the *Egyptian* Squadron very close, *Abradates* was thrown out of his chariot, and being afterwards deserted by his friends, he fell in the field. *Panthea* his wife found his corpse, and, laying it in her own sedan, she brought it to the river *Pactolus*. Her eunuchs and slaves dug a grave for the deceased *Abradates* upon a little hillock, whilst she herself was sitting on the ground, and, with his head in her lap, dressed him with all the ornaments she had about her. *Cyrus* hearing this sad news, came to the place where *Panthea* was sitting by the corpse, and the mournful spectacle drew tears from his eyes. Afterwards speaking in the most tender terms, he took hold of *Abradates's* hand, which came off into his, it having been cut through with an *Egyptian* spear. This greatly increased the grief of *Cyrus*; but as for *Panthea*, she was inconsolable, and taking the hand from *Cyrus*, kissed it, and fixed it on again as well as she could, crying out, *The best, O Cyrus, is as this*; and then cried out, *I am sensible, that I am the chief cause of this catastrophe, and yet, perhaps, Cyrus, it is as much owing to you. For I was silly enough to exhort him strenuously to perform some action, by which he might prove how much he was your friend; and I know too well, that he did not value what might befall him, provided he could but gratify you by some signal service. So now he is dead, without leaving the*

least stain of dishonour behind him, whilst I who
excited him to these attempts, sit here alive.'

Cyrus having wept silently for some time, endeavoured to console her, by declaring, that due honours should be paid him at his funeral, and that she herself should be conveyed whithersoever she pleased. *Panthea* desired *Cyrus* not to give himself any pain about the latter, saying, that he should certainly know whom she intended to go to. The king then leaving her, she commanded her eunuchs to withdraw, in order that she might give way to her tears, and resolving to die, bid the only attendant she would suffer to stay with her, to cover her, after she was dead, and her husband with the same cloth. The woman begged her not to think of laying violent hands upon herself; but *Panthea* was inexorable; and taking out a *Persian* scymitar she had prepared for that purpose, plunged it into her side, and reclining her head on her husband's breast, expired. Upon which her three eunuchs stabbed themselves. *Cyrus* hearing the mournful news, came running in a great fright, in order to succour her, but it was too late. He afterwards erected a very stately mausoleum to their memory on that spot which was the scene of this sad catastrophe. This happened the first year of the 58th Olympiad, 548 years before Christ.

PARR, (CATHERINE, queen) was born about the beginning of the reign of king *Henry VIII.* She was the eldest of the two daughters of Sir *Thomas Parr* of *Kendall*, by dame *Maud* his wife; who gave her a liberal education, as the most valuable addition he could make to her other accomplishments; and her attainments in literature fully answered his expectations; insomuch that she soon became justly celebrated for her learning and good sense,

sense, which she employed to the best purposes through every stage of her life.

Her first husband was *John Nevil*, lord *Latimer*. After his decease, the perfections of her body and mind, so powerfully attracted the affections of king *Henry*, that she was married to him at *Hampton-Court*, July 12, 1543.

She always took a peculiar pleasure in reading the sacred writings, and in searching after divine truths; by which means the clouds of ignorance and superstition were soon dissipated, and the true spirit of the gospel was set before her in a clear light. She seems indeed to have been piously disposed from her infancy, as appears from a book of her own composing, as will be hereafter mentioned: but the religious duties she so carefully practised in her youth, were according to the blind devotion of that age; and the errors she then imbibed, she not only retracted afterwards, but was very strenuous in advancing the reformation, and encouraging the protestant cause. These good designs she pursued as far as the mutable and perverse disposition of an arbitrary prince, and the iniquity of the times would admit; and even further than she could do, without exposing herself to the utmost danger. For though her endeavours were managed with great prudence, and as much secrecy as the nature of the thing would admit of; yet they were maliciously observed by *Stephen Gardiner*, bishop of *Winchester*, who, with chancellor *Wriothesly* and others, conspired against her so artfully, that, having drawn up articles, they got a warrant signed with the king's own hand to commit her to the tower; which being accidentally dropt, was luckily found by one who conveyed it to the queen. The sight of it, and the recollection of the hard fate of some of her predecessors, threw her into a violent disorder,

disorder, which confined her to her bed. The king hearing of her illness, made her a very kind and seasonable visit; spoke to her all the kind things imaginable; and sent her Dr. *Wendy*, one of his physicians, to advise for her health. The doctor soon guessed from outward symptoms, the real cause of the queen's indisposition; and well knowing her singular prudence, and relying on her fidelity, he ventured to open the secret to her. The king being at that time somewhat out of order, the doctor advised her by all means to go and cheer him up, and recruit his drooping spirits; not doubting but that by her good sense and prudent management, she might avert the impending danger. The queen took his advice, and soon after made his majesty a visit, attended only by her sister the lady *Herbert*, and the lady *Lane*. She found him sitting and talking with some gentlemen of his chamber. The king seemed pleased with her visit; and breaking off his discourse with his attendants, he began of his own accord to confer with her about matters of religion; seeming, as it were, desirous to be resolved by the queen, of certain doubts which he then offered to her. The queen instantly perceiving the drift of his discourse, answered with great humility and submission:

Your majesty doth know right well, neither I myself am ignorant, what great imperfection and weakness by our first creation, is allotted to us women, to be ordained and appointed as inferior and subject unto man as our head; from which head all our directions ought to proceed; and that as God made man in his own shape and likeness, whereby he being indued with more special gifts of perfection, might rather be stirred to the contemplation of heavenly things, and to the earnest endeavour to obey his commandments: even so

also

‘ also made he woman of man, of whom, and by
 ‘ whom, she is to be governed, commanded and di-
 ‘ rected. Whose womanly weakness and natural im-
 ‘ perfections, ought to be tolerated, aided and borne
 ‘ withal, so that by his wisdom, such things as be
 ‘ wanting in her ought to be supplied; but here
 ‘ Since therefore that God hath appointed such a
 ‘ material difference between man and woman, and
 ‘ your majesty being so excellent in gifts and or-
 ‘ naments of wisdom, and I a simple poor woman,
 ‘ so much inferior in all respects of nature unto
 ‘ you; how then cometh it now to pass that your
 ‘ majesty in such diffuse causes of religion, will
 ‘ seem to require my judgment? which when I
 ‘ have uttered, and said all I can, yet must, and will
 ‘ I, refer my judgment in this and all other cases
 ‘ to your majesty’s wisdom, as my only anchor,
 ‘ supreme head, and governor here on earth, next
 ‘ under God, to lean unto.

‘ Not so, by St. Mary, replied the king;
 ‘ you are become a doctor, Kate, to instruct us
 ‘ (as we take it) and not to be instructed or di-
 ‘ rected by us.

‘ If your majesty take it so (says the queen) then
 ‘ hath your majesty very much mistaken me,
 ‘ who have ever been of the opinion, to think it very
 ‘ unseemly and preposterous, for the woman to
 ‘ take upon her the office of instructor or teacher
 ‘ to her lord and husband, but rather to learn
 ‘ of her husband, and be taught by him. And
 ‘ where I have with your majesty’s leave presumed
 ‘ heretofore to discourse with your majesty, in
 ‘ which I have sometimes seemed to dissent from
 ‘ you; I did it not so much to maintain my opi-
 ‘ nion, as to minister discourse, not only to the end
 ‘ that your majesty might with less grief pass over
 ‘ this painful time of your infirmity, by this kind

of engagement, which I fancied might afford you some relief: but also, that I hearing your majesty's learned arguments, might from thence gain to myself great advantage. And I assure your majesty I have not missed any part of my desired end in that behalf, always referring myself, in all such matters unto your majesty, as by ordinance of nature, it is convenient for me to do. And is it even so sweet-heart (said the king) and tended your arguments to no worse end? Then are we now perfect friends again, as ever we were before. And as he sat in his chair embracing her in his arms, and saluting her, he said, that it did him more good at that time to hear those words from her own mouth, than if he had heard present news of an hundred thousand pounds fallen to him. Upon which, it being then late at night, he gave her leave to depart; and in her absence spoke highly in her commendation.

The day, and almost the hour, appointed for sending the queen to the tower, being come, the king took a walk in his garden, with only two gentlemen of the bed chamber, and sent for the queen, who instantly came to wait on him, attended by lady *Herbert*, lady *Lane*, and lady *Tresham*, who were all to have been apprehended with the queen. The king seemed in high spirits, and entertained them with all the gaiety imaginable. But in the midst of their mirth, the lord chancellor approached his presence, with forty of the king's guards at his heels. The king looked upon him with a very stern countenance, and walking a small distance from the queen, called the chancellor to him; who, upon his knees spoke softly to his majesty. The king, in a rage, called him knave, warrant knave, beast and fool, and commanded him instantly

instantly to be gone from his presence. On his departure, the king returned to the queen, who perceiving him to be greatly moved, used all her eloquence to soften his displeasure, intreating his majesty if his fault was not too great, to pardon him for her sake.

“ Ah poor soul (replied the king) thou little knowest how evil he deserveth this grace at thy hands. Of my word sweet-heart he hath been toward thee an arrant knave, and so let him go.”

Thus remarkably did providence interpose for her safety, and happily delivered her from this imminent danger; after which she passed safely through the remaining part of this tempestuous reign.

She was convinced that the principles of religion in which she had been bred, were not founded on holy writ; yet she would not trust wholly to her own reason to be her guide in an affair of such importance; for she kept several eminent divines constantly with her to solve her doubts, and instruct her in the true religion, in quality of chaplains. With these she had frequent conferences in private concerning the reformation, and the abuses crept into the church: but particularly in lent, she had a sermon preached to her in her chamber, at which the ladies and gentlewomen of her privy chamber, and others were present. She was likewise very assiduous in studying books of divinity, and especially the scriptures. Being thus qualified, she began to commit some of her own thoughts to writing. Her first composition seems to have been that, entitled, *Queen Katharine Parr's Lamentation of a Sinner bewailing the Ignorance of her blind Life*, London, 1548, and 1563. This discourse was found among her papers after her death; and was published by secretary

cretary *Cecil*, who prefixed to it a preface of his writing.

She also composed many psalms, prayers, and pious discourses. These books being exceeding scarce, the reader will find an account given of them by Mr. *Strype*. And as she very well knew how far learning was subservient to the promoting of piety and virtue among the people, so she used her utmost endeavours for the establishment and improvement of it. For, as Mr. *Strype* observes, when the act was made, that all colleges, chantries, and free chapels should be at the king's disposal, the university of *Cambridge* was under terrible apprehensions, and well knowing the queen's great affection to learning, they addressed their letters to her, by Dr. *Smith* (afterwards Sir *Thomas Smith*, secretary of state to king *Edward*) entreating her majesty to intercede with the king for their colleges; which she effectually performed; and wrote to them in answer, 'that she had attempted for the stay of their possessions; and that notwithstanding his majesty's property and interests to them, by that act of parliament, he was, she said, such a patron to good learning, that he would rather advance and erect new occasions thereof, than confound these their colleges. So that learning might ascribe her very original, as well as conservation and stay unto him, &c. And in the same letter she exhorts them not to thirst after profane learning, and forget christianity in the mean time; as though the *Greek* university at *Athens* were transposed into *England*, since their excellency did only attain to moral and natural things. But she admonished them so to study those doctrines, that they might serve as means towards the attaining and better setting forth of Christ's most sacred doctrine, that it might not be laid against them

‘ them at the tribunal seat of God, how they
 ‘ were ashamed of Christ’s doctrine. That she
 ‘ hoped, that in their several vocations, they would
 ‘ apply themselves sincerely to the setting it forth;
 ‘ and that they would conform sundry gifts, arts,
 ‘ and studies to such end that *Cambridge* be ac-
 ‘ counted rather an university of divine philoso-
 ‘ phy, than natural or moral.

This shews the great influence she had over the king, and the good use she made of it; she deserved this favour, for she seems to have made it her principal care to be obsequious to his will. And as it was her fortune to share with him in the latter part of his life, which was attended with almost continual indispositions; so his ill health joined to such fierceness of manners to his former intractable dispositions, as rendered it a task extremely difficult, even for his prime favourites to make themselves agreeable to him, and retain his esteem: yet such were the amiable qualities of this queen, that by a most obliging tenderness, and an engaging turn of conversation, she not only preserved his affection under all his pains and sickness, but greatly contributed to the alleviation of them, which fixed her so entirely in his good graces, that, after the bishop of *Winchester* had failed in his scheme, none of her enemies durst make any attempts against her. As a confirmation of the sense the king had of her virtues, read the following clause extracted from his last will, dated *December 30, 1636*, but one month before his decease.—‘ And for the great
 ‘ love, obedience, chastness of life and wisdom, he
 ‘ bequeathed unto her for her proper use, and as it
 ‘ shall please her to order it, three thousand pounds
 ‘ in plate, jewels, and stuff of household, besides
 ‘ such apparel as it shall please her to take, as
 ‘ she hath already; and farther we give unto her
 ‘ one

one thousand pounds in money with the enjoyment of her dowry, according to our grant by act of parliament.

Her great zeal for the reformation, and earnest desire to have the scriptures understood by the common people, induced her to employ several learned persons to translate *Erasmus's Paraphrase on the New Testament into English*, at her own expence. She engaged the lady *Mary* (afterwards queen) in translating the paraphrase on *St. John*; and wrote to her an epistle in *Latin* for that purpose.

King *Henry* dying, *January 28, 1546-7*, when she had been his wife three years, six months, and five days; she was married, not long after, to Sir *Thomas Seymour* lord admiral of *England*, and uncle to king *Edward VI.*

This unhappy marriage raised her a new scene of troubles: for between the matchless pride and imperiousness of her sister-in-law the dutchess of *Somerset*, and the boundless ambition, and other bad qualities of the admiral, such furious animosities ensued, as proved the destruction of both families; which necessarily involved her in such troubles and perplexities, as put a final stop to her studies, and to all temporal enjoyments.

She lived, however, but a short time with the admiral; for after being delivered of a daughter, she died in childbed, in *September, 1548*, not without suspicion of poison, as several of our writers observe. And indeed she herself apprehended some unfair dealings; and on her death-bed, roundly reproached the admiral for his unkind usage.

Where she died, or in what place interred (strange as it may seem) we cannot find. None of our historians who mention her death, take notice of these particulars; not even the industrious Mr. *Strype*; but to make some amends, he has obliged the

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the world with a *Latin* epitaph inscribed to her memory by Dr. Parkhurst, one of her chaplains, and afterwards bishop of *Norwich*. The translation of it into *English*, is as follows:

The epitaph of the incomparable lady *Katherine*, late queen of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*; my most indulgent mistress, *H. D.* 1548.

In this new tomb the royal *Kath'rine* lies,
Flow'r of her sex, renowned, great and wise!
A wise, by ev'ry nuptial virtue known;
A faithful partner once of *Henry's* throne,
To *Seymour* next her plighted hand she yields;
(*Seymour*! who *Neptune's* trident justly wields.)
From him a beauteous daughter blest'd her arms,
An infant copy of the parent's charms:
When now seven days this tender flower had bloom'd,
Heav'n in its wrath its mother's soul resum'd.
Great *Kath'rine's* merit in our grief appears;
While fair *Britannia* dewes her cheek with tears.
Our loyal breasts with rising sighs are torn;
With saints she triumphs—We with mortals mourn.

PARRY, BLANCH, daughter of *Henry Parry*, of *Newcourt, Herefordshire*, Esq; was born in the year 1508, and, very probably, had a good education. But though little can be said of her, either as an author, or a learned woman; yet as a lover of antiquities, she must not be excluded from our catalogue of learned women. She generously communicated to that learned antiquarian Dr. *Powel*, Sir *Edward Stradling's* manuscript history of *The Winning of Glamorgan, or Morgannwg out of the Welchmen's hands, &c.* Which is published by the doctor (who makes honourable mention of her on that account) in his valuable, and now scarce history of the *Welch* princes; and likewise for procuring of queen *Elizabeth*, for that famous mathematician

thematician Dr. *John Dee*, the grant of the mastership of *St. Crosses*, when he was distressed by the lubricity of fortune. And in order to relieve and revive his drooping spirits, she herself went to him, and by her majesty's order assured him, that the next ecclesiastical dignity that became vacant should be conferred upon him.

She drew up a pedigree of the *Parry* family with her own hand, which discovery shews not only her taste and genius for those studies, but also shews the gentility of her descent.

She died on the 12th of *February* 1589, in the 82d year of her age. Her body seems to have been buried in the abbey church at *Westminster*, and her bowels in the church of *Baſton*, in *Herefordshire*. In both places are monuments erected to her memory, with inscriptions giving an account of her birth, quality, employment, piety, charities, and death. That in *Westminster Abbey*, is on the south side of the chancel; upon which is the following inscription.

Here under is intombed *Blanch Parry*, daughter to *Henry Parry* of *New-Court*, within the county of *Hereford*, Esq; chief gentlewoman of queen *Elizabeth's* most honourable privy chamber, and keeper of her majesty's jewels, whom she faithfully served from her highnesses birth; and beneficial to her kinsfolk and countrymen, charitable to the poore, insomuch that she gave to the poore of *Baſton* and *Newton* in *Herefordshire*, seven-score bushels of wheat and rye yearly, with divers summes of money, to *Westminster* and other places for good uses. She died a maid in the 82d year of her age, the 12th of *February*, 1589.

On

On her monument in *Bacton* church in *Herefordshire*.

H. Parry hys daughter *Blanch* of *New-Court* borne,
That trayen'd was in princes courts with gorgeous
wyghts;

Where fleeting honour sounds wyth blaste of horne,
Each of accounte to place of worlds delight,
Am lodged here, wythin this stony tombe;

My harfinger's paide I owght of due;
My friends of speeche herein do finde my doombe;
The which in vaene they do so greatly thue,
For so much as hit ys the end of all.

Thys worldly route of state, what so they be,
The whiche unto the rest hereafter shall
Assemble thus each wyghte in his degree.

I lyv'd always as handmaid to a queen,
In chamber chiefe my tyme dyd over passe,
Uncareful of my welthe there was I sene,

Whylst I abode the rynnynge of my glasse,
Not doubtyng wante whylst that my mystresse lyvd,
In woman's state whose cradell saw I rockte,

Her seryant then, as when she her atcheeved,
And so remayned till death he my doore had
knockte.

Preferryng still the causes of each wyghte,
So far as I doorst move her grace's care
For to reward decerts by course of ryhte.

As needs reulte of sarvys done each wheare,
So that my time I thus did passe awaye,

A maid in court, and never no man's wyfe,
Sworn of queen *Eliseth*'s bedd-chamber all ways,
With maeden quene a mayd did end my lyfe.

There is still in being, a copy, or, rather, a
first draught of her will, wrote with the lord trea-
surer *Burleigh*'s own hand, in which, among many
other legacies, she gave 500 l. for the building of
an

an alms-house in *Bacton*, for the residence of four poor people. She also gave so much money as lord *Burleigh* should think sufficient for the repairing of the church and steeple there. And for the further relief of the vicar of *Bacton*, she gave twenty kine to be distributed to the parishioners of *Bacton*, and they to give to the vicar two shillings yearly for the use of every cow.

PARTHENAI (ANNE DE) wife of *Anthony de Pons*, count de *Marennés*, and daughter of *John de Parthenai* l'Archevesque, and of *Michelli de Sorbonne*, was a lady of great genius and learning. She was one of the brightest ornaments of the court of *Renata* in *France*, daughter of *Lewis XII*, and dutchess of *Ferrara*. *Anne de Parthenai* not satisfied with studying the *Latin* tongue, studied the *Greek* with so much application, that she could read the authors with pleasure in that language. Nor was she less assiduous in perusing books of divinity; she attained to great skill in the scriptures; and took a singular pleasure in discoursing almost every day with divines on theological subjects. The authors of that age were not sparing in their encomiums; nor did they omit, that she sang like an angel, and understood all kinds of music in perfection. The great favour she was in with the dutchess of *Ferrara*, and the great skill she had attained in divinity, will doubtless induce all *Roman* catholics who read this, to suspect her of inclining to Calvinism. She was indeed a sincere hugonot, and the worthy sister of *Soubise*, who was one of the chief supports of that party.

PARTHENAY (CATHERINE DE) daughter and heiress of *John de Parthenay*, lord of *Soubise*, whose courage and constancy in the cause of Calvinism, as well as that of her mother, she likewise inherited; and what is more extraordinary, this
fortitude

fortitude was accompanied with a good share of wit; and a turn to poetry; wherein her talent was far from being contemptible, as appears from some poems she published in 1572, when not above eighteen years of age. She is generally thought to be the author of the apology for *Henry IV*, which was printed as hers in the new edition of her journal of *Henry III*. *Daubigny* assures us, that the king shewed it him as a piece written in her stile. *Bayle* declares, that whoever wrote it, is a person of wit and genius. It is in reality a very sharp satire; which *Roquelaire* having read, cried out, plague! how well the authors of this piece are acquainted with what we do. *Catherine* wrote also several tragedies and comedies, particularly the tragedy of *Holofernes*, which was represented on the theatre at *Rochelle* in 1574.

When she was only 14 years of age, she was married to *Charles de Quallence*, baron de *Pont*, in *Brittany*, who, upon the marriage, took the name of *Soubise*; under which name he is mentioned with honour in the second and third civil wars in *France*. He was taken prisoner at the battle of *Jarnac*, 1569, and made his escape. The next year he commanded at the siege of *Fentenoi le Compté*. The same year he received two wounds at the siege of *Saintes*. Now, after so many undeniable proofs of his courage and prowess, who would ever think he should be charged with an action of impotency and frigidity? For such an action was brought against him by his mother-in-law, in order to obtain a divorce.

This cause was still depending, when the baron fell a sacrifice to his religion, in the general massacre of the protestants at *Paris* on *St. Bartholomew's day* 1571. This however, was dying in the bed of honour, and the more so, in that he fought

fought for his life like a lion; and did not yield before he was pierced through with holes like a sieve; and they who saw it testified, that he was more than man in battle; if he was less than such in the nuptial bed.

When his butchered body was, among the rest, dragged to the gate of the *Louvre* in presence of their majesties and the whole court, several of the court ladies came out of their apartments, and unshocked at the barbarous spectacle, and in the most immodest manner surveyed the naked bodies, particularly that of *Du Pont*, in order to discover, if possible, the cause, or some indications and marks of the defect with which he was charged. But very different was the behaviour of his wife, who, out of decency, had not only declined the prosecution in his life-time; but, on his death, wrote several elegies, deploring her loss; to which she added some on the death of the admiral, and other illustrious personages.

Having thus done honour to the remains of her first husband, she entered a second time into the nuptial state in 1573, with *Renatus* viscount *Rohan*, the second of that name, who dying in 1586, though she was not yet above 32 years of age, she refused to engage in a third match, being resolved to spend the remainder of her life in the care and education of her children; and her pains herein were crowned with all the success she could desire.

Her eldest son was the famous duke *de Rohan*, who asserted the protestant cause with so much vigour, during the civil wars in the reign of *Lewis XIII.* Her second son was the duke *Soubise*. She had also three daughters, *Henrietta*, who died in 1629 unmarried; *Catherine*, who married a duke of *Deux Ponts* in 1605, and whose beauty having attracted

attracted the eyes of *Henry IV.*, when he declared his passion, she immediately replied, *I am too poor to be your wife, and too nobly born to be your mistress.*

Her third daughter was *Anne*, who survived all her brothers and sisters, and inherited both her mother's genius and magnanimous spirit. She lived unmarried with her mother, and with her bore all the calamities of the siege of *Rochelle*. The daughter's resolution was remarkable, but the mother's magnanimity was still more renowned, considering she was then in her 75th year. They were reduced for three months to the necessity of living upon horse-flesh, and four ounces of bread a day. Yet notwithstanding this dismal situation, she wrote to her son *to go on as he had begun, and not let the consideration of the extremity to which she was reduced prevail upon him to make him act any thing to the prejudice of his party, how great soever her sufferings might be.* In short, she and her daughter refused to be included in the articles of capitulation, and remained prisoners of war. They were conveyed to the castle of *Nicott*, September 2, 1628, and she died in 1631, aged 77.

PEMBROKE (MARY SIDNEY, countess of) born about the middle of the sixteenth century, was the daughter of Sir *Henry Sidney*, knight of the garter, lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, and lord president, of *Wales*, by the lady *Mary*, eldest daughter to *John* duke of *Northumberland*, and sister of Sir *Philip Sidney*. Her natural genius was excellent; which assisted by a polite education, enabled her to make an illustrious appearance among the literati of that time, when learning was reckoned a considerable part of politeness.

About the year 1576, she was married to *Henry* lord *Pembroke*, by whom she had *William*, who succeeded

succeeded him in his honours, and *Philip*, and a daughter *Anne*, who died young.

Robert Dudley, earl of *Leicester* her uncle, made the match for her, and paid part of her fortune. Her brother Sir *Philip Sidney*, the ornament of his age and country, was so exceedingly pleased with her fine genius, and excellent improvement of it, that he consecrated his ingenious romance to her under the title of *The Countess of Pembroke's ARCADIA*. And Mr. *Abraham Fraunce* endeavoured to do her honour by devoting his labours to her; the titles of whose books induced some to think they were of her own composing. The titles are, *The Countess of Pembroke's Yvy-church. Containing the affectionate life and unfortunate death of Philis and Amyntas: That in a pastoral: This in a Funeral: Both in English Hexameters*, by *Abraham Fraunce*, 1591. Also, *The Countess of Pembroke's Emmanuel. Containing the Nativity, Burial, and Resurrection of Christ: together with certain Psalms of David. All in English Hexameter*, by *Abraham Fraunce*, 1592.

As her genius inclined her to poetry, so she spent much of her time in that way. She translated many of the *Psalms* into *English* verse; which are still preserved in the library at *Wilton*. But we are informed by Sir *John Harrington*, and afterwards by Mr. *Wood*, and Dr. *Thomas*, that she was assisted by Dr. *Babington*, then chaplain to the family, and afterwards bishop of *Worcester*: for, say they, it was more than a woman's skill to express the sense of the *Hebrew* so right, as she hath done in her verse; or more than the *Latin* or *English* translation could give her. But this argument seems not at all cogent; since there is no greater skill required in learning the *Hebrew* language, than there is in at-

taining

taining the *Greek*, or any other tongue, which numbers of women have been perfectly versed in.

She translated and published, *A Discourse of Life and Death, written in French by Philip Mornay, done into English by the countess of Pembroke, 1590. Likewise the Tragedy of Antonie. Done into English by the Countess of Pembroke. 1595.*

This great lady was not only learned herself, but a patroness of men of letters, by allowing Dr. *Mouffet*, a yearly pension, &c. Her generosity this way is allowed by Mr. *Giles Jacob*, who tells us, that she was not only a lover of the muses, but a great encourager of polite learning, which (says he) is very rarely to be found in any of that sex.

What induced him to make this invidious reflection we know not; but if he had been acquainted with the names of the many foundresses and benefactresses in our two universities, he would not have advanced so great an untruth.

This excellent lady survived her noble lord twenty years; and having lived to a good old age, died at her house in *Aldersgate Street, London, September 25, 1602.* And was buried with the *Pembroke* family in the chancel of the cathedral church of *Salisbury*; but without any monument; the want of which is pretty well compensated for. Her brother, Sir *Philip Sydney*, concludes his defence of poësie with this curse in behalf of all poets; on those who disregard them. 'That when you die, may your memory die from the earth, for want of epitaph.' This lady's memory, however, has been honoured in lines much more lasting than marble or brass, and designed as an epitaph for her by our famous poet *Ben Johnson*.

Under this table herse,
Lyes the subject of all verse.

Sydney's

Sydney's sister, *Pembroke's* mother;
 Death, e'er thou has kill'd another,
 Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.
 Marble pyles let no man raise
 To her name, for after-daies
 Some kind woman, born as she,
 Reading this, like *Niobe*,
 Shall turn marble, and become
 Both her mourner, and her tomb.

PEMBROKE (ANNE, countess of) was born at *Skipton Castle* in *Craven*, January 30, 1589. She was daughter and sole heir to *George Clifford*, third earl of *Cumberland*; and descended from the three antient and noble families of the *Cliffords*, *Viponts*, and *Vesseys*, lords and barons in the north; and she added to her escutcheons *Pembroke*, *Dorset* and *Montgomery*, the titles of three great earldoms in the south.

She had a greatness of mind which added dignity to her high rank; for bishop *Rainbow*, who knew her well, assures us, that she was enriched by nature with very extraordinary endowments. 'She had, (says he) a clear soul, shining through a vivid body; her body was durable and healthful, her soul sprightly, of great understanding and judgment, faithful memory, and ready wit.'

Her natural endowments were happily improved by our ingenious historian and poet, Mr. *Samuel Daniel*, who was her preceptor, and under whom she made a considerable progress in many parts of literature; still increasing knowledge by reading and conversing with persons eminent for learning. 'By which means, as the above-mentioned prelate observes, she had early gained a knowledge, as of the best things, so an ability to discourse

in

' in all commendable arts and sciences, as well as
 ' in those things which belong to persons of her
 ' birth and sex to know. For she could discourse
 ' with virtuoso's, travellers, scholars, merchants,
 ' divines, statesmen, and with good housewives
 ' in any kind; insomuch that a prime and elegant
 ' wit, *Dr. Donne*, well seen in all human learning,
 ' and afterwards devoted to the study of divinity,
 ' is reported to have said of this lady, in her
 ' younger years, to this effect; *that she knew well*
 ' *how to discourse of all things, from predestination to*
 ' *sea silk.* Meaning, that although she was skil-
 ' led in housewifery, and in such things in which
 ' women are conversant, yet her penetrating wit
 ' soared up to pry into the highest mysteries, look-
 ' ing at the highest example of female wisdom.
 ' Although she knew *Wool and Flax, fine Linen*
 ' and *Silk*, things appertaining to the spindle and the
 ' distaff; yet *she could open her mouth with wisdom,*
 ' knowledge of the best and highest things; and if
 ' this had not been most affected by her, *solid Wis-*
 ' *dom,* knowledge of the best things, such as
 ' *make wise unto Salvation*; if she had sought
 ' fame rather than wisdom, possibly she might have
 ' been ranked among those wise and learned of
 ' her sex, of whom *Pythagoras* or *Plutarch*, or any
 ' of the antients have made such honourable men-
 ' tion.

' But she affected rather to study those noble
 ' *Bereans, and those honourable women* (as *St. Paul*
 ' there files them) *who searched the scriptures*
 ' *daily*; with *Mary* she chose the better part, of
 ' hearing the doctrine of Christ.

She had two husbands; the first was, *Richard*,
 earl of *Dorset*, to whom she was married *February*
26, 1609. He died *March 28, 1624.* By him
 she had issue, *Thomas*, who died in his infancy,

and two daughters; *Margaret*, married to the earl of *Northampton*, and *Isabel*, married to the earl of *Thanet*. Her second husband was *Philip* earl of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, who died *January 23, 1629*, by whom she had no issue.

She survived her last husband 27 years, during which time she employed herself in a constant series of good works, viz. in strict piety, extensive charity, and generosity to learned men; also in erecting several sacred edifices for the service of Almighty God; besides a noble hospital, and many other stately buildings, both for the honour of her family and for the public good.

She was very exemplary in observing religious duties both in public and private, a constant frequenter of divine service, as well as attendant on the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Nor was she less diligent in her private devotions, which were constantly performed in her private oratory three times a day. And so careful was she that none of her servants might be remiss or negligent in the observance of religious duties, but all rightly prepared for receiving the holy sacrament, she took care to have several books of devotion and piety provided four times in the year; that so every one might take their choice of such a book as they had not before. She christianly and courageously shewed herself a truly zealous and orthodox daughter of the church of *England*, in the worst of times, and constantly persisted in her resolution to serve God, by openly professing and practising the doctrines, discipline, and worship of our excellent church, throughout all those long and dismal times, when it lay under the oppression of its enemies.

Her duty to her parents was as conspicuous as any other of her shining virtues. An instance of which is a beautiful pillar she erected on the place, where

ANNE Countess of PEMBROKE. 195

where she took her last farewell of her mother; it is commonly called the countess's pillar; and is adorned with coats of arms, dials, &c. with an obelisk on the top coloured black; and the following inscription in brass, declaring the occasion and meaning of it.

This pillar was erected anno 1656, by the right honourable Anne countess dowager of Pembroke, and sole heir of the right honourable George earl of Cumberland, &c. For a memorial of her last parting in this place with her good and pious mother the right honourable Margaret countess dowager of Cumberland, the second of April 1616. In memory whereof she also left an annuity of four pounds to be distributed to the poor within this parish of Brougham, every second day of April upon this stone table by
LAUS DEO.

As an instance of her gratitude to her tutor, Mr. Daniel, she erected a monument to his memory in the church at Beckington, near Philips Norton, in Somersetshire.

She repaired and restored an alms-house at Bearm-
 ky, which was built and endowed by her mother the countess of Cumberland.

On the 22d of April 1651, she laid the first stone of an hospital which she founded at Appleby in Westmoreland, for a governess and twelve other widows; for the endowments of which she purchased the manor of Brougham, and certain lands called St. Nicholas, near Appleby.

On this occasion she gave a remarkable instance of her humility. When she had finished her hospital, she not only led and placed her pensioners in their several apartments, but frequently dined with them there, as they often did with her at her own table; some of them every week, and all of them once a month; and after dinner she would

as freely converse with them, as with persons of the highest rank.

She purchased lands at *Temple Severeby* in the county of *Westmoreland* of 8 l. per ann. value, for repairing the church, school-house, town-hall, and bridge, at *Appleby*.

She rebuilt a great part of the church at *Appleby*, and made a vault at the north east corner of the chapel for her own sepulchre, at the expence of about 700 l. over which she erected a monument of black and white marble for herself.

She built a great part of the steeple at *Skipton* in *Craven*, which had been pulled down in the time of the civil wars. And having repaired a great part of that church, she there erected a fine monument for her father *George* earl of *Cumberland*.

She entirely built the church at *Bongate* near *Appleby*; also the chapel at *Brougham*; and likewise the chapel of *Ninekirk* near *Brougham*.

She also rebuilt the chapel of *Shallerstang*, and purchased lands of 11 l. per annum, value, for the perpetual support of a person qualified to read prayers, with the homilies of the church of *England* therein; and to teach the children of the dale to read and write *English*.

She likewise performed many great things for the honour and benefit of her family and posterity; for besides other inferior structures, she built six castles. Neither was she less careful in preserving the memoirs of her great ancestors; for we are assured by bishop *Rainbow*, 'that, as she had been a most critical searcher into her own life, so she had been a diligent enquirer into the lives, fortunes, and characters of many of her ancestors for many years. Some of them she has particularly described, and the exact annals of divers passages which were most remarkable in her own life, ' ever

ever since it was wholly at her own disposal, that is, since the death of her last lord and husband, *Philip* earl of *Pembroke*, which was for the space of six or seven and twenty years.

Thus did this great and excellent lady employ her time in good and useful works of various kinds, till she arrived at the age of 85, when she quietly resigned her soul into the hands of her creator, in the castle at *Brougham*, *March* 22, 1575-6, and was buried at *Appleby* in *Westmoreland*, under a splendid monument erected by herself with an inscription; which being only a recital of her high pedigree and noble descent, and containing no other particulars than what are above related, we shall not waste the reader's time nor our own in repeating them.

PENELOPE, daughter of *Icarus*, brother of *Tyndarus* king of *Lacedæmonia*, was the wife of *Ulysses*; and became so famous for her chastity, that she is proposed as an example to this day, and is become proverbial. It is related that *Ulysses* obtained her for his wife by the good offices of *Tyndarus*, in return for some good counsel which he had given him. Others say, that he won her in a race; *Icarus* having declared to those who were suitors to him for his daughter, that he would bestow her on the swiftest runner, and *Ulysses* was the man. He never could be prevailed upon to live in *Macedonia*; *Icarus* therefore endeavoured to obtain his daughter's consent to reside there; but his entreaties could not prevail with her to prefer her father's house to that of her husband. She therefore set out for *Ithaca* with *Ulysses*. Her father finding they had eloped, mounted his chariot pursued and overtook them, and again conjured his daughter to stay. *Ulysses*, quite tired with his importunity, told *Penelope*, that in case she would

follow him willingly, it would delight him much; and yet if she chose rather to go back with her father he would not hinder her. Though *Penelope* did not return any answer, and only let down her veil, yet *Icarus* discovered the dictates of her soul, and saw very plainly that she was desirous of following her husband. He consented to it, and caused a statue of modesty to be set up in that place.

Our new married couple had a tender affection for each other, so that *Ulysses* did all that lay in his power to prevent his going to the siege of *Troy*. However, all his stratagems were defeated, and he was forced to part from his dear wife, who had brought him a son. It was twenty years before he saw her again. During his absence, she was addressed by a great number of suitors, who urged her to declare her mind. *Penelope*, to free herself from their importunity, declared to them, that she would not marry till she had finished a piece of linen cloth that she was weaving to make a winding-sheet for *Laertes* her father-in-law, when he should die. In this manner she amused them for the space of three years, without ever finishing her web; because she unravelled in the night what she had wove in the day. In this manner she acted till the return of her husband, who destroyed them all. She has been greatly applauded for the caution she took, in refusing to treat *Ulysses* as her husband, till she was perfectly sure that he was *Ulysses*. For though she imagined she had some knowledge of *Ulysses*, she would not indulge him in the least fondness, nor live with him, till he had informed her of a great number of particulars, and shewn her several tokens, to convince her that he was her husband, and that she could not be mistaken. She survived *Ulysses* and married again.

PERILLA,

PERILLA, a *Roman* lady, who lived in the time of *Augustus*, and was in general esteem for her learning and virtue, especially for her addition to poetry, for which she was admired and celebrated by *Ovid*, whose scholar in poetry she was, as the seventh elegy of his *Tristia*, sufficiently proves, whereof indeed she is the sole subject.

PHEMONOE, the first priestess of *Apollo*, and utterer of the delphic oracles; and said to have been the first inventress of heroic verse, in which she wrote many things, as *Suidas* and *Volaterranus* testify.

PHILLIPS (KATHERINE, the celebrated ORINDA) was the daughter of *John Fowler* of *Bucklesbury*, *London*, merchant, and born in the parish of *St. Mary Wool-church* in that city, 1631. At eight years of age she was sent to a boarding-school at *Hackney*; where she was distinguished very early for her skill in poetry. Mr. *Aubrey* tells us, that she was very apt to learn, and made verses when she was at school; that she devoted herself to religious duties when she was very young; that she would then pray by herself an hour together, that she read the bible through before she was full four years old, that she could say by heart many chapters and passages of scripture; was a frequent hearer of sermons, which she would bring away entire in her memory; and would take sermons *verbatim* when she was but ten years old.

She became afterwards a perfect mistress of the *French* tongue, and was taught the *Italian* by her ingenious friend, *Sir Charles Cotterel*. She was bred up in the presbyterian principles, which, in her writings, she declares she deserted as soon as she was capable of judging for herself. She was married to *James Philips* of the priory of *Cardigan*, Esq; about the year 1647; by whom she

had one son, who died in his infancy, and one daughter, married to Wogan, Esq; of *Pembrokeshire*. She proved, in all respects, an excellent wife, particularly for the assistance she afforded him in his affairs, which being greatly encumber'd, she by her powerful interest with Sir *Charles Cotterel*, and other great friends, and by her good sense, and excellent management, did, in a great measure, extricate him out of the embarrassments and difficulties, in which he was involved. In a letter to Sir *Charles Cotterel*, having spoke of her husband in the most respectful terms, and of his willingness to forward her journey to *London*, in order to settle his perplexed affairs, she adds,—

“ And I hope God will enable me to answer his
 “ expectations, by making me an instrument of do-
 “ ing him some handsome service, which is the
 “ only ambition I have in the world, and which
 “ I would purchase with the hazard of my life.
 “ I am exceedingly obliged to my lady *Cork*, for
 “ remembering me with so much indulgence, for
 “ her great desire to be troubled with my company;
 “ but above all for her readiness to assist my endea-
 “ vours for *Antenor* (so she called her husband)
 “ which is the most generous kindness can be done
 “ me.”

As she had naturally a poetical genius, she composed many poems on various occasions in her recess at *Cardigan* and elsewhere. These being dispersed among her friends and acquaintance, were collected together by an unknown hand, and published in 8vo in 1663. This ungenerous treatment affected her so much, that it gave her a severe fit of illness, and which she very sensibly laments in a letter to Sir *Charles Cotterel*. Her remarkable humility, good-nature, and agreeable conversation greatly endeared her to all her acquaintance; and her

polite

polite and elegant writings, procured her the friendship and correspondence of many learned and eminent men; and on her going to *Ireland* with the viscountess of *Dungannon*, to transact her husband's affairs there, her great merit soon recommended her to the regard of those illustrious peers, *Ormond*, *Orrery*, *Roscommon*, and many other persons of distinction, who shewed her singular marks of their esteem; and at the pressing instances of those noblemen, particularly lord *Roscommon*, she translated from the *French* of *Corneille* into *English*, the tragedy of *Pompey*, which was acted on the *Irish* stage several times with great applause in the year 1663 and 64. It was likewise afterwards acted very successfully at the duke of *York's* theatre, 1678.

She likewise translated from the *French* of *Corneille*, the tragedy of *Horace*. Sir *John Denham* added a fifth act to the play, which was represented at the court by persons of quality.

While she was in *Ireland*, she was very happy in renewing a former intimacy with the famous *Dr. Jeremy Taylor*, bishop of *Down* and *Connor*; who, some time before, had done her much honour by writing and publishing, *A Discourse of the Nature, Offices and Measures of Friendship, with Rules of conducting it*. In a Letter to the most ingenious and excellent *Mrs. Katherine Phillips*.

Mrs. Phillips left *Ireland*, July 15, 1663, and went to *Cardigan*, where she spent some time in a kind of melancholy retirement. She then went to *London*, to enjoy the conversation of her friends, where she was seized with the small pox, and died of it in *Fleet Street*, in the 33d year of her age, and was buried in the church of *St. Bennet Sherehog*, under a large monumental stone, where several of her ancestors were before interred.

Mr. Aubrey observes, that her person was of a middle stature, pretty fat, and ruddy complexioned. In 1667, were published in folio, *Poems by the most deservedly admired Mrs. Catherine Phillips, the matchless Orinda. To which are added, M. Corneille's Pompey and Horace, tragedies, with several other translations from the French; and her picture before them, engraved by Faithorne.* There was likewise another edition in 1678; in the preface to which we are told, 'that she wrote her familiar letters with good facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect orthography; and if they were collected with those excellent discourses she wrote on several subjects, they would make a volume much larger than that of her poems.' In 1705, a small volume of her letters to Sir Charles Cotterel, was published under the title of *Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus.* The editor of which tells us, that they were the effect of an happy intimacy between herself and the late famous *Poliarchus*, and are an admirable pattern for the pleasing correspondence of a virtuous friendship. They will sufficiently instruct us how an intercourse of writing between two persons of different sexes ought to be managed with delight and innocence; and teach the world not to lead such a commerce with censure and detraction, when it is removed at such a distance from even the appearance of guilt.

We shall conclude our account of Mrs. Phillips with the elegy bestowed on her by Mr. Thomas Rowe, in his epistle to *Daphnis*; printed at the end of the second volume of Mrs. Rowe's works.

At last ('twas long indeed!) *Orinda* came
To ages yet to come an ever-glorious name;
To virtuous themes her well-tun'd lyre she strung,
Of virtuous themes in easy numbers sung.

Horace and *Pompey* in her lines appear
 With all the worth that *Rome* did once revere;
 Much to *Cornelle* they owe, and much to her:
 Her thoughts, her numbers, and her fire the same,
 She lost'd as high, and equall'd all his fame;
 Tho' *France* adores the bard, nor envies *Greece*
 The costly buskins of her *Sophocles*.
 More we expected, but untimely death
 Soon stopt her rising glories with her breath.

PHILLA, one of the most illustrious ladies of antiquity, was the daughter of *Antipater*, governor of *Macedon* in *Alexander's* absence. She was a woman of fine sense and abilities, which enabled her to share in the affairs of government. She behaved with so much dexterity in managing the various tempers of those whom it was necessary to reduce, or to keep to their allegiance, that she prevented an army composed entirely of factious and turbulent men, from making an insurrection. She married such maidens as were poor at her own expence; and opposed with so much vigour those that oppressed the innocent, that she entirely freed and secured many persons who were going to be ruined by slanderers. Her abilities were not the effect of experience, for when but a young maiden, *Antipater* her father, one of the wisest politicians of his time, used to consult her on affairs of the highest importance. *Philla's* first husband was *Craterus*, who was better beloved by the *Macedonians* than any other of *Alexander's* captains. After his death she married *Demetrius*, who had several other wives, but *Philla* was the chief of them, and had the greatest authority, but he had no great affection for her, by reason of the disparity of his age to hers. *Demetrius* was a voluptuous prince, who kept, at the same time, many mistresses, some of whom had been common strumpets: he was disgusted at *Philla*,

upon pretence that he was younger than her, and at the same time was distractedly fond of the courtesan *Lamia*, whose charms were upon the decline. *Philla* came to a tragical end; for hearing that *Demetrius* had lost his dominions, she had not courage enough to see him in his miserable fugitive condition; but poisoned herself, at the same time cursing her husband's fortune, which had done him greater injuries than good. She had brought him one son, and a daughter the famous *Stratonice*, wife of *Soleucus*, but by him resigned to his son *Antiochus*.

PILKINGTON (Mrs. LÆTITIA) was the daughter of Dr. *Van Leuen*, a gentleman of Dutch extraction, who settled in *Dublin*, by a lady of good family in *Ireland*; and born in the year 1712. She had very early a strong inclination for letters, especially poetry. Her mother, she says, in her memoirs, was very severe to her in her childhood; for she strictly followed *Solomon's* advice, in never sparing the rod; 'inasmuch (says she) that I have been frequently whipt for looking blue of a frosty morning; and, whether I deserved it or not, I was sure of correction every day of my life.'

That we may at once give the reader a taste of her stile, and the pleasant manner in which she tells her tale, we shall recite her own account of her first introduction to the knowledge of letters.

'From my earliest infancy, says she, I had a strong disposition to letters; but my eyes being weak after the *small-pox*, I was not permitted to look in a book; my mother regarding more the beauty of my face, than the improvement of my mind; neither was I allowed to learn to read: this restraint, as it generally happens, made me the more earnest in pursuit of what I imagined

imagined must be so delightful. Twenty times
 in a day have I been corrected, for asking what
 such and such letters spelt; my mother used to
 tell me the word, accompanied with a good box
 on the ear, which, I suppose, imprinted it on
 my mind. Had *Gulliver* seen her behaviour, I
 should have imagined he borrowed a hint from
 it for his floating island; when any great man had
 promised any favour, the suppliant was obliged
 to give him a tweak by the nose, or a kick on
 the rump, to quicken his memory. However, I
 do assure you, it had this effect on me, inso-
 much, that I never forgot what was once told
 me; and quickly arrived at my desired happiness,
 being able to read before she thought I knew all
 my letters; but this pleasure I was obliged to
 enjoy by stealth, with fear and trembling.

I was at this time about five years of age; and
 my mother being one day abroad, I had happily laid
 hold on *Alexander's Feast*, and found something
 in it so charming, that I read it aloud;—but how
 like a condemned criminal did I look, when my
 father, softly opening his study-door, took me
 in the very fact; I dropt my book, and burst into
 tears, begging pardon; and promising never to
 do so again: but my sorrow was soon dispelled,
 when he bade me not be frightened, but read
 to him; which, to his great surprize, I did dis-
 tinctly, and without hurting the beauty of the
 numbers. Instead of the whipping, of which I
 stood in dread, he took me up in his arms and
 kissed me, giving me a whole shilling as a re-
 ward, and told me, he would give me another,
 as soon as I had got a poem by heart, which he
 put into my hand, and proved to be *Mr. Pope's*
sacred eclogue, which task I performed before
 my mother returned home. They were both
 astonished

astonished at my memory, and from that day forward, I was permitted to read as much as I pleased, only my father took care to furnish me with the best, and politest authors, and took delight in explaining to me, whatever, by reason of my tender years, was above my capacity of understanding.

From a reader she quickly became a writer, and her performances were considered as extraordinary for her years. This, with a very engaging sprightliness, drew many admirers; and at length she became the wife of the rev. *Matthew Pilkington*, a gentleman known in the poetical world by his volume of miscellanies, revised by dean *Swift*. After she had been married some time, Mr. *Pilkington* grew jealous, not of her person, but her understanding, and her poetry, which when a lover he admired with raptures, was changed, when he became a husband, into an object of envy.

She was very ambitious of being known to dean *Swift*, and obtained her desire in this manner. The anniversary of his birth-day being kept at the deanery, she wrote a copy of verses on the occasion, and inclosed them to Dr. *Delany*, who next day presented them to the dean: the dean kindly accepted her compliment, and said, 'He would see her whenever she pleased.' And in a day or two's time, she and her husband were invited, at the dean's request, to dine at Dr. *Delany's*, where he met them, and was so pleased with her conversation, that from that time she had free access to the deanery; where she had for several years after, all the opportunities she could desire of conversing with him upon all subjects; and it is allowed on all hands, that the description she has delineated of his character, his strange whims, humours, and oddities,

dities, is nearer the truth than any other writer has given of him.

Mr. alderman *Barber*, being in his turn, chosen lord mayor of *London*, he, from a former intimacy he had with the dean, made him an offer to nominate his chaplain, and the dean recommended Mr. *Pilkington*, who with great joy, accepted the place; this happened at the time when his jealousies of his wife's excelling him in poetry ran very high, and had greatly soured his temper towards her. After he had been some time at *London*, and growing at a distance into better humour with his wife, he wrote her a very kind letter, and informed her that her verses were full of elegance and beauty; that Mr. *Pope*, to whom he had shewn them, longed to see the writer; and that himself wished her heartily in *London*. She accepted the invitation, went, and when his chaplainship was expired, returned, but without him; the reason of his staying behind, was, as he pretended, the prospect of some preferment. But in a short time he and two booksellers were taken up for handing some treasonable poems to the press. On his being released, he let her know he would return to *Ireland*, but had no money to bear the expence. Upon which she prevailed on her father to send him a bill of 20 l. and then he came home.

Not long after this, an accident happened, which threw her affairs into great confusion. Her father was stabbed, she says, by accident, but many in *Dublin*, believed it was by his own wife, though some said, by his own hand: Mr. *Pilkington* having now no farther expectation of a fortune by her, threw off all reserve in his behaviour to her, and wanted an opportunity to get rid of her, which soon offered itself. The story of their separation is told at large in her memoirs; the substance of which

which is, that she was so indiscreet as to permit a gentleman to be seized in her bed-chamber at two o'clock in the morning; for which she makes this apology; 'lovers of learning, I am sure, will pardon me, as I solemnly declare it was the attractive charms of a new book, which the gentleman would not lend me, but consented to stay till I read it through, that was the sole motive of my detaining him.' But whether this was the truth of the case, as she has said no more to clear her innocence, is not for us to judge.

She came afterwards to *England*, and settled in *London*, where getting her story known by the means of *Colly Cibber*, she lived some time on contributions from the great; but these succours at length failing, we find her afterwards in the prison of the *Marshalsea*. After lying nine weeks here, she was released by the generosity of her friend *Mr. Cibber*, who had solicited charities for her; and then, weary of attending on the great, she resolved to employ five guineas she had left, in trade; and accordingly taking a little shop in *St. James's Street*, she furnished it with pamphlets and prints. How long she continued behind the counter is not said; but she has told us, that by the liberality of her friends, and the bounty of her subscribers, she was set above want, and that the autumn of her days was like to be spent in peace and serenity. Whatever were her prospects, she lived not long to enjoy the comforts of this competence; for on the 29th of *August* 1750, she died at *Dublin* in the 39th year of her age.

Considered as a writer, she holds no mean rank. She was the author of *The Turkish Court*, or *London Apprentice*, a comedy acted at *Dublin*, in 1748, but never printed. The first act of her tragedy, *The Roman Father*, was no ill specimen of her talents

talents that way; and throughout her *Memoirs*, which are written with great sprightliness and wit, and describes the humours of mankind very naturally, are scattered many beautiful little pieces, written in the true spirit of poetry.

PLOTINA (POMPEIA) wife of the emperor *Trajan*, has been greatly panegerized by some authors. She was not handsome, and it appears by her medals that there was more gravity than charms in her face; but she was prudent and modest. *Trajan* married her before *Nerva* had adopted him. The words she spoke at her first coming into the imperial palace deserve notice. Going up the staircase, she turned about to the people, and said, that *she went into the palace just as she desired to come out of it*; meaning, that she wished that her exalted condition might not change her manners; and that when she should be obliged to quit her post, she might have the same turn of mind and moderation, she found herself in, at her taking possession of the imperial palace.

She conducted herself so well during the whole course of her reign, that not the least murmur was heard against her. She refused the title of *Augusta*, so long as her consort refused that of father of his country *Pater Patriæ*. The counsels she gave to *Trajan* were of prodigious service to the provinces, by redressing numberless grievances under which the people groaned. The union which subsisted between her and *Marciana*, *Trajan's* sister, is a conspicuous proof of her wisdom and good temper, there being generally nothing seen but factions and animosities between the wives and sisters of princes. She was with *Trajan* when he died in *Selinunta*, a city of *Celicia*, the year of our lord 117; and it was she who carried to *Rome* the ashes of her husband, accompanied by *Tatian* and *Matidia*,

Matidia, *Trajan's* niece. She did many good offices to *Adrian*, who was obliged to her for the empire. However, *Plotina's* modesty, and so many good and great qualities for which she was conspicuous, could not secure her from the venom of slanderous tongues. She was thought to entertain a passion for *Adrian*, and to this they ascribed the enjoyment of all the exalted posts to which he was raised. Some affirm that he was not adopted by *Trajan*; but that *Plotina*, concealing his death, made another person speak in his name in a feint tone of voice, in order that the people might hear that *Adrian* was declared that prince's son and successor.

It does not appear that she ever had any children. After her death, *Adrian* was so afflicted on the occasion, that he put on mourning nine days, and built a temple to her honour, composed hymns, and put her in the catalogue of the goddesses; he had before built a temple at *Nisura* in her honour.

POLLA (**ARGENTARIA**) the wife of the poet *Lucan*, and, as it is generally thought, his great assistant in polishing his *Pharsalia*. She is much extolled by *Martial* and *Statius*.

PORCIA, the daughter of *Cato of Utica*, had a soul so framed, that she escaped the influence of the bad examples which her mother and her aunts gave her, and imitated only her father's virtues. She applied herself very much to the study of philosophy, and gave strong proofs of an exalted courage; for guessing that *Brutus*, her husband, was preparing for some grand enterprize, she cut herself with a knife, to try, by her constancy and patience in suffering pain, whether she could keep a secret. *Plutarch* thus relates the story. *Porcia* resolved not to ask her husband's secret, till she had made trial of herself. She took a little knife, and

cut a great gash in her thigh, upon which followed a great flow of blood, and soon after violent pains, and a dangerous fever, occasioned by the anguish of the wound. *Brutus* being greatly concerned for her illness, she thus spoke to him. ‘ I, *Brutus*, being *Cato*’s daughter, was given you in marriage, not like a concubine, to partake only in the common civilities of bed and board, but to bear a part in all your good and bad fortune; neither do I find any reason to repent the match: but what evidence of my love, what satisfaction can you receive from me, if I may not share with you in your most hidden griefs, nor be admitted to any of your councils, which require secrecy and trust? I know that women are of too weak a nature to be trusted with secrets. But certainly, *Brutus*, a virtuous birth, and education, and a conversation with the good and honourable, are of some force as to the forming our manners, and strengthening our natural weakness. And I can boast that I am the daughter of *Cato*, and the wife of *Brutus*; and though before, I put but too little confidence in these two great titles, yet now I have tried myself, and find that even against grief and pain itself I am invincible.’ Having said this, she shewed him her wound, and related to him the whole trial she had made of her own constancy. At which *Brutus* being astonished, lifted up his hands to heaven, and begged the assistance of the gods in his enterprize, that he might live to be a husband worthy of such a wife as *Portia*; so having comforted her he left her, having first communicated to her the preparations that were making to kill *Cæsar*. If on that occasion she raised herself above her own sex, she found herself on a level with other women on the day on which the design was executed. The uneasiness of

of her mind was so great that it threw her into fainting fits, and it was thought she was dead, but soon recovered. We are not told what she did, nor what she said, when she heard the success of the attempt, nor during the war, which *Brutus* was obliged to carry on against *Cæsar's* friends; but we know that having accompanied him to the sea-shore with the greatest proofs of constancy, she could not forbear shedding tears at the sight of a certain picture, representing the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*, when he went to engage the *Greeks*, giving his youngest son *Aslanax* into her arms, and she fixing her eyes upon him with an earnest and affectionate look. When she heard that *Brutus* had killed himself, she followed his example, and died by her own hands; not by a sword, but snatching burning coals out of the fire, and shutting them close in her mouth, stifled herself and died. Observe, that when she married *Brutus*, she was the relict of *Bibulus*, by whom she had got children.

PRAXILLA, a *Sycionian* dithyrambic poetess, of whose writing there is a work, entitled, *Metrum Praxilleum*. She is said to have flourished in the 32d Olympiad, and is reckoned by *Antipater Thes-salus* among the nine most famous lyrics.

PROBA (*VALERIA FALCONIA*) the wife of *Adelphus*, the *Roman* proconsul in the reign of *Honorius* and *Theodosius* junior. She composed a *Virgilian* cento upon the books of the Old and New Testament, which was printed at *Frankfort*, 1541. Her epitaph also upon her husband is particularly remembered.

RANELAGH

R. ANELAGH (CATHERINE, countess of) was sister to the hon. *Robert Boyle, Esq;* and consequently the daughter of *Richard* the great earl of *Cork*. Bishop *Burnet* gives a noble character of this lady, and tells us, that Mr. *Boyle* and she were *pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided*; for as he lived with her above forty years, so he did not outlive her a week; both dying of the same cause; nature being quite spent in them both. He observes, that she lived the longest on the most public scene, and made the greatest figure in all the revolutions of these kingdoms for above fifty years, of any woman of that age. That she employed it all for doing good to others, in which she laid out her time, her interest, and her estate, with the greatest zeal, and the most success, that the bishop had ever known. She was indefatigable as well as dexterous in it; and as her great understanding, and the vast esteem she was in, made all persons in their turns of greatness, desire and value her; so she gave herself a clear title to employ her interest with them, for the service of others by this, that she never made any use of it to any end or design of her own. She was contented with what she had; and though she was twice stript of it, she never moved on her own account, but was the general intercessor for all persons of merit or in want. This had in her the better grace, and was both more christian and more effectual, because it was not limited within any narrow compass of parties or relations. ‘ When
‘ any party was down, continues the bishop, she
‘ had credit and zeal enough to serve them, and
‘ she employed that so effectually, that in the next
‘ turn

turn she had a new stock of credit, which she
 laid out wholly in that *labour of love* in which she
 spent her life. And though some particular opi-
 nions might shut her up in a divided commu-
 nion, yet her soul was never of a party. She
 divided her charities and friendships both, her
 esteem as well as her bounty, with the truest re-
 gard to merit and her own obligations, without any
 difference made upon the account of opinion. She
 had, with a vast reach of knowledge and apprehen-
 sion, an universal affability and easiness of access,
 an humility, that descended to the meanest per-
 sons, and concerns, an obliging kindness and readi-
 ness to advise those who had no occasion for
 any farther assistance from her; and with all
 those and many other excellent qualities, she had
 the deepest sense of religion, and the most con-
 stant turning of her thoughts and discourses that
 way, that has been perhaps in our age. Such
 a *sister* became such a *brother*; and it was but
 suitable to both their characters, that they should
 have improved the relation under which they
 were born to the more exalted and endearing
 one of *Friend*.

ROPER (MARGARET) was born in *London*,
 about the year 1508, was the eldest daughter of
 of Sir *Thomas More*, lord high chancellor of *Eng-
 land*, and of *Jane* his wife, daughter of Mr. *John
 Colte* of *New-hall* in *Essex*.

Sir *Thomas* had three daughters, of whose educa-
 tion he took more than ordinary care: for he pro-
 cured several of the greatest men of the age to in-
 struct them in all kinds of polite literature; in
 which they became so very eminent, that the fame
 of their learning could not be confined to their own
 country, but was spread through all *Europe*, Sir
Thomas More's house being reputed a little academy;

Erasmus's

Erasmus's account of it, being translated from the
Latin, is as follows. *More* (saith he) hath built
 near *London*, upon the *Thames* side (at *Chelsea*) a
 commodious house, neither mean nor subject to
 envy, yet magnificent enough: there he conver-
 seth affably with his family, his wife, and son,
 and daughter-in-law, his three daughters, and
 their husbands with eleven grand-children; there
 is not any man living so loving to his children as
 he, and such is the excellence of his temper, that
 whatsoever happeneth that could not be prevented,
 he loveth it so as though nothing could happen
 more happily. You would say, there was in
 that place *Plato's* academy: but I do the house
 an injury in comparing it to *Plato's* academy,
 wherein there was only disputations of numbers
 and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral
 virtues, I should rather call the house a school or
 university of Christian religion; for there is none
 therein but readeth or studieth the liberal sci-
 ences; their especial care is piety and virtue; there
 is no quarrelling or intemperate words heard, none
 seen idle; which household discipline that worthy
 gentleman doth not govern by proud words, but
 with all kind and courteous benevolence; every
 body performeth his duty, yet is there always
 alacrity, neither, is sober mirth any thing want-
 ing, &c.

Mrs. *Roper* seemed adorned with every perfec-
 tion that art or nature could give her. She had a
 ready wit, a quick conception, tenacious memory,
 a fine imagination, and very happy in her senti-
 ments and way of expressing herself on all occasions,
 Under the tuition of her learned masters, she be-
 came a perfect mistress of the *Greek* and *Latin*
 tongues, and well acquainted with philosophy, as-
 tronomy, physic, arithmetic, logic, rhetoric, and
 music.

music. The several letters her father wrote to her (which may be seen in Mr. *More's* life of Sir *Thomas More*) will be a perpetual testimony of his endeared affection for her, and his high esteem for her great learning and distinguished abilities.

So greatly fond was Sir *Thomas* of this his darling daughter, that his life in a manner was wrapt up in hers. For, as Mr. *More* observes, ' When she was very dangerously ill of the sweating sickness, of which many died at that time, and lying in so great extremity of the disease, that the utmost skill of the ablest and best physicians proved ineffectual, for she could not be kept from sleeping; so that every one about her began to despair of her life, as being to outward appearance beyond all hopes of recovery. Her father, in this his extreme affliction, went into his chapel; and upon his knees, with the most ardent devotion, earnestly begged and entreated Almighty God, that if it were pleasing unto his divine wisdom, that at his intercession he would vouchsafe graciously to grant this his humble petition; where it came presently into his mind that a clyster was the only way to help her: which when he told the physicians, they acknowledged that it was the only remedy, wondering at themselves that they had not thought of it; which was immediately ministered unto her sleeping, for otherwise she would have never been brought to that kind of medicine: and although when she awaked throughly, God's marks (an evident and undoubted token of death) plainly appeared upon her, yet she, contrary to all expectation, was miraculously, and by her father's fervent prayers (saith the author of his life) restored to perfect health again; whom if it had pleased God at that time to have taken to his mercy, her father solemnly protested he

‘ he never would have meddled with any worldly
 ‘ matters after, such was his fatherly love and vehe-
 ‘ ment affection to this his jewel, who most nearly
 ‘ of all the rest of his children expressed her father’s
 ‘ virtues; although the meanest of all the rest might
 ‘ have been matched with any other of their age in
 ‘ *England*, either for learning, excellent qualities,
 ‘ or piety; they having been brought up even from
 ‘ their infancy with such care and industry, and en-
 ‘ joying always most learned and virtuous masters.’

About the year 1528, and in the 20th year of her age, she was very happily married to *William Roper* of *Eltham* in *Kent*, Esq; a gentleman whom *Erasmus* styles *eruditissimum Roperum*, endowed with all the desirable qualities that could be wished for in a man, as great knowledge, piety, charity, ingenuity, sweetness of temper, a lover of learning, and studied the same things as they did; which produced a cordial and indissoluble friendship thro’ the whole family, who lived all together with happiness not to be expressed, till the time that *Sir Thomas* was taken into custody, imprisoned in the tower, and at last cut off in such a manner as to be the subject of amazement to all *Europe*.

By this worthy gentleman she had two sons, and three daughters; of whose education she took the same care as had been taken of her own. The famous *Roger Ascham* tells us, that she was very desirous of having him for their tutor; but he would not then upon any terms leave the university, upon which she procured *Dr. Cole*, and *Dr. Christopher*, afterwards bishop of *Chichester*, both famous for their skill in the *Greek* tongue.

She was personally known to, and frequently corresponded with the great *Erasmus*, who highly valued her parts and learning, styling her *Britannia Decus*; insomuch that when her father, *Sir Thomas More*,

had sent him a very valuable present of a picture, representing himself and his whole family, drawn by the celebrated *Hans Holben*, *Erasmus* returned him his most grateful acknowledgments for such an acceptable present in a *Latin* epistle to the lady; in which he tells her, that nothing could give him a more sensible pleasure, than he had in the view of the picture he had just received, wherein a family he so much respected, was so exactly delineated, especially as it was done by one he had recommended to her father; adding, that tho' he knew every person represented in the picture at first sight, yet he was more than ordinarily pleased with her's, which brought to mind all the excellent qualities which he had long admired in her. She soon returned the compliment in an elegant epistle; wherein she tells him, that she was pleased to find, that their family piece was so acceptable to him; and acknowledges him as her preceptor, to whom she would be forever grateful. And tho' *Erasmus* wrote several epistles to her sisters *Elizabeth* and *Cecilia*; yet he seems to have had a more than ordinary respect for her; for tho' he had a vast number of noble patrons, who would gladly have had their names and memories perpetuated in his works, he chose to dedicate to this young lady some hymns of *Prudentius*, as very suitable to her pious inclinations.

As she had in her younger days been very assiduous in acquiring the learned languages; so now she seems as eagerly bent in the prosecution of the studies of philosophy, astronomy, physick and the holy scriptures. The two last of which were recommended to her by her father, as the employment of the remaining part of her life. Thus far she seems to have gone on in a smooth and constant course in the enjoyment of her beloved studies from
her

her very childhood without the least interruption, except by the sweating sickness, which seems to have retarded her but a little while. But soon after this the scene was changed, when her principal delight and enjoyment had their period in the untimely loss of her worthy father. A little before the king's divorce, Sir *Thomas* resign'd the great seal, that he might have no concern in that affair, as it was not to his liking. Till this time Sir *Thomas* and all his children lived most happily together, and, as it seems, at his own expence. But now, his circumstances obliging him to it, he called all his children before him, and asked their advice, how he might now in the decay of his ability (so impaired by the surrender of his office, that he could not hereafter do as he formerly had done, and gladly still would do) bear the expences of them all himself, believing they could not now live together, as they had hitherto done. When he saw them all silent, and that none of them gave him their sentiments in this affair, he himself made them this most affectionate reply, ' I have been brought up at *Oxford*, at an inn of ' chancery, at *Lincolns Inn*, and in the king's court ' from the lowest degree to the highest; and yet ' have I in yearly revenues at this present little left ' me above an hundred pounds a year; so that if ' we now live together, we must now become con- ' tributors. But my counsel is, that we descend ' not to the lowest fare first, we will not yet com- ' ply with *Oxford* fare, nor that of *New Inn*; but ' we will begin with *Lincolns Inn* diet, where many ' persons of distinction live very agreeably, and if ' we find ourselves not in a capacity of living thus ' the first year, we will the next year conform our- ' selves to that of *Oxford*; and if our purses will not ' allow us that neither, then may we after with bag ' and wallet go a-begging together, hoping that for

‘pity some good people will give us their charity,
 ‘and at every man’s door to sing a *Salve regina*;
 ‘whereby we shall still keep company and be merry
 ‘together.’

However, this happy society was soon after dissolved, each going to their respective places of abode; only Mrs. *Roper* and her husband contrived it so as to live in the next house to Sir *Thomas*. But even this continued not long; for the oath of supremacy being tender’d to Sir *Thomas*, on his refusal to take it, he was committed to the custody of the abbot of *Westminster*, from whence he was soon after sent to the tower, to the inexpressible affliction of Mrs. *Roper*; who by her incessant entreaties at last got leave to make him a visit there; where she used all the arguments, reason and eloquence she was mistress of, to bring him to a compliance with the oath, notwithstanding she herself took it with this exception, *as far as would stand with the law of God*, that if it had been possible she might have saved his life: But all proved ineffectual, his conscience being dearer to him than any worldly consideration whatever; even that of his favourite daughter’s peace and happiness. Upon this his unfortunate confinement, his whole family seems to have come together again at *Chelsea*; for in one of Mrs. *Roper*’s letters to her father, she thus expresses herself,—‘What do you think, my most dear father, doth comfort us at *Chelsea* in this your absence? Surely the remembrance of your manner of life passed amongst us, your holy conversation, your wholesome counsels, your examples of virtue, of which there is hope, that they do not only persevere with you, but that they are by God’s grace much more increased.’

Dr. *Knight*, in his life of *Erasmus*, says, that ‘after sentence of death was passed on Sir *Thomas*,

‘as

' as he was going back to the tower, she rushed
 ' through the guards and crouds of people, and came
 ' pressing towards him; at such a sight, as cou-
 ' rageous as he was, he could hardly bear up under
 ' the surprize his passionate affection for her raised
 ' in him; for she fell upon his neck, and held him
 ' fast in the most endearing embraces, but could
 ' not speak one word to him, great griefs having
 ' their stupifying quality of making the most elo-
 ' quent dumb. The guards, though justly reputed
 ' an unrelenting crew, were much moved at this
 ' sight, and therefore were more willing to give Sir
 ' *Thomas* leave to speak to her, which he did in
 ' these few words; My most dear *Margaret*, bear
 ' with patience, nor do not any longer grieve for
 ' me. It is the will of God, and therefore must
 ' be submitted to; and then gave her a parting kiss.
 ' But after she was withdrawn ten or a dozen foot
 ' off, she comes running to him again, falls upon
 ' his neck, but grief stopt her mouth. Her father
 ' looked wishfully upon her, but said nothing, the
 ' tears trickling down his cheeks, a language too
 ' well understood by his distressed daughter, though
 ' he bore all this without the least change of counte-
 ' nance: But just when he was to take his final
 ' leave of her, he begged her prayers to God for
 ' him, and took his farewel of her. The officers
 ' and soldiers, as rocky as they were, melted at
 ' this sight; and no wonder, when even the very
 ' beasts are under the power of natural affections,
 ' and often shew them. Good God! what a shocking
 ' trial must this be to the poor man! How could he
 ' be attacked in a more tender point!

After Sir *Thomas* was beheaded, she took care for
 the interment of his body in the chapel of the tower;
 and afterwards procured his corps to be removed and
 buried in the chapel of the church at *Chelsea*, as

Sir *Thomas* in his life-time had appointed. His head having remained about fourteen days on *London-bridge*, and being to be cast into the *Thames* to make room for others, she bought it, lest, as she stoutly affirmed to the council, being afterwards summoned before them for the same matter, it should be food for fishes. She likewise felt the fury of the king's displeasure, on her father's score, being herself committed to prison; but after a short confinement, and after they had in vain endeavoured to terrify her with menaces, she was released, and sent to her husband.

She was, saith Mr. *More*, most like her father both in favour and wit, and proved indeed a most rare woman for learning, sanctity and secrecy, and therefore her father trusted her with all his secrets. She corrected by her own sagacity, without the help of any manuscript, a corrupted place in *St. Cyprian*, as *Pamelian* and *John Cosser* testify, instead of *nisi vos severitatis*, restoring *nervos severitatis*.

Besides great numbers of *Latin* epistles, orations and poems, sent to, and dispersed among the learned of her acquaintance, she left written,

An oration to answer *Quintilian*, defending that rich man, whom he accuseth for having poisoned a poor man's bees with certain venomous flowers in his garden, with such admirable wisdom, and fine elocution, that it may justly stand in competition with his.

She also wrote two declarations, which her father and she translated into *Latin* so elegantly, that one could hardly judge which was the best.

She wrote likewise a treatise of the four last things, with so much judgment and strong reasoning, that her father sincerely protested, it was better than the discourse he had written upon the same subject; and perhaps this was the reason why he never finished it.

She

She translated *Eusebius's* ecclesiastical history out of *Greek* into *Latin*, but was prevented in the publication of it by bishop *Christopher*son, a noted *Grecian*, who, at that time, was engaged in the same task. This laborious performance was afterwards translated out of *Latin* into *English* by her daughter *Mary*, who seems to have been possessed of her mother's fine parts and learning.

Mrs. *Roper*, in short, received all imaginable marks of respect from the most learned men of the age she lived in; and yet Mr. *Lewis* generously observes, that 'the fine things said of her and to her by the greatest men of that age, and since, were more than compliments, or words of course, they were what she had a right to, and very well deserved.'

She survived her father nine years; was sixteen years the wife of Mr. *Roper*; and dying about the 36th year of her age, 1544, was buried, as she had desired, with her father's head in her arms, (which she had carefully preserved in a leaden box) at St. *Dunstan's* church in the city of *Canterbury*, in a vault under a chapel joining to the chancel, being the burial place of the *Ropers*.

Mr. *Roper*, after his death, was buried in the same vault with the remains of his consort. The following inscription was engraved on their tomb.

Here lieth interred William Roper, Esq; a venerable and worthy man, the son and successor of the late John Roper, Esq; and Margaret his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas More, knt. once chancellor of England; a woman excellently well skilled in the Greek and Latin tongues. The abovementioned William Roper succeeded his father John Roper in the office of prothonotary in the high court of king's bench; and after having discharged the duties of it faithfully 54 years, he left it to his son Thomas. The said

liam Roper was liberal both in his private and public conduct, kind and compassionate in his temper, the support of the prisoner, the poor, and the oppressed. He had issue by Margaret (his only wife) two sons and three daughters, whose children and grandchildren he lived to see. He lost his wife in the bloom of his years, and lived a chaste widower 33 years. At length (his days being fulfilled in peace) he died lamented by all, in a good old age. on the 4th of January, in the year of redemption 1577, and of his age 82.

ROPER (MARY) was the youngest daughter of Margaret Roper, whose story we have just related. This lady had the utmost care taken of her education, which she so well improved as to appear altogether worthy of such a mother. She was put under the tuition of the most learned tutors, by whose instructions she became a perfect mistress of the Greek and Latin tongues: in both which languages she wrote several orations; which were so much admired by her tutor Mr. Morwen, that he translated many of them into *English*.

She translated her mother's Latin version of Eusebius's ecclesiastical history; which she dedicated to queen Mary. Also part of her grandfather, Sir Thomas More's Latin exposition of the passion of our Saviour; in which she imitated Sir Thomas's stile so exactly, that Mr. More tells us, it may seem originally to have been written by Sir Thomas himself. Mr. Roger Ascham stiles this learned lady an ornament of her sex, and of queen Mary's court; she being one of the gentlewomen (so they were then called) of that queen's privy chamber. She was first married to Mr. Stephen Clarke, and afterwards to Mr. James Basset.

ROWE (ELIZABETH) an ingenious *English* lady, well known in the literary world, for her writings
both

both in prose and verse, was born at *Ilchester*, in *Somersetshire*, September 11, 1674. She was the daughter of Mr. *Walter Singer*, a dissenting minister, who was possessed of a competent estate near *Frome* in that county; but being imprisoned at *Ilchester*, for nonconformity, on his release he married a wife and settled there.

This daughter gave early proofs of her fine parts; and as her natural genius was turned for poetry, she began to write verses at twelve years of age; nor was she less fond of the sister arts, music and painting; which her father observing, was at the expence of a master to instruct her in the latter.

Mrs. *Rowe* was a sincere Christian, but a warm devotee, so as to border on what some might call enthusiasm. 'What (says a * certain writer) betrayed her into this weakness, was the fire of her poetic genius. The natural flame was strong, and when she turned to religion, she fancied this fire was a visit from heaven. She was fond of the delusion, as it seemed a celestial companion in her lone hours; and therefore instead of stopping the high ideas, to try them at the bar of human reason (where all ideas must be examined to render them of any value) she let them pass as good and excellent, and they formed in time a sort of *sixth sense*, which never fails producing imaginary joys in solitude. The pious soul in this orb lives in a dazzling light, and is the favourite friend of its maker, in its own conceit. To this sublime and mysterious gospel Mrs. *Rowe* was devoted by the prejudice of her education, and the ardors of her constitution, and she thought she had scripture for the impulse.'

* *Memoirs of several ladies of Great Britain*, p. 328, 332.

She was early acquainted with the pious bishop *Ken*; and, at his request, wrote her paraphrase on the 38th chapter of *Job*.

She was well versed in the *French* and *Italian* languages; for which she was indebted to the kind assistance of the honourable Mr. *Thynne*, son to the lord viscount *Weymouth*. Her distinguished merit, and the charms of her person and conversation, could not fail of procuring her many admirers; among whom, it has been said, the celebrated Mr. *Pryor* made his addresses to her. Be this as it will, it's certain there was much friendship between them, if not love; and from his answer to Mrs. *Rowe's* then Mrs. *Singer's* pastoral on those subjects, it's pretty plain there was something more than friendship on his side; but heaven had reserved her for the possession of another gentleman.

In the year 1710, and in the 36th year of her age, she was married to Mr. *Thomas Rowe*, author of the eight supplemental lives to *Plutarch*; a work which affords a signal proof, and is a glorious monument of Mr *Rowe's* love of liberty and public good. He had likewise a good genius for poetry, and wrote successfully on several subjects. He died of a consumption at *Hampstead*, in the 29th year of his age, *May* 13, 1715, twenty seven years before Mrs. *Rowe*, and lies in the cemetery in *Bunhill Fields*.

It may be easily imagined that this was a most happy couple; and as a proof that they were so, some considerable time after they were married, he wrote a very tender ode, which he inscribed to her under the name of *Delia*, full of the warmest sentiments of connubial friendship and affection. He had scarcely enjoyed himself five years with his amiable consort, when death put a final period to their mutual felicity.

On

On Mr. *Rowe's* death she retired to *Frome*, where the greatest part of her substance lay, and from which, afterwards, she very early absented herself; and indeed, it was out of pure complaisance to Mr. *Rowe*, that she had hitherto borne *London* in the winter season. In this recess she wrote the greatest part of her works.

Her works are, 1. "Friendship in Death, in twenty letters from the Dead to the Living." 2. "Letters Moral and Entertaining". 3. "The History of *Joseph*, a poem in ten books;" the first eight of which she wrote in her younger years, concluding with the marriage of her hero; the two last were finished a little before her death, at the request of her great friend the dutchess of *Somerset*, and cost her no more than three or four days. 4. "Miscellaneous Works," two volumes in 8vo, which are valuable books, and especially the second volume, which contains her letters to the dutchess of *Somerset*. They are lively and rational, and have many fine sentiments: 5. "Devout exercises of the heart," published by Dr. *Watts*, and dedicated by him to the countess of *Hartford*, late dutchess of *Somerset*.

She died *February* 20, 1736-7, at *Frome*, in *Somersetshire*, aged 63, and lies buried at the meeting-house of that town, under the stone which covered the body of her father. Her distemper was an apoplexy, which seized her at her prayers, at ten o'clock on *Saturday* night, and she breathed till three the next morning, when she gave one groan, and expired.

As to her person, though she was not what we call a regular beauty, yet she was allowed to have a large share of the charms of her sex. Her stature was of a moderate size; her complexion was fair, crimsoned with a blush that naturally

glowed on her cheeks. She spoke gracefully, with a voice exceedingly sweet and harmonious; and the softness of her aspect inspired love; at the same time that it struck an awe of veneration in the beholder, for that sense and virtue which were visible in her countenance.

That the reader (if he never read her works) may have some idea of her excellent talents for poetry, we will give a short specimen of it, taken from that part of her poem on *Joseph*, where being let down into the pit, night came on, and he prayed.

*The night prevails, and draws her sable train,
With silent pace, along th' etherial plain;
By fits the dancing stars exert their beams,
The silver crescent glimmers on the streams;
The sluggish waters with a drowsy roar,
And ling'ring motion roll along the shore;
Their murmurs answer to the rustling breeze,
That faintly whispers through the nodding trees;
The peaceful echoes, undisturb'd with sound,
Lay slumb'ring in the cavern'd hills around;
Frenzy and faction, love and envy slept,
A still solemnity all nature kept;
Devotion only wak'd, and to the skies
Directs the pris'ner's pious vows and eyes,
To God's high throne a wing'd petition flew,
And from the skies commission'd Gabriel drew,
One of the seven, who by appointed turns
Before the throne ambrosial incense burns.*

RUSSEL (lady ELIZABETH) third daughter of Sir *Anthony Cooke*, was born in the year 1529, and was equally happy with her two sisters in having the advantages of a learned and polite education, and in the progress she made in the learned languages.

She

She was married first to Sir *Thomas Hobby*, who being sent by queen *Elizabeth*, ambassador into *France*, she accompanied him thither. He dying at *Paris* in 1566, left her big with child. She brought home his corpse, which she deposited in the church of *Bisbam* in *Berkshire*, together with the remains of Sir *Philip Hobby* his brother, which were laid in the same tomb, which she adorned with large inscriptions in *Latin* and *English* verse of her own composing. She had by Sir *Thomas* four children, viz. *Edward*, *Elizabeth*, *Anne*, and *Thomas Posthumus*, who, according to the account she gives of him to her brother, lord treasurer *Burleigh*, by his excessive extravagancies and undutifulness, gave her much uneasiness. From this letter it appears, she was a lady of great spirit and sense, as well as an excellent œconomist.

Some years after the death of Sir *Thomas Hobby*, she was married to lord *John Russel*, son and heir to *Francis Russel*, second earl of *Bedford* of that surname; who dying before his father in the year 1584, was buried in the abbey church at *Westminster*, where is a very noble monument erected to his memory, embellished with inscriptions in *Greek*, *Latin* and *English*, drawn up by this his excellent lady. She had by him one son, who died young; and two daughters, *Anne* and *Elizabeth*; the last of whom survived her father but a little while, and is said to have bled to death by the prick of a needle in the forefinger of her left hand, as seems to be intimated by the figure placed on her monument, which is within the same grate with that of her father; where on a pedestal of black and white marble, in imitation of a *Roman* altar, may be seen the statue of a young lady seated in a most curious wrought ofier chair, in a very melancholy posture, inclining her head to the right hand, and with the fore-

forefinger of her left, only extended downwards to direct us to a death's head underneath her foot, and to intimate the disaster that brought her to her end.

She translated from the *French* into *English* a tract entituled, *A way of Reconciliation of a good and learned Man, touching the true Nature and Substance of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Sacrament*, printed 1605; and dedicated to her only daughter, *Anne Herbert*, wife to the lord *H. Herbert*. In this dedication (says *Mr. Strype*) the excellent spirit as well as pen of this good lady may observed. It begins thus;

‘ Most virtuous and worthily beloved daughter, even as from your first birth and cradle, I was ever most careful, above any worldly thing, to have you suck the perfect milk of sincere religion; so, willing to end as I began, I have left to you, as my last legacy, this book, a most precious jewel, to the comfort of your soul; being the work of a good learned man, made about fifty years since in *Germany*; after by travail a *French* creature, now naturalized by me into *English*.’ Then proceeding to give the reason of her publishing this piece; she adds, ‘ that at first she meant not to set it abroad in print, but herself only to have some certainty to lean unto in matter of so much controversy, and to yield a reason of her opinion. But since lending the copy of her own hand to a friend, she was bereft thereof by some; and fearing lest after her death it should be printed according to the humours of others, and wrong of the dead, who in his life approved her translation with his own allowance. Therefore dreading, she said, wrong to him, above any other respect, she had by anticipation prevented the worst. And concludes thus: that she meant it for a new-year's gift; and

“ and then farewel my good *Nancy*. God bleſs thee with the continuance of the comfort of the Holy Spirit; that it may ever work in you, and perſevere with you to the end, and in the end.”

And then concludes with a *Tetraſtick* in *Latin*, which is thus engliſhed.

To her daughter *Anne*.

That each new-year new bleſſings *Anne* may bear,

Thy mother breathes her pious prayer.

Bleſſ'd be thy huſband, bleſſ'd thy offſpring be,

And all thy days from ev'ry ill be free.

Where or when this worthy lady died we do not find. But by a letter ſhe wrote to her nephew *Cecil*, without date, but ſeems to have been about the year 1597; ſhe complains much of her bad health, and the infirmities of old age, being apprehenſive of a ſudden death; and concludes, your lordſhip's owld awnt of compleat 68 years, that prays for your lordſhip's long life.

ELIZABETH RUSSEL, *Dowager*.

S.

SAPPHO, a famous poetess among the antients, was for the excellence of her genius, called the *tenth muse*. She was born at *Mitylene* in the isle of *Lesbos*, about 600 years before Chriſt, and cotemporary with *Stesicorus* and *Alcæus*, the laſt of whom was her countryman, and, as ſome ſuppoſe, her ſuitor, grounding their ſuppoſition on the authority of *Ariſtole*, who in his rhetoric cites a declaration of *Alcæus*, and an answer of *Sappho*. *Alcæus* declares “ he has ſomething to ſay, but that modeſty forbids him.” *Sappho* replies, “ if his

“his request was honourable, shame should not have appeared in his face, nor could he be at a loss to make a reasonable proposition.” Some have likewise been of opinion, that *Anacreon* was one of her lovers, and Mr. *Barnes* his editor, has taken no small pains to prove it; but the truth of chronology will not allow this; since upon enquiry, it will be found that it's highly probable *Sappho* was dead before *Anacreon* was born.

All *Sappho's* poetical compositions turned upon love; which made *Plutarch* in his treatise on that subject, compare her to *Cacus* the son of *Vulcan*; of whom it is written that he *cast out of his mouth fire and flame*. She wrote a great number of poems, of which nothing remains but some small fragments, cited by the antient scholiasts; a hymn to *Venus*, preserved by *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus*, as an example of a perfection he had a mind to characterise; and an ode to one of her mistresses; which last-piece confirms a tradition delivered down to us from antiquity, that her amorous passion extended even to her own sex, and that she had her mistresses as well as her gallants. Mad. *Dacier* indeed, for the honour of her sex, is not willing to give into this opinion, and endeavoured to render the fact uncertain; and would persuade us that this ode was written in the stile of one friend to another. But it has such a strong tincture of love, without the least mixture of friendship, that so great a judge as *Longinus*, to whom we owe the preservation of it, declared that *Sappho*, “having observed the anxieties and tortures inseparable to jealous love, has collected and displayed them in the finest manner imaginable.” And as a further confirmation of the fact, *Strabo* and *Athenæus* tell us, that the name of the lady to whom it is addressed, was *Dorica*; and that she was beloved by
Charaxus,

Charaxus, the brother of *Sappho*. Let us then imagine such a scene as this: while *Charaxus* is making his addresses to *Dorica*, at that instant *Sappho* unexpectedly breaks into their company, and, struck with what she sees, describes her emotions in the following strains:

I.

Blest as th' immortal God's is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears, and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast:
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

III.

My bosom glow'd, the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame:
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung:
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd:
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd:
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

PHILLIPS.

So general was the persuasion in *Ovid's* time, of *Sappho's* criminal love for women, that he makes no scruple of introducing her as sacrificing her female paramours to *Phaon*, with whom she was desperately in love, and did all in her power to gain him; but to no purpose. For *Phaon*, to avoid her odious solicitations, retired to *Sicily*; whither she followed him; and where, during her stay there, it is probable she composed her hymn to *Venus*, still extant, in which she so ardently

dently begs the assistance of that goddess; but her prayer was ineffectual; for *Phaon* still continued obstinately cruel; which forced the unfortunate *Sappho* to take the dreadful leap; and from the promontory *Leucas* threw herself into the sea.

The relentless cruelty of *Phaon* will not much surprize us, when we reflect, that she was a widow, having been married to a rich man in the isle of *Andros*, by whom she had a daughter named *Cleis*: that she had never been handsome; that she had observed no measure in her passion to both sexes; and that *Phaon* had long known all her charms, as she freely owns in her letter to him, wrote by the pen of *Ovid*.

*In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You still enjoyed, and yet you still desir'd:
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.* POPE.

Ovid likewise makes her confess herself not handsome.

*To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more lasting charms supply'd.
Tho' short by stature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame,* POPE.

She was undoubtedly a very great wit, and for that only her name deserves to be recorded. The *Mitylenians* estimated her worth at so high a rate, and were so sensible of the honour they received from her being born among them, that as a perpetual testimonial of their veneration for her memory,

mory, they stamped their coin with her image. And the *Romans*, in after-times to shew their regard to so wonderful a genius, erected a noble statue of porphyry to her; and in short, the ancients as well as moderns, have paid the greatest deference to her memory. *Vossius* says, that none of the *Greek* poets excelled *Sappho* for sweetness of verse; and that she made *Archilochus* the model of her stile, except in the severity of his expression, which she took care to soften. It must be granted, says *Rapin*, from what is left us of *Sappho*, that *Longinus* had great reason to extol the admirable genius of this woman; for there is in what remains of her, something delicate, harmonious and impassioned to the last degree. *Catullus* endeavoured to imitate *Sappho*, but fell infinitely short of her; and so have all others, who have attempted to draw the portrait of love in its natural complexion.

SCHURMAN (ANNA MARIA) was born at *Cologne*, November 5th, 1607, of parents sprung from noble protestant families. From her infancy she discovered an uncommon dexterity of hand; for at six years of age, she cut with her scissars all sorts of figures upon paper, without any pattern or model. At eight she learned in a few days to design flowers in a very agreeable manner; and two years after, she took no more than three hours in learning to embroider. She was afterwards instructed in the sciences of music, painting, sculpture, and engraving; and succeeded to admiration in all these arts. Our judicious Mr. *Evelyn*, in his *History of Callography*, observes, ‘ that the very
 ‘ knowing *Anna Maria a Schurman*, is skilled in this
 ‘ art, with innumerable others, even to a prodigy of
 ‘ her sex.’ Her hand-writing in all languages was inimitable; and some curious persons have preserved
 specimens

specimens of it in their cabinets. Mr. Joby, in his journey to *Munster*, relates, that he had a view of the beauty of her writing in *French, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic*; and was an eye-witness of her skill in drawing in miniature, and making portraits upon glass with the point of a diamond. She painted her own picture by means of a looking-glass; and made artificial pearls so nearly resembling natural ones, that they could not be distinguished but by pricking them with a needle.

The powers of her understanding were equally capacious; for at eleven years of age, when her brothers were examined in their *Latin* exercises, she frequently whispered them what to answer, though she had only heard them say their lessons *en passant*: which her father observing, and perceiving she had a genius for literature, determined to cultivate those talents he saw she was possessed of, and accordingly assisted her in gaining that noble stock of learning, for which she was afterwards so eminent. The *Latin, Greek, and Hebrew* languages were so familiar to her, that she not only wrote but spoke them fluently as surprised the most learned men. She made a great progress also in the oriental languages, which have an affinity with the *Hebrew*, as the *Syriac, Chaldee, Arabic, and Ethiopic*; and understood the living languages perfectly well, and could converse readily in the *French, English, and Italian*. She was likewise competently versed in geography, astronomy, philosophy, and the sciences; but as her mind was naturally of a religious cast, these learned amusements gave her but little satisfaction; and therefore at length she applied herself to divinity, and the study of the holy scriptures.

While

While she was an infant, her father had settled at *Utrecht*, but afterwards, for the more convenient education of his children, removed to *Francker*, where he died in 1623. Upon which his widow returned to *Utrecht*, where *Anna Maria* continued her studies very intensely; which undoubtedly kept her from marrying, as she might advantageously have done with Mr. *Cots*, pensionary of *Holland*, and a celebrated poet, who wrote verses in her praise, when she was no more than fourteen years of age.

Her modesty, which was as remarkable as her knowledge, would have kept her merit and learning in obscurity, if *Rivet*, *Spanheim*, and *Vossius*, had not produced her, contrary to her own inclination upon the stage of the world. To these three divines we may add *Salmasius*, *Beverovicius*, and *Huygens*, who maintained a literary correspondence with her; and by shewing her letters, spread her fame into foreign countries. This procured her letters from *Balzac*, *Gassendi*, *Mercennus*, *Rochart*, *Contart*, and other eminent men. At last, her name became so famous, that persons of the first distinction, and even princesses paid her visits; even cardinal *Richlieu* shewed her marks of his esteem.

About the year 1650, she made a visible alteration in her religious system. She no longer went to the public worship, but performed her devotions in private; which occasioned a report that she was inclined to popery; but the truth was, she had attached herself to *Labadie*, the famous quietest, and embracing his principles and practices, accompanied him wherever he went. She lived some time with him at *Altena* in *Holstein*, where she attended him at his death in 1674. She afterwards retired to *Wiewart* in *Friseland*, where Mr. *William Penn*, the quaker, visited her in 1677; and

and died at this place, *May 5, 1678*. She took for her device these words of *St. Ignatius*, *Amor meus crucifixus est*, my love is crucified. It is said she was extremely fond of eating spiders.

Her works are, "*De vitæ humanæ termino. Ultraject, 1639. Dissertatio de Ingenii muliebris ad doctrinam & meliores literas aptitudine, Lugd. Bat. 1641.* These two pieces, with letters in *French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew*, to her learned correspondents, were printed at *Leyden, 1648*, in 12mo, under the title of, "*A. M. a Schurman Opuscula, Hebræa, Græca, Latina, Gallica; profaica & metrica.*" Enlarged in the edition of *Utrecht, 1652*. She wrote afterwards, "*Eukleria, seu melioris partis electio.*" This is a defence of her attachment to *Labadie*, and was printed at *Altena* in 1673, when she was actually with him.

SCUDERY (MAGDEILINE DE) was born at *Havre de Grace*, in 1607, and became eminently distinguished for her wit and her writings. She went very early to *Paris*, where by her assiduous application to the *Belles Lettres*, she made herself amends for the want of that proper education, which the narrowness of her father's circumstances had not permitted. Her fine accomplishments gained her admittance into all assemblies of the wits, and even the learned caressed and were fond of her company; necessity first set her upon writing; and as the taste of that age was for romances, so she turned her pen that way; but made a commendable alteration in that kind of writing, by giving more modesty to the heroines, and more tenderness to the heroes; for the usual manner of this futile kind of writing has been, that the heroines were too forward, and the heroes unnaturally hard-hearted. Her books were eagerly bought up,

up, and her fame was spread far and near. She was called the *Sappho* of the age, but this is rather a compliment to the *Grecian*; for the *French Sappho*, besides a talent of writing equally in prose or verse, had the virtue of a recluse.

The celebrated academy of the *Ricovrati* at *Padua*, complimented her with a place in their society, and she succeeded the learned *Helena Cornaro*. Several great personages gave her marks of their esteem by presents, and other honours which they did her. The prince of *Paderborn*, bishop of *Munster*, made her a present of his works, together with a medal. *Christina* queen of *Sweden*, corresponded with her, settled a pension on her, and sent her her picture. Cardinal *Mazarine* left her an annuity by his will; and *Lewis XIV*, in 1683, at the solicitation of mad. de *Maintenon* settled also a good pension on her, which was always punctually paid. Neither did that great monarch stop here; but appointed a special audience to receive her acknowledgments, and made her many fine compliments.

An odd accident befel this lady on a journey with her brother. At the inn, they were to lodge in room with two beds, and after supper fell to discourse of the process of the romance of *Cyrus*, which they had then begun, and particularly how prince *Mazara* should be disposed of. After a pretty warm debate, it was carried he should be assassinated. Some merchants in the next room, over-hearing their discourse, and concluding that these strangers were contriving the death of some prince, whom they concealed under the name of *Mazara*, went and gave information to the governor; upon which they were imprisoned; and it was not without a great deal of expence and difficulty that they recovered their liberty.

She

She held a correspondence with all the learned, as well as with all the wits; and her house at *Paris* was a kind of little court, where numbers used constantly to assemble. She died *June 2, 1701*, aged 94 years; and two churches contended fiercely for the honour of possessing her remains, a point which only could be decided by the authority of the cardinal *de Noailles*, to whom the affairs was referred.

Her works were very numerous. *M. Costar*, says she, composed 80 volumes out of her own head; and it was remarkable of this lady, that she obtained the first prize of eloquence in the academy. As to her real merits, *Voltaire* says, 'she is now better known by some agreeable verses which she left, than by the enormous romances of *Clelia*, and of *Cyrus*.

SEMIRAMIS, daughter of *Dercetis*, or of the *Syrian Venus*, a famous queen of *Affyria*, the wife of *Ninus*, who for a long time governed the empire of *Affyria*, during the minority of her son *Ninias*. She undertook several wars, which succeeded very fortunately, and executed many great works at *Babylon*, and elsewhere. *Herodotus* speaks of several ramparts and moles that she had thrown up near *Babylon*. *Diodorus Siculus*, *Trogus*, *Strabo*, and many others, ascribe to her the honour of building the walls of *Babylon*; but the more exact chronologers believe, that *Semiramis* did nothing at *Babylon*; and it is very probable that her other actions have been extravagantly enlarged upon. She began her reign at *Nineveh*, in the year of the world 2789, before *Christ* 1169, before the vulgar æra 1173, about the beginning of the high priest *Eli*'s administration; and died after 42 years reign, in the sixty-second of her age. *Ninias* her son killed her, out of horror at the proposal she made him,

made him, of lying with her. *Justin*. l. i. See *Usher* upon the years of the world 2789, and 3831.

SEVIGNE (MARIE DE RABUTIN) was born in 1626; and was not above a year old, when her father was killed, at the descent of the *English* upon the isle of *Rhee*. In 1644, she was married to the marquis of *Sevigné*, who fell in a duel in 1651; by whom she had a son and a daughter; to the care of whose education, she most assiduously devoted herself; and, as it was expected, they proved most accomplished persons. She was acquainted with all the wits and learned men of her time. It is said, she decided the famous dispute between *Perrault* and *Boileau*, concerning the preference of the antients to the moderns, thus; 'the ancients are the finest, and we are the prettiest.' She died in 1696, and left us a valuable collection of letters; the best edition of which is that of 1754, at *Paris*, in 8 vols, 12mo. 'These letters, say *Voltaire*, are filled with anecdotes, written with freedom, and in a natural and animated stile, are an excellent criticism upon studied letters of wit, and still more upon those sublime fictitious letters, which aim to imitate the epistolary stile, by a recital of false sentiments and feigned adventures to imaginary correspondents.'

SEYMOUR, (Lady ANNE, MARGARET, and JANE) were three sisters illustrious for their learning in the 16th century. They wrote four hundred *Latin* distichs on the death of the queen of *Navarre*, *Margaret de Valois*, Sister to *Francis I*, which were soon after translated into *Greek*, *French* and *Italian*, and printed at *Paris* in 1551, under the title of *Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois Reyne de Navarre*. *Nicholas Denisot*, who had been preceptor

tor to these three learned ladies, made a collection, containing a translation of their distichs, and some other verses as well in honour of them, as upon the death of the queen of *Navarre*, dedicated it to *Margaret de Valois*, dutchess of *Berri*, sister of *Henry II.* Other authors are full of their encomiums upon them, particularly *Ronsard*, whose ode upon these three ladies contains this compliment; that if *Orpheus* heard them he would become their scholar.

And *Nicholas de Herberai*, *Sieur des Effars*, well known for his *French* translation of *Amadis de Gaule*, has said very handsome things of these ladies, in a letter he wrote to them, and which was prefixed to the collection of epitaphs on queen *Margaret*. Is it not then surprising that they should be so little known at present? 'I have asked (says *M. Bayle*) some *Englishmen* of great learning, and well versed in the knowledge of books and authors, who those three illustrious *English* ladies were, and have told them the little I knew of them; they answered me, that they knew nothing at all of them. I have received the same answer from *Paris*, tho' I consulted persons who, in that kind of learning, have scarce any equal. These three famous ladies must be inevitably sunk into oblivion, since *Mr. Juncker* has not said one word of them in the *Catalogue of learned women*, which he published some time ago. He sometimes quotes *Pits*: since therefore he says nothing of these ladies, it is a good proof that *Pits* himself says nothing of them. A friend of mine had before assured me, that neither *Bale* nor *Pits*, who have treated so amply of the writers of that learned nation, have said any thing of these three sisters.'

How

How it came to pass, that neither *Leland*, *Bayle* nor *Pits* took any notice of these ladies, may be easily accounted for, when it is considered that *Bale* brought his work no lower than the year 1548: *Leland* was deprived of his reason, and died distracted soon after; and *Pits* was so extremely averse to protestantism, that he purposely omitted all the writers who were of that opinion. And as these ladies did not make their appearance in the learned world till the year 1551, it is no wonder that no notice is taken of them by the abovementioned writers. However, by the authority of Mr. *Fulman*, in his fifteenth volume of MS. collections, in the archives of *Corp. Chr.* college, we find that they were the daughters of *Edward Seymour* duke of *Somerset*, and uncle to king *Edward VI.* by *Anne* his second wife, daughter of Sir *Edward Stanhope*, kn. by whom he had six daughters, all bred to learning; the eldest of whom was *Anne*, the second *Margaret*, and the third *Jane*. *Anne* was married, first, to *John Dudley*, earl of *Warwick*, and afterwards to Sir *Edward Unton*, knight of the bath. It appears by a letter under her own hand, that she was living towards the latter end of queen *Elizabeth's* reign. *Margaret* died a maid, tho' desired in marriage by the lord *Strange*, in the year 1551; as appears by a letter directed from the king and council to the earl of *Derby*, his father, dated in *July*, that the king's majesty was well pleased, that his son should solemnise marriage with his kinswoman, daughter to the duke of *Somerset*. But, probably, the duke's disgrace and misfortunes, which soon after befel him, prevented this match. And *Jane* also died in her virginity, notwithstanding her father's endeavour to have married her to king *Edward*. She was one of the maids of honour to

queen *Elizabeth*, and in great favour. She died *March* 19th, 1560, in the twentieth year of her age, and was buried in *St. Edmond's* chapel in *Westminster*, with great solemnity. On the east side of the chapel is a neat monument, which containing little more than an enumeration of the titles and dignity of the family, we shall not trouble the reader with it.

Besides this inscription, *Mr. Camden* has preserved a copy of *Latin* verses in her commendation, composed by *Dr. Haddon*, which being translated, are as follow:

On the death of Lady *Jane Somerset*.

For genius fam'd, for beauty lov'd,

Jane bade the world admire:

Her voice harmonious notes improv'd,

Her hand the tuneful lyre.

Venus and *Pallas* claim'd this maid,

Each as her right alone,

But death superior pow'r display'd,

And seiz'd her as his own.

Her virgin dust this mournful tomb,

Its kindred earth contains,

Her soul, which fate can ne'er consume,

In endless glory reigns.

SEYMOUR (ARABELLA) born about the year 1577, was the daughter of *Charles Stuart*, earl of *Lenox* (who was the youngest brother of lord *Darnley*, father of king *James I.*) by *Elizabeth* his wife, second daughter of *Sir William Cavendish* of *Chatsworth* in the county of *Derby*, knight. The said earl died in the 29th year of his age, leaving issue this his only child, of whose education a more than ordinary care was taken, and not in vain; for we are told she had a great facility in her poetical compositions, and that her papers are still preserved in the *Harleian* and *Longbeat* libraries.

Her

Her affinity to the crown occasioned her many troubles, and was the cause of her almost perpetual confinement. It appears from a passage of Mr. *Ogleby's* negociation in *Spain*, in 1596, that she was under a kind of durance in the latter end of queen *Elizabeth's* reign; for he observed that
 ‘ the queen of *England* would not deliver up to
 ‘ the king of *Scots*, *Arabella*, his uncle's daughter,
 ‘ to be married to the duke of *Lenox* in *Scotland*,
 ‘ at the time when the said king, having no issue,
 ‘ intended to make the said duke his successor and
 ‘ heir to the crown of *Scotland*.’ But be this as it may, it is certain that jealous busy heads were forming accusations against her, of which she greatly complained in her letter to her friends.

About this time the pope formed a design to raise *Arabella* to the throne of *England*, by marrying her to cardinal *Farnese*, brother to the duke of *Parma*. King *Henry IV*, of *France* seemed to favour this project, from an apprehension that *England* would become too powerful, if it was united with *Scotland*, under the same king.

Soon after the accession of king *James* to the crown of *England*, some *English* lords projected a scheme to make *Arabella* queen of *England*, because, says *Thuanus*, they were afraid lest king *James*, being a foreigner, should prefer the *Scots* before them, and confer all the posts of honour and profit upon the former. They therefore conspired to kill the king, and to crown *Arabella*. But this conspiracy being detected, some of the conspirators were capitally punished, and the rest obtained the king's pardon or a reprieve.

These transactions seemed to have occasioned her confinement in her own house, and to have impaired both her fortune and health.

It is observed (in a letter from Mr. *Chamberlain* to Sir *Ralph Winwood* in 1609) that the lady *Ara-bella's* business (whatever it was) is ended, and she restored to her former place and grace. The king gave her a cupboard of plate, better than 200*l.* for a new-year's gift; and a thousand marks to pay her debts, besides some yearly addition to her maintenance; want being thought the chiefest cause of her discontentment; tho' she be not altogether free from suspicion of being collapsed.

Soon after this, she was privately married (without the king's privity or consent) to Mr. *William Seymour*, second son to the earl of *Hertford*, who was afterwards earl and marquis of *Hertford*, and at length restored to the dukedom of *Somerset*. Their marriage being soon divulged, they were both committed prisoners to the tower.

After an imprisonment of about one year, altho' they were under the care of different keepers, by an artful contrivance, they both made their escape at the same time; at the news whereof the court was terribly alarmed, and a proclamation was immediately issued for their apprehension.

As the manner of their escape was remarkable, and as it is exactly related in a letter from Mr. *John More* to Sir *Joseph Winwood*, dated *June 8, 1612*, we will give his account *verbatim*.

‘ On *Monday* last in the afternoon, my lady *Ara-bella* lying at Mr. *Conier's* house near *Highbate*,
 ‘ having induced her keepers and attendants into security by the fair shew of conformity and willingness to go on her journey towards *Durham*, (which
 ‘ the next day she must have done) and in the mean
 ‘ time disguising herself by drawing a pair of great
 ‘ *French* fashioned hose over her pettycotes, putting on a man's doublet, a manlyke perruke
 ‘ with long locks over her hair, a black hat, a black
 ‘ cloak,

' cloak, russet bootes with red tops, with a rapier
 ' by her syde, walked forth between three and
 ' four of the clock, with Mr. *Markham*. After
 ' they had gone a mile and a half to a sorry inne,
 ' where *Crompton* attended with their horses, she
 ' grew very sick and faint, so as the hostler that
 ' held the styrop, said, that gentleman would
 ' hardly hold out to *London*: yet being set on a
 ' a good gelding astride in an wonted fashion, the
 ' stirring of her horse brought blood enough into
 ' her face, and so she rid on towards *Blackwall*;
 ' where ariving about six o'clock, finding there in
 ' a readines two men, a gentlewoman and a
 ' chambermaid, with one boat full of Mr. *Sey-*
 ' *mour's* and her trunks, and another boat for
 ' their persons, they hasted from thence towards
 ' *Woolwich*. Being come so far they bade the
 ' watermen row on to *Gravesend*. There the
 ' watermen were desirous to land, but for a double
 ' freight were content to go on to *Lee*; yet being
 ' almost tyred by the way, they were fane to lye
 ' still at *Tilbury*, whilst the oars went a-land to
 ' refresh themselves. Then they proceeded to
 ' *Lee*, and by that time the day appeared, they
 ' discovered a ship at anchor a mile beyond them;
 ' which was the *French* barque that waited for
 ' them. Here the lady would have lien at an-
 ' chor expecting Mr. *Seymour*, but through the
 ' importunities of her followers, they forthwith
 ' hoisted sail to seaward. In the mean while Mr.
 ' *Seymour*, with a perruke and beard of black
 ' hair, and in a tauny cloth suit, walked alone,
 ' without suspicion, from his lodging out of the
 ' great west door of the tower, following a cart
 ' that had brought him billets. From thence he
 ' walked along by the tower wharfe, by the
 ' warders of the south gate, and so to the iron gate,
 ' where *Rodney* was ready for to receive him.

When they came to *Lee*, and found that the
 French ship was gone, the billows rising high,
 they hired a fisherman for twenty shillings to
 set them on board a certain ship they saw under
 sail. That ship they found not to be it they looked
 for, so they made forward to the next under
 saile, which was a ship of *Newcastle*. This, with
 much adoe, they hired for forty pounds to carry
 them to *Calais*; but whether the collier did per-
 form his bargain or no, is not as yet here known.
 On *Tuesday* in the afternoon my lord treasurer,
 being advertised that the lady *Arabella* had made
 her escape, sent forthwith to the lieutenant of the
 tower to set streight guard over Mr. *Seymour*, which
 he after his *yaie manner*, said he would *thoroughly*
do, that he would; but coming to the prisoner's
 lodgings, he found (to his great amazement) that
 he was gone from thence one whole day before.

Now the king and the lords being much dis-
 turbed at this unexpected accident, my lord trea-
 surer sent orders to a pinnace that lay at the
 Downs to put presently to sea, first to *Calais*
 road, and then to scour up the coast towards
Dunkirk. This pinnace spying the aforesaid
 French Bark, which lay lingering for Mr.
Seymour, made to her, which thereupon offered
 to fly towards *Calais*, and endured thirteen shot
 of the pinnace before she would stryke. In this
 bark is the lady taken with her followers, and
 brought back towards the tower: not so sorry
 for her own restraint, as she should be glad if
 Mr. *Seymour* might escape, whose welfare she
 protesteth to affect much more than her own.

This unfortunate lady being from this time un-
 der close confinement in the tower, she there
 spent the remaining part of her life in a melancholy
 retirement, which had such an effect upon her as

and W.

to deprive her of her reason. When she had been a prisoner four years, she was happily released from all her sorrows by death (though not without suspicion of poison) on the 27th of September 1615, and was interred in the vault with *Mary* queen of *Scots*, in king *Henry VIIIth's* chapel, without any monumental inscription. Her coffin is now much shattered and broken, so that her scull and bones may be seen.

SOPHRONIA is a name given to a *Roman* lady, whose courage and chastity *Eusebius* commends. He does not name her, tho' *Charles Stephens* does. *Eusebius* only tells us that this lady was married to the governor of *Rome*, and that knowing that the archers whom the tyrant *Maxentius* used to employ to fetch the women he designed to abuse, had already entered her house, with a permission extorted from her husband, she begged a little time with a pretence to dress herself; that afterwards being alone in her chamber, she plunged a dagger into her own bosom, and by that action shewed her own and all future ages, that *Christian* virtue alone is invincible, and proof against death. This is all that *Eusebius* relates of her. He does not assert that she begged leave of her husband and pardon of God for what she was going to do, nor that the church testified the truth of her martyrdom, by declaring her one of the saints. These are glosses which *Moreri* and others ascribe to the historian.

SOSIPATRA, a *Lydian*, the wife of *Edeus*, who being of a prophetic spirit, and foretelling future events, in verse no doubt, as the ancients especially were wont to do, some have not scrupled to place her among the poets. She is mentioned by *Eugapius* and *Volaterranus*.

STELLA,

STELLA, whose real name was *Johnson*, was the daughter of Sir *William Temple's* steward, and the concealed but undoubted wife of Dr. *Swift*. Sir *William* bequeathed her in his will 1000*l*. as an acknowledgment of all her father's faithful services. She was married to Dr. *Swift* in the year 1716, by Dr. *Ashe*, then bishop of *Clogher*.

Stella was a most amiable woman in mind and person. She had an elevated understanding, with all the delicacy and softness of her own sex. Her voice, however sweet in itself, was still rendered more harmonious by what she said. Her wit was poignant without severity. Her manners were humane, polite, easy and unreserved. Wherever she came, she attracted attention and esteem. As virtue was her guide in morality, sincerity was her guide in religion. She was constant but not ostentatious in her devotions. She was remarkably prudent in her conversation. She had great skill in music, and was perfectly well versed in all the lesser arts that employ a lady's leisure. Her wit allowed a perpetual fund of cheerfulness; her prudence kept that cheerfulness within proper limits. she exactly answered the description of *Penelope* in *Homer*.

A woman loveliest of the lovelier kind,
In body perfect and complete in mind.

This is the character given her by the lord *Orrery*, which she undoubtedly deserved. To what cause then must we impute the strange behaviour of *Swift*, who, after his marriage, refused to cohabit with her as his wife, and denied her all those nuptial rites, which a woman in that state may justly claim? They lived in separate houses, he remaining at the deanery, she in lodgings at a distance from him, on the other side of the *Liffy*. Nothing appeared in their behaviour inconsistent with

with decorum, or beyond the limits of platonic love. They conversed like friends, but they industriously took care to have witnesses of their conversation: a rule to which they so strictly adhered, that it is almost impossible to prove they had ever been together without a third person. A conduct so extraordinary must naturally occasion various reflections. Some imputed this renunciation of marriage rites to a consciousness of too near a consanguinity between them, and the general voice of fame was willing to make them both the natural children of Sir *William Temple*. And there goes a story (the truth of which we dare not affirm) that on the news being brought to Sir *William Temple*, that their nuptials were on the point of being celebrated, a letter was immediately dispatched to *Dublin*, to inform them of some secrets relating to their birth and parentage, which prevented their proceeding to consummation, to the infinite regret both of the doctor and his bride. Others, however, deny this to be the reason of their separation, affirming that it was owing to the dean's pride, who would not own a wife who was the daughter of a menial servant. But be it which it will, it is easy to imagine, that a woman of *Stella's* delicacy, must repine at such an extraordinary situation. The outward honours she received are as frequently bestowed on a mistress as a wife. She was absolutely virtuous, and yet was obliged to submit to all the appearances of vice, except in the presence of those few people, who were witnesses of the cautious manner in which she lived with her husband. Inward anxiety gradually affected the calmness of her mind, and the strength of her body. She began to decline in her health in the year 1724, and from the first symptoms of decay, she rather hastened than shrunk

back in the descent; tacitly pleased to find her footsteps tending to that place where they neither marry nor are given in marriage. She died towards the end of the year 1727, absolutely destroyed by the peculiarity of her fate; a fate which perhaps she could not have incurred by an alliance with any other person in the world.

SULPICIA or SULPITIA, a *Roman* lady, the daughter of *Sulpicius Paterculus*, and the wife of *Fulvius Flaccus*, was honoured in a very distinguishing manner when it was thought proper to look for some remedy against the great dissoluteness universally prevalent among the women of *Rome*. The evil was got to such a head, that the state had recourse to heaven, and those helps which religion affords, when all human means prove ineffectual. The books of the sybils were consulted; and upon the report made by the inspectors, the senate decreed that an image should be consecrated to *Venus Verticordia*, that is, to *Venus who turneth the heart*, that so both the married women and the single might be reclaimed from lewdness to chastity. It was decreed that the most chaste woman should have the honour to consecrate that image of *Venus*; they chose at first an hundred women from all the rest, and then ten out of these hundred, and they all agreed to appoint *Sulpicia* for the office proposed. That lady was therefore acknowledged to be the chasteest woman in all *Rome*. This happened about the year 639, from the building of the city.

SULPICIA, an ancient *Roman* poetess, who flourished in the reign of *Domitian*, and afterwards was so celebrated and admired, that she has been called the *Roman Sappho*. We have nothing left of her but a satire, or rather fragment of a satire, against *Domitian*, who published a decree for the banish-

banishment of philosophers from *Rome*; which satire may be found in *Scaliger's Appendix Virgiliana*, and other collections, but has usually been printed at the end of *Juvenal's* satires, and has, by some, been falsely ascribed to him. From the invocation it should seem that she was the author of many other poems, and she was the first *Roman* lady who taught her sex to emulate the *Greeks* in poetry. Her language is easy and elegant, and she seems to have had a happy talent for satire. *Martial* and *Sidonius Appollinaris* mention her, and she is said to have addressed to her husband *Calenus*, a *Roman* knight, *A poem on conjugal love*. She was certainly a lady of a bright genius, and therefore the loss of her works is deservedly lamented.

SUZE (HENRIETTE DE COLIGNI, Countess de) was a *French* lady, daughter of the marshal de *Coligni*, and famous for her wit and poetry. She was first married to *Thomas Hamilton*, a *Scots* nobleman; and after his death, to the count *De la Suze*. This second marriage proved very unfortunate to her, and occasioned her infinite vexations. The count had conceived such a jealousy of her, that to keep her out of the way of temptation, he confined her in one of his country houses. The countess being thus immur'd knew not how to recover her liberty, but by declaring herself a *Roman catholic*, her husband being a *Hugonot*. This, however, produced nothing, except a more violent enmity. At length she proposed a dissolution of their marriage, and to induce him to agree to it, offered him 25,000 crowns. The count accepted the terms, and the parliament dissolved their marriage: upon which it was said that the countess had lost 50,000 crowns in the management of this affair; since, if she would have been patient a little longer, instead of paying 25000 crowns to her

her husband, she would have received 25,000 from him; so desirous was he to get rid of her. Queen *Christina* of Sweden said upon the occasion, 'That the countess *de la Suze*, had turned catholic, and separated from her husband, that she might never see him more, either in this world or the next.'

This lady had brought herself into extreme embarrassments. One morning about eight o'clock, an officer came to seize her goods; her woman acquainting her with the affair, the officer was desired to walk up to her chamber, where she was in bed. 'Sir, said she, I have scarce had a wink of sleep all night, that I must beg your patience for an hour or two.' To be sure, madam, replied he, after which she fell asleep till ten o'clock, and then dressed herself in order to go and dine in town, where she had been invited. When she came out of her apartment, she said to the officer, 'Sir, I thank you very heartily for your civility, and now I leave you master here;' then very composedly went out of her house.

Madame *de Chatillon* having a suit at law with the countess *de la Suze*, these two ladies happened to meet in the court; the duke *de Feuillade*, who handed madame *de Chatillon*, said with a gascoon air to the countess, who was attended by *Benferade*, and some other poets; so, madam, you have rhyme on your side, and we have reason. Madame *de la Suze*, piqued at this raillery, replied with an air of contempt, then, sir, we cannot be said to go to law without rhyme or reason.

Being free from all troublesome connexions, she gave herself up intirely to poetry; became the delight of the time, and the subject of their panegyric. She excelled particularly in the elegiac way, her songs, madrigals, and odes, being reckoned

reckoned much inferior to her elegies, which abound in wit, delicacy, and fine turn of sentiment. Her poems are collected and printed with those of *Peliffon* and *Mad. de Scudery*, at *Trevooux*, 1725, in four volumes, 12mo. She died in 1673.

T.

TANAQUIL, wife of *Tarquinius Priscus*, king of *Rome*, was born at *Tarquini* in *Tuscany*. She was married there to *Lucumon*, son of a man who fled thither when he was expelled from *Corinth*, his native place. *Lucumon* being heir to all the estate of his father, who was very rich; and as the family of *Tanaquil* was one of the noblest of that city, he hoped to advance himself to posts of honour, but being the son of a foreigner, he met with great obstacles. *Tanaquil* was vexed at the contempt shewn for her husband, and not being willing to lose the distinguished rank wherein she was born, she determined to leave *Tarquini*, and to seek elsewhere an opportunity of advancing herself. She represented therefore to her husband, that he ought to go and settle at *Rome*, where all persons of merit, whatever country they were of, might expect the highest posts. *Lucumon* followed her advice, and had a presage of his great fortune, before he entered *Rome*: the presage was this. As they arrived at the mount *Janiculus*, an eagle descended gently upon their chariot, and took away *Lucumon's* cap, and after having hovered sometime over them with a great cry, he restored the cap very orderly to the same place. *Tanaquil*, who was well versed in the science of augury, sitting by her husband, embraced him, and assured him of a very great fortune, by explaining to him the circumstances.

cumstances of that presage. They entered *Rome*, therefore, full of the highest hopes. He assumed the name of *Tarquinius*. He gained the esteem and friendship of the *Romans*, and insinuated himself in such a manner into the good graces of the king, that the posts which he obtained, gave him an opportunity of aspiring to the crown, and he succeeded in that ambition. He was killed in his palace in the 38th year of his reign. *Tanaquil* was not disconcerted by this severe stroke; she had managed with such address, that she procured the crown for *Servius Tullius*, her son in law, whose good fortune she had foretold a long time before. Her memory was revered at *Rome* for several ages; her handy works were preserved there. *Varro*, who was contemporary with *Cicero*, assures us, that he had seen in the temple of *Sangus*, the distaffe spindle of *Tanaquil*, with the wool upon it, which she had been spinning; and that there was preserved in the temple of *Fortune*, a royal robe, which she had made; and was worn by *Servius Tullius*. *Pliny* adds, that it was upon this account, that the young women who were married, were followed by a person who bore the distaffe and spindle, with wool upon it. He says also, that she was the first who wove that kind of garment, which was given to youths, when they took the *toga virilis*, and to young maids when they were married. The distinguished virtue of that queen, says *St. Jerom*, is too deeply impressed upon the memory of all ages to be ever effaced.

TAVEAU (RENIE) only daughter and heiress of *Leo Taveau*, Baron de *Mortemart*, lord of *Lussac*, &c. married *Francis de Rochechouart* lord of *Sonnai Charente* in the sixteenth century. She lived in the odour of sanctity, and as she exhausted herself in a long course of prayer and penitence, she

she fell into so violent a trance, that she was thought to be dead, and was buried. One of her domestics having observed that she was buried with a diamond of great value on her finger, went down in the night into the vault in order to steal it, and found her alive. She had afterwards several children. She had a great share in the esteem of *Catherine de Medicis*, but lost it by the following incident. She being one day with this princess in the church of *St. John en Greve*, at a sermon of *Menot*, the famous franciscan frier, resolved to take the advantage of that disposition, into which she found the queen brought, on the discourse of *Menot*, which was extremely strong and pressing, concerning the irregularities of the great, and to give her some advice about the conduct of the ladies of her court, and her inclination to *Astrology*. The queen, who had shed many tears at this sermon (to the great astonishment of the audience, who were not used to see her shed any upon such occasions) received very well her advice at the time her mind was terrified by the truths, which had been declared by the bold Franciscan; but those ideas of terror being dissipated by degrees, the advice of the lady *de Montemart* was no longer seasonable, and she was sent to give it in *Poitou* (whither she was banished) to some persons of more scrupulous consciences.

TELESILLA, a noble poetess of *Argos*, who upon consulting the oracle about her health, being advised to betake herself to the study of the muses, grew in a short time so excellent, that, animated by the charming power of her verse, the *Argive* women, under her conduct, were able to repel *Cleomenes*, the *Spartan* king, from the siege of *Argos*, and afterwards king *Damaratus* from the

the siege of *Pamphiliacum*, with shameful loss and retreat.

THEANO; a triple female name of considerable repute in poetry. The first of this name was *Theano Locrensis*, a native of the city of *Locri*, and surnamed *Melica*, from the exact melody to which all her lyric airs and songs were composed. The second, a *Cretan* poetess, and by some said to have been the wife of *Pythagoras*. The third, *Theano Thuria*, or *Metapotino*, said to have been the wife of *Carystius*, some say *Brantinus* of *Cretona*, and daughter of the poet *Lycophron*; they are all three mentioned by *Suidas*. There are also three epistles of *Theano*, probably one of the three now mentioned, tho' which of them is not determined, published with the epistles of several ancient *Greek* authors at *Venice*, by *Aldus*.

THOMAS (Mrs.) known to the world by the poetical name of *Corinna*, was the child of an ancient and infirm parent, who gave her life when he was dying himself, and to whose unhappy constitution she was sole heiress. From her very birth, which happened in 1675, she was affected with fevers and desfluxions, and being over nursed, her constitution was so delicate and tender, that had she not been of a gay disposition, and possessed of a vigorous mind, she must have been more unhappy than she actually was. Her father dying when she was scarce two years old, and her mother not knowing his real circumstances, as he was supposed, from his splendid manner of life, to be very rich, some inconveniencies were incurred, in bestowing upon him a pompous funeral. When she married him, he was upwards of sixty and herself in the bloom of eighteen, on the supposition of his being wealthy, but she was miserably deceived. She disposed of two houses her hus-

husband kept, one in town, the other in the county of *Essex*, and retired into a private country lodging. Here it was her misfortune to become acquainted with a certain philosophical doctor, who pretended he had made a discovery of the philosopher's stone; and so far insinuated himself into her good opinion, that she was prevailed upon to advance 300*l.* upon the credit of his invention, in order to prepare works for the grand operation. But coming to the last trial, when the success was every moment expected, all his works were blown up at once, and her eyes were opened to see how grossly she had been imposed upon. But I should have observed, that during the process, the doctor acted the part of a tutor to miss, in arithmetic, latin and mathematics, to which she discovered a very strong propensity.

Mrs. Thomas, on this occasion, suffered a good deal of secret anguish; she was ashamed of having reduced her fortune, and impoverished her child by listening to the insinuations of a villain. Time and patience at last overcame it; and when her health, which by this accident was impaired, was restored, she began to stir amongst her husband's greatest clients. She took a house in *Blomf-bury*, and by a good oeconomy, and an elegant appearance, was supposed to be better in the world than she really was. Her husband's clients received her like one risen from the dead; they visited and promised to serve her. At last the duke of *Montague* advised her to let lodgings, which way of life she declined, as her talents were not suited for dealing with ordinary lodgers; but if I knew, added she, any family that desired such a conveniency, I would readily accommodate them. I take you at your word, replied the duke, I will become your sole tenant; nay, don't smile,

smile, for I am in earnest; I love a little freedom more than I can enjoy at home, and I may come sometimes and eat a bit of mutton, with four or five honest fellows, whose company I delight in.' The bargain was made, and prov'd matter of fact, though on a deeper scheme than drinking a bottle; and his grace was to pass in the house for Mr. *Freeman* of *Hertfordshire*. In a few days he ordered a dinner for his beloved friends, *Jack* and *Tom*, *Will* and *Ned*, good honest country fellows, as his grace called them. They came at the time appointed; but how surprised was the widow when she saw the duke of *Devonshire*, lords *Buckingham* and *Dorset*, and a certain viscount, with Sir *William Dutton Colt*, under these feigned names. After several times meeting at her house, the noble persons, who had a high opinion of her integrity, entrusted her with the grand secret, which was nothing less than the project for the revolution. That memorable event being effected, and the state become more settled, that place of rendezvous was quitted. The noblemen took leave of the lady, with promises of obtaining a pension, or some place in the household for her, as her zeal in that cause highly merited; besides, she had a very good claim to some appointment, having been ruined by the shutting up the exchequer. But alas! court promises are like the baseless fabric of a dream, for these noble peers never thought of her more. The duke of *Montague* indeed made offers of service, and being captain of the band of pensioners, she asked him to admit Mr. *Gwynnet*, who had made love to her daughter, into such a post. This he promised, but upon these terms, that her daughter should ask him for it; she thanked him for it, and not suspecting that any design was covered under this offer,

offer, thought herself sure of success: but how amazed was she to find her daughter, whom she had bred in the most passive subjection, and who had never discovered the least instance of disobedience, absolutely refuse to ask any such favour of his grace: and continuing obstinate in her resolution, her mother obliged her to explain herself. Upon which she told her that the duke had already made an attack upon her; that his designs were dishonourable, and that if she submitted to ask his grace one favour, he would reckon himself secure of another in return. This explanation was too satisfactory; and his mean and ungenerous conduct too apparent to admit of any excuse.

In the mean time our young *Corinna* continued to improve her mind by reading the politest authors. Upon Mr. *Gwynnet*'s first discovering his passion for her, she had honour enough to remonstrate to him the inequality of their fortunes, as her affairs were then in a very perplexed situation. This objection was soon surmounted by a lover, especially as his father had already given him possession of the greatest part of his estate, and leave to please himself. Mr. *Gwynnet* no sooner obtained this than he came to *London*, and claimed *Corinna*'s promise of marriage: but her mother being then in a very weak condition, she could not abandon her in that distress, to die among strangers. She therefore told Mr. *Gwynnet*, that as she had not thought sixteen years long in waiting for him, he could not think six months long in expectation of her. He replied, with a sigh, 'Six months, at this time, my *Corinna*, is more than sixteen years have been; you have put it off now, and God will put it off for ever.' It proved as he had foretold; he next day went into the country, made his will, sickened, and died *April 16, 1711*, leaving

ing her the bequest of 600*l.* and, adds she, 'Sorrow has been my food ever since.' Had she providentially married him, she had been secure from the distresses of poverty; but duty to her parent was more prevalent than considerations of convenience. After the death of her lover she was barbarously used: his brother stifled the will, which compelled her to have recourse to law; he smothered the old gentleman's conveyance deed, by which he was enabled to make a bequest, and offered a large sum of money to any person to blacken *Corinna's* character, but could find none wretched enough for his purpose. At last, to shew her respect to the memory of her deceased lover, she consented to an accommodation, to receive 200*l.* down, and 200*l.* at the year's end. The first payment was made and distributed instantly among her mother's creditors, but when the other became due, he bid her defiance, stood suit on his own bond, and held her out four terms. He carried it from one court to another, till at last it was brought to the bar of the house of lords; and as that is a tribunal where the chicanery of lawyers can have no weight, he thought proper to pay the money without a hearing. The gentlemen of the long robe had made her sign an instrument, that they should receive the money and pay themselves. After they had laid their cruel hands upon it, of the 200*l.* the poor lady received but 13*l.* 16*s.* which reduced her to the necessity of absconding from her creditors, and starving in an obscure corner, till she was betrayed by a false friend, and hurried to gaol. Besides all her other calamities, she fell into a dangerous fit of illness by a mere accident. Thus it was: in *April 1711*, she swallowed the middle bone of the wing of a large fowl, being above three inches long; she had the

end in her mouth, and speaking hastily, it went forcibly down in the act of inspiration. At first she felt no pain; but in a few days she complained of a load at her stomach, and that nothing went through her. After this she fell into a violent bloody-flux, attended with continual pain, convulsions and swooning fits, and after that was seized with a malignant fever. In this deplorable condition she continued, except some small intervals, for about two years, notwithstanding all that the most eminent physicians could do for her. They sent her to *Bath*, where she found some relief, and continued tolerably well for some years, even to bear the fatigue of an eight years suit with an unjust executor.

Being deprived of a competent fortune by cross accidents, she suffered all the extremities of a close imprisonment, if want of all the necessaries of life, and lying on the boards for two years, may be termed such, during which time, she never felt the bone. But on her recovering liberty, and beginning to use exercise, her stomach, belly and head, swelled to a monstrous degree, and she was judged to be in a dropsy; but no medicines taking place, she was given over as incurable; when nature unexpectedly helped itself, and in twelve hours time, by stool and vomit, she voided about five gallons of dirty looking water, which greatly relieved her some days, but gathered again, and was always attended with a hectic or suffocating asthma in her stomach. Under all these calamities did poor *Corinna* labour; and it is difficult to produce a life crouded with greater evils. Amongst her other misfortunes, she suffered the displeasure of Mr. *Pope*, who gave her a place in his dunciad. Mr. *Pope* once paid her a visit, in company with *Henry Cromwell*, Esq; whose letters, by
some

some accident, fell into her hands, with some of *Pope's* answers. As soon as that gentleman died, Mr. *Curl* found means to wheedle them from her, and immediately committed them to the press. This so enraged Mr. *Pope*, that he never forgave her. Not many months after our poetess had been released from her gloomy habitation, she took a small lodging in *Fleet-street*, where she died *Feb.* 1730, in the 56th year of her age, and was interred in the church of *St. Bride's*.

Corinna, considered as an authoress, is of the second rate: she had not so much wit as Mrs. *Behn*, or Mrs. *Manley*, nor had so happy a power of intellectual painting, but her poetry is soft and delicate, her letters sprightly and entertaining. Her poems were published after her death, by *Curl*; and two volumes of letters, which passed between her and Mr. *Gwynnet*.

THYMELE, a musical poetess, mentioned by *Martial*, said to have first introduced into the scene a sort of dance, which, from her, the *Greeks* called *Themelinos*. From her also a sort of Altar, antiently often used in the theatre, is concluded to have taken its appellation.

TISHEN (CATHERINE) Of what family this lady was, who were her parents, or when she was born, we are entirely ignorant, nor do we know when she died. But of this we are certain, that she was a great linguist, and that she not only understood the *French* and *Italian*, but was exceedingly well skilled in *Latin*, and so perfectly versed in the *Greek* language, that she could read *Galen* in that tongue, which few physicians are able to do. She was married to *Gualtherus Gruter*, a burgo-master of *Antwerp*, about the middle of the 16th century; by whom she had the celebrated *James Gruter*, a learned philosopher, and one of the most

most indefatigable writers of his age, who was born at *Antwerp*, Dec. 3, 1560. But being persecuted for the Protestant religion by the dutchels of *Parma*, governess of the *Netherlands*, she brought him into *England* about the year 1565. *Balthasar Venator* observes to her honour, that she was her son's chief instructor. He was of the university of *Cambridge*; but going thence to *Leyden* in 1579, about the nineteenth year of his age, it is not improbable that his mother died in that year.

TROTHER (CATHERINE) was descended of *Scots* parents, but born and bred in *England*. She wrote five plays, wherein the passions are well described, and the diction is just and familiar. They are *Agnes de Castro*, a tragedy; *Fatal Friendship*, a tragedy; *The unhappy Penitent*, a tragedy; *Love at a Loss*, a comedy; *The Revolution of Sweden*, a tragedy.

Mrs. Trother was very much inclined to philosophical studies; and has written a very pretty small piece in defence of Mr. *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding*. Some time after writing her last play, she was, by the late bishop of *Salisbury*, converted from the *Romish* persuasion, and by his lordship's recommendation married to a clergyman.

TYMICHA was a *Lacedemonian* lady by birth, and in process of time, the consort of one *Myllias*, a native of *Grotone*. *Jamblichus*, in his life of *Pythagoras*, places her at the head of his list or roll of the most celebrated female philosophers of the *Pythagorean* sect. When *Tymicha* was taken into custody with her husband, and carried before *Dyonisius* the tyrant, he made them both very advantageous offers; but they rejected them with scorn and detestation. Whereupon the tyrant took the hus-

N

band

band aside first; and promised to release him with honour, on condition only that he would discover the reason why the *Pythagoreans* chose rather to die than to *trample upon beans*: *Myllias*, without the least hesitation, made him the following reply, viz. that as that sect chose rather to die than to *tread upon beans*, so he would chuse to *tread upon beans*, rather than to gratify his curious enquiry. The tyrant not succeeding with the husband, took the wife apart, not doubting but that through the weakness of her sex, and her situation at that time, being very visibly pregnant, and through the additional terror of the torture with which he intended to menace her, she would soon be prevailed on to discover the important secret. Upon the trial, however, he found himself perfectly baffled: for she instantly, with the most undaunted resolution, bit off her tongue, and spat it directly in the tyrant's face, in order that no torture, how inhuman soever, should force her to divulge the mysteries of the *Pythagorean science*.

W.

WALKER (ELIZABETH) was born July 12, 1623, in *Bucklersbury, London*. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. *John Sadler*, citizen and grocer of *London*, a man of a very generous and charitable disposition.

She had an early sense of virtue and piety, being from her childhood most strictly religious; even so far as to occasion her much trouble and anxiety about her religious concerns. The awful regard she had for the rules and precepts of the gospel, made

made her very tender and fearful of transgressing them. And the strict and severe censure she passed upon any the least departure from them gave her great uneasiness.

On the 23d of July, in the year 1650, she was married to the reverend Dr. *Anthony Walker*, minister of *Tyfield* in *Essex*. Upon this happy marriage, those clouds that had so darkened her understanding and disquieted her soul, were soon dissipated and dispelled by the assistance of this her most friendly guide and director; and she distinguished herself through the remaining stage of her life, in a most amiable and chearful exercise of every Christian virtue; being a most sincere and faithful friend; and of such exemplary compassion to the poor and indigent, as hardly to admit of a parallel. How excellent a mother she was, we shall see presently; and her conjugal virtues were such, as not only endeared her to her husband while she was living, but put him upon endeavouring to transmit them to posterity. This short account of her is wholly extracted from his history of her *holy life and death*, &c. printed in 1697.

She died in *Feb.* 23, 1689-90, after she had lived with her husband almost forty years, and was buried at *Tyfield*.

The doctor informs us, that after her death, amongst many useful and pious writings, he found a large book in octavo. *The beginning of which contains many excellent instructions, and religious directions for the use of her two daughters, who were then living; to teach them how to serve God acceptably, and promote the salvation of their souls.* The latter end bears this title. *Some memorials of God's providence to my husband, self and children.*

children. Many specimens of this performance may be seen in the doctor's account of her life. She likewise wrote contemplations on the 104th *psalm*, 10th *verse*. To which is prefixed, a large and pious introduction, shewing what were the motives that led her to the following thoughts; which were chiefly the consideration of God Almighty's constant support of the whole creation; and unlimited goodness to all the works of his hands.

The doctor has published, by way of appendix to her life, some few of the directions she composed for her children's instructions; and several of the pious letters, which she wrote to her relations and friends.

WESTON (ELIZABETH JANE) was born about the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, and was, as Dr. Fuller imagines, a branch of the antient and genteel family of the *Westons* of *Sutton* in *Surry*. She seems to have left *England* when she was very young, and settled at *Prague* in *Bohemia*, where it is probable she continued during the remainder of her life; and therefore is better known abroad than at home. She had fine natural parts, which were greatly improved by a polite education. She understood many languages, and was particularly skilful in the *Latin* tongue; in which she wrote several things both in prose and verse with great applause; which made her highly esteemed by some of the most learned foreigners at that time, who corresponded with her, and gave her great encomiums on that account. *Scaliger*, speaking to her, says, *Pené prius mihi contiget admirari ingenium tuum, quam nosse*. And *James Dousa* made the following quibbling epigram on her.

Angla

Angla vel angelica es, vel prorsus es angelus:

immò,

Si sexus vetat hoc, angelus est animus.

Thus translated:

Angle, or, fair angelic maid,

An angel sure thou art;

Or, if thy sex that name forbid,

An angel is thy heart.

And *Nicholas May* complimented her with another *Latin* epigram, which may be thus translated.

Behold, that future times her worth may own
Weston's fair daughter in the sculptur'd stone!
 The tuneful muses form'd her virgin mind;
 Her wit was lofty, and her will resign'd:
 On truth's firm basis all her actions mov'd,
 And zealous industry her sense improv'd.
 Her well known name the heavenly bands shall join;
 And ten the muses, four the graces shine.

Among our own writers, *Mr. Evelyn* has given her a place among his learned women, in his *Nu-
 mismata*. *Mr. Philips* has introduced her among his female poets. And *Mr. Farnaby* ranks her with *Sir Thomas More*, *Alabaster*, and other the best *Latin* poets in the 16th century.

She translated several of *Æsop's* fables into *Latin* verse. She wrote also a *Latin* poem in praise of *Typography*; which with many other *Latin* poems and epistles to and from her, were collected and published under the following title. *Parthenicon Elizabethæ Joannæ Westoniæ, Virginis nobilissimæ, pœtriæ florentissimæ, linguarumque peritissimæ,*

Lib. III. opera ac studio, G. Mart. a Baldhovern, sic collectus; & nunc denuo amicis desiderantibus communicatus, page 1606.

She was married to *John Leon*; a gentleman belonging to the emperor's court; and was living in the year 1605, as appears from an epistle of hers dated *Prague Nonis Martii*, that year.

WHARTON (ANNE) was the daughter and coheiress of Sir *Henry Lee*, of *Ditchley* in *Oxfordshire*, who having no son, left his estate to be divided between this lady and her sister the countess of *Abingdon*, whose memory Mr. *Dryden* celebrates in a funeral panegyric, entitled *Eleanora*.

She was the first wife of *Thomas Wharton*, Esq; afterwards marquis of *Wharton*, by whom she had no issue. In 1681, she was in *France* on account of her health, as appears from several letters to her husband. The next year she held a correspondence by letters with Dr. *Gilbert Burnet*, many of which are made public. Dr. *Burnet* wrote several poems and sent them to her. This lady, among other poems, wrote *A paraphrase on the Lamentations of Jeremiah*, which, as appears by a note prefixed to the original manuscript, was begun at *Paris*, *March 21*, 1680-1, and ended *April 21* following. Also, *A paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer*. *Verses to Mr. Waller*, and *An Elegy on the death of the earl of Rochester*. Upon which last piece Mr. *Waller* wrote a copy of verses to her, as likewise another upon her *Paraphrase upon the Lord's prayer*. And his two cantoes of *divine poesy* were occasioned by a sight of her *paraphrase on the 52d chap. of Isaiah*. The mother of *John Wilmot*, earl of *Rochester*, was aunt to this lady's father; for which reason Mr. *Waller* says they were allied in genius and in blood. Besides the

the above mentioned, which have gone through several editions, she translated into *English*, the *Epistle of Penelope to Ulysses*, from *Ovid*. Also *Verses on the snuff of a candle*, made in sickness. She died at *Adderbury*, Oct. 29, 1685, and was buried at *Winchenden*.

WINCHELSEA (ANNE countess of) was the daughter of Sir *William Kingsmill* of *Sidmonton, Hants*, knight. She was maid of honour to the dutchess of *York*, second wife to K. *James II*; and was afterwards married to *Heneage*, second son of *Heneage* earl of *Winchelsea*.

One of the most celebrated poems of the countess of *Winchelsea*, was that upon the spleen, printed in a new miscellany of original poems on several occasions, published by Mr. *Charles Gildon*, 1701.

That poem occasioned another by Mr. *Nicholas Rowe*, entitled *An epistle to Flavia, on the sight of two Pindaric odes on the spleen and vanity, written by a lady to her friend*. A collection of her poems was printed at *London* 1713, together with a tragedy never acted, entitled *Aristomenes*. A great number of her poems still remain unpublished.

As a specimen of her poetical talents, take her answer to the following address.

To Lady *Winchelsea*, occasioned by some verses in the *Rape of the lock*, by Mr. *Pope*.

In vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those *Sapphoes* we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of ev'ry female wit,
But doom'd it then when first *Ardelia* writ.
Of all examples by the world confest,
I knew *Ardelia* would not quote the best,

Who

Who, like her mistress on *Britannia's* throne,
 Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own;
 To write their praise you but in vain essay;
 Ev'n while you write, you take that praise away;
 Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
 And shines himself, 'till they are seen no more.

Lady *Winchelsea's* answer to the foregoing address.

Disarm'd with so genteel an air,
 The contest I give o're;
 Yet, *Alexander*, have a care,
 And shock the sex no more.
 We rule the world our life's whole race,
 Men but assume that right;
 First slaves to every tempting face,
 Then martyrs to our spite.
 You of one *Orpheus* sure have read,
 Who would like you have writ,
 Had he in *London* town been bred,
 And polish'd to his wit:
 But he poor soul thought all was well,
 And great should be his fame,
 When he had left his wife in hell,
 And birds and beasts could tame.
 Yet venturing then with scoffing rhyme
 The women to incense,
 Resenting heroines of those times
 Soon punish'd his offence.
 And as the *Hebrus* roll'd his skul',
 And harp besmear'd with blood,
 They clashing as the waves grew full
 Still harmoniz'd the flood.
 But you our follies gently treat,
 And spin so fine the thread,
 You need not fear his awkward fate,
 The Lock won't cost the head.

Our

Our admiration you command
 For all that's gone before ;
 What next we look for at your hand
 Can only raise it more.
 Yet sooth the ladies I advise,
 (As me to pride has wrought)
 We're born to wit, but to be wise
 By admonitions taught.

She died without issue, *August 5, 1720.*

WROTH, (Lady MARY) was the daughter of Sir Robert Wroth. She wrote, in imitation of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, a poetical history of the same nature, under the title of *Urania*, but of much inferior merit.

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Reading of the Scriptures in private Families, and to
render the daily Perusal of them profitable and delight-
ful. By WILLIAM BURKITT, M. A. Folio.



